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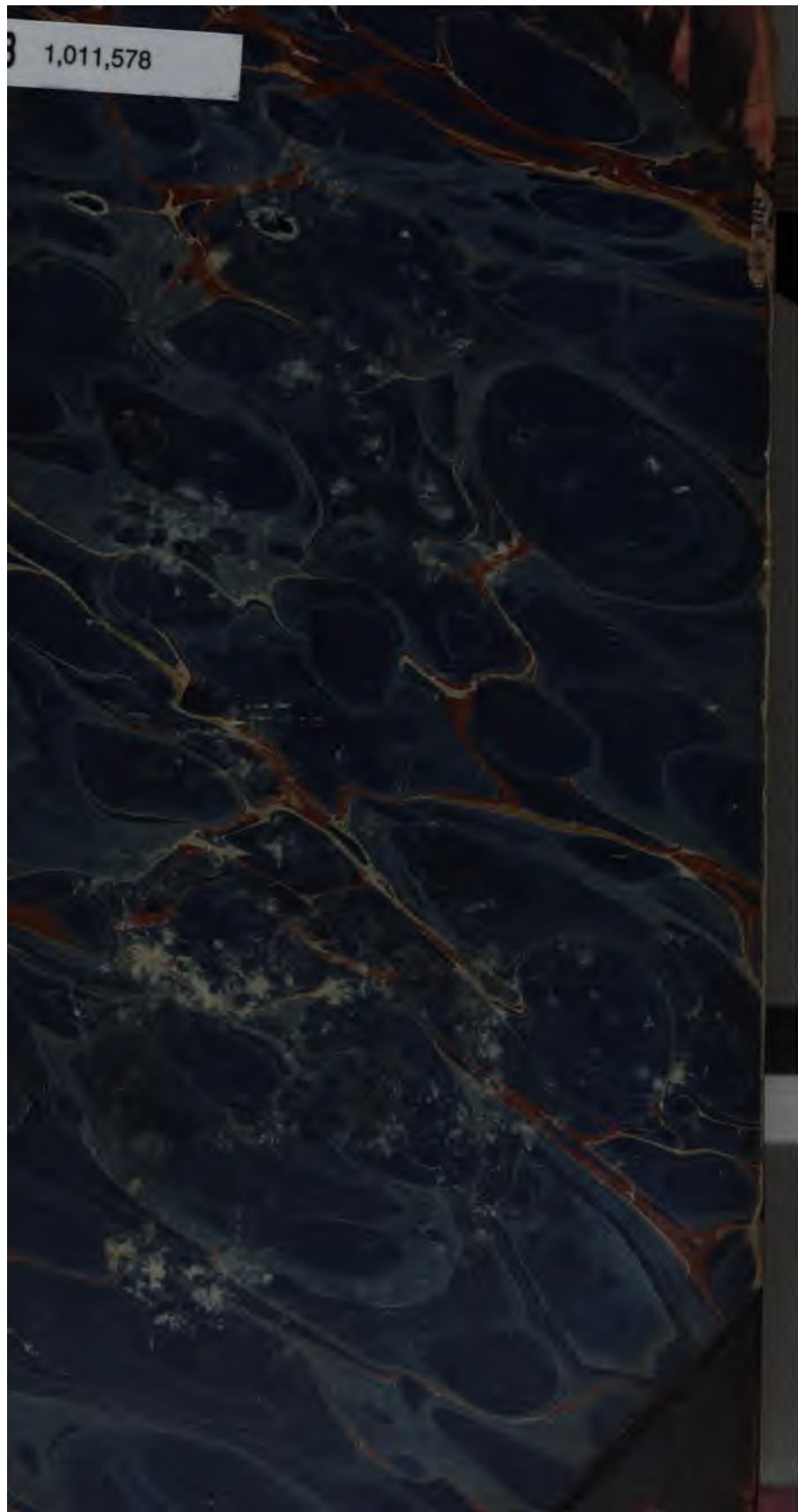
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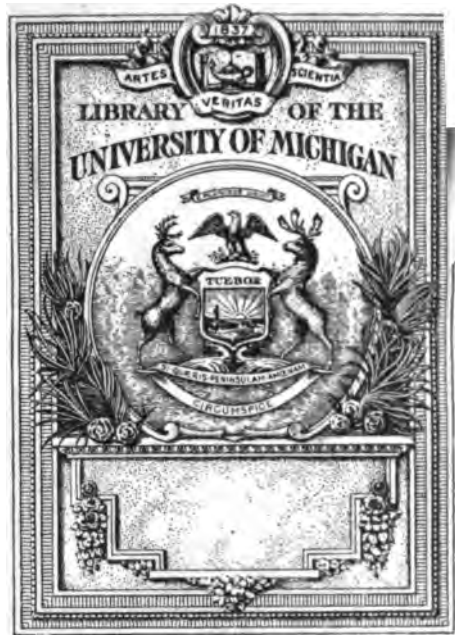
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Allan Freer, Fordel.

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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

MAY, 1849.

ART. I.—*The Philosophy of Religion.* By J. D. Morell, A.M.
London, 1849.

MR. MORELL need not fear nicknames from us ; we will not charge him with Germanism, or Neology, or Rationalism, or any other of the imputations he so warmly deprecates in his preface. We must be allowed, however, to say of that Preface, that we read it with considerable pain. It is conceived, to say the least of it, in what appears to us to be bad taste ; and it is expressed in language apt to create, if it does not indicate, bad feeling. Mr. Morell must have lost temper surely before he allowed himself to prefix to so high and calm a theme as his book professes to deal with, an introduction quite needless for any purpose of discussion, and gratuitously irritating, not without reason, to men whom we are sure he respects and loves. We could point out instances of unfairness,—as in his affected ignorance of the sense in which the words above quoted are used by those who dread the things signified by them,—and in his poor attempt at retaliating and retorting the use of them. Does Mr. Morell believe that the Evangelical Divines of Britain attach to Germanism, Neology, and Rationalism the vague or absurd meanings he imputes ? Does he not know, that what is apprehended under such names as these, is a system that with more or less of equivocation and disguise, denies the supreme authority of the Bible as a test of truth, and subjects its doctrines and discoveries to the tribunal of human reason, whether under the logical or under the intuitional form of it ? Is he prepared to say, that the apprehension of such a system, with Germany for its most prolific source, is groundless ? Will the readers of his book say so ? And, at any

rate, has he any right to hold up the Theologians of his own country to scorn and contempt, as childish or anile bigots, by representing their opposition to that well-defined principle, as if it were a stupid national dislike to Germany, or a blind aversion to all free inquiry? We might notice, also, the perverse ingenuity with which our author misunderstands what he supposes Evangelical men generally to mean by "the simplicity of the Gospel." We would have a worse opinion than we have, both of Mr. Morell and of Dr. Wardlaw—for we presume it is he who is so affectionately referred to when Mr. Morell speaks of his having studied under "one who is recognised by all parties as standing among the leading theologians of our age,"*—if we believed Mr. Morell as ignorant as he affects to be of what is considered by faithful preachers of all denominations both the substance and "the simplicity of the Gospel." It must be for the purpose of caricature that he has substituted a string of detached and incoherent fragments of diverse creeds, inaccurately quoted, and certainly not compactly joined together,† for what he cannot but have heard urged with resistless eloquence and pathos from the pulpit of the church he attended in Glasgow,—the direct, straightforward, urgent, appeal to the sinner, as a criminal at the bar of an offended God, calling upon him to accept of a free pardon, through the blood of an all-sufficient atonement, and upon that footing to consent to be reconciled, and sanctified, and saved!

But we willingly quit the Preface, unworthy as we deem it both of the subject and of the author, and we plunge at once into the discussion to which he invites us. We have no prejudice against the attempt to construct a "philosophy of religion," nor have we so good an opinion of the current Christianity of our day as to make us indifferent to any proposal for raising the Christian community to a higher platform of holiness and love than that which now, alas! is the theatre of so much formality, and so many strifes.

The two preliminary chapters, on Mental Physiology in general, need not detain us long. We avow our incompetency to deal with our author on that field, and our hope that he may yet, ere long, even in the pages of this periodical, meet with an abler critic. Our present concern, we confess, is far more limited. In the language already used on a former occasion, when his previous work was under review in the hands of a master, it is to see, that amid all these speculations "our theology is safe."‡ Mr.

* Preface, p. xxxii.

† Where, for instance, did our philosopher discover the theological doctrine of "the eternal procession of the Son?" (Pref. p. xix.) This might have passed for a slip or sneer in David Hume. But Mr. Morell "professes" to be a Theologian.

‡ North British Review, vol. vi. p. 272.

Morell, we admit, has fully answered the challenge he might imagine to be given in that article. He has manifested no "sensitive aversion to the idea of coming into collision with" theology; on the contrary, to use a vulgar expression, he has taken the bull by the horns; and should we be forced in the sequel, to introduce more of "the foolishness of preaching," or "the offence of the Cross," than is customary with us, and, in doing so, to use great "plainness of speech," our apology is, that we have to contend as *pro aris et focis*; for we cannot conceal from ourselves, or from our readers, that it is the very citadel that is now at stake.

Mr. Morell, in his analysis of mind, first finds its real "concrete essence" to be "*the will*," meaning by that word "will," "power, spontaneity, the capacity of acting independently and for ourselves." Next he "seizes upon *the great fundamental and subjective forms* of our mental activity," and "separates our mental phenomena into two classes,—those relating to the acquisition of knowledge on the one side, and those subserving impulse and activity on the other:" terming "the operations of the former kind intellectual, and those of the latter kind emotional." Between the two, however, "there always subsists a direct correspondency."

"Our intellectual and our emotional life, in fact, run parallel with one another, and develop themselves correlatively; so that we may draw out a table of the successive stages of human consciousness in the following manner:—

MIND	
commencing in	
MERE FEELING (undeveloped Unity)	
evinces a	
TWOFOLD ACTIVITY.	
I.	II.
<i>Intellectual.</i>	<i>Emotional.</i>
1st Stage. The Sensational consciousness (to which correspond)	The Instincts.
2d Stage. The Perceptive consciousness	Animal Passions.
3d Stage. The Logical consciousness	Relational Emotions.
4th Stage. The Intuitional consciousness	Æsthetic, moral, and religious Emotions.
meeting in	
FAITH—(highest or developed Unity.)"—(P. 5.)	

We venture to doubt the propriety of classing "the logical consciousness" under the same head with the other three,—the sensational, the perceptive, and the intuitional. To us, it humbly appears that there is a radical distinction between them. All the three kinds of consciousness last named, partake of a common character. In them all "the subject stands face to face with the object," which is apprehended at once, not by "representation," but simply by "presentation," directly and immediately. So Mr. Morell himself afterwards speaks of the "perceptive consciousness." "Our knowledge of the external world is direct, presentative, and (in the lower use of that word) intuitional." "The perception of the external world through the senses, is perfectly analogous to that higher intuition by which we are brought into contact with what we may term super-sensual truth." (p. 36.) But the "logical consciousness" so far from being analogous to intuition, whether the lower or the higher, is the very opposite and reverse. With what propriety, then, is it thrust in between them, and classed as a phenomenon of the same kind? Would it not be better to omit that third "stage" altogether in the "intellectual" column of the table?—an omission which would rid us at the same time of what we cannot help regarding as an excrescence put into the "emotional" column, for the sake of symmetry, as Sir Walter Scott tells of the gardener, who, having caught a thief, and fastened him on one side of the gateway, thought it necessary to preserve the balance, by tying up an honest boy on the other. Surely these "relational emotions" might be dispensed with, at least as forming a separate class. We thus would have, under the head of the mind's "intellectual" activity, three distinct sorts of consciousness, all partaking, in a higher or lower sense, of the same character of direct and immediate intuition, with their corresponding instincts, passions, and emotions, on the "emotional" side of the scheme.

And if it be asked, what then would we make of "the logical consciousness," thus suffering syncope, and thrust out of its place? our idea, we own, would be to assign it a position apart, as not homogeneous with these other operations of the intellectual life, which are of the nature of intuitions, and not therefore one of them, but as a quite distinct exercise of the mind, sitting as it were behind, and taking cognizance indirectly, and by reflection, of all the three operations, and especially of the two highest, with a view to the right adjustment, and use, and application of their results, both analytically and synthetically, by the inductive and deductive processes of reasoning and thought. And, humbly venturing a step farther, we suggest, that along with the understanding or logical consciousness thus extricated

from all the intuitions,—and in the same class or category with it,—conscience, or the moral consciousness, may be placed, and even perhaps, in part, faith also, or the religious consciousness. For we acknowledge that our amendment goes to alter or modify somewhat the character of Mr. Morell's product or resultant "Faith;" not, indeed, that we would exclude from it either the element of intuition, or the element of emotion; but that we would introduce, as a third element, that very understanding or logical consciousness of which Mr. Morell is so jealous, making this highest unity of faith, a unity in trinity, a harmony of the whole mind,—a "threefold cord that is not quickly broken." For, we would thus elevate the logical consciousness to a much higher post than Mr. Morell is willing to assign to it, making it the overseer, and, in a sense, the judge of all the intuitional and emotional operations of the mind's activity or life, and requiring its express concurrence along with these, in the exercises of the mind's loftier and holier energy, within the region of morality and religion, of conscience, and of faith.

Is not Mr. Morell wrong in his statement that "the faculty of *pure reason* or *intuition* holds a similar relation to the understanding that perception holds to sensation?" His reason for thinking so is thus given:—"As sensation reveals only *subjective* facts, while perception involves a direct intuition of the *objective* world around us; so, with regard to higher truths and laws, the understanding furnishes *merely* the subjective forms, in which they may be logically stated, while intuition brings us face to face with the actual matter, or reality of truth itself." (p. 19.) Is there not something of a juggle here between "facts" and "forms?" Sensation reveals subjective facts; the understanding furnishes subjective forms. Are facts and forms the same? Besides, does the understanding or logical reason furnish the subjective forms only "with regard to the higher truths and laws" with which "*pure reason* or *intuition*" is conversant? Does it not furnish the subjective forms, or moulds, of all the materials of our knowledge equally, whether these come by sensation, or perception, or the higher intuitional consciousness? Does it not sustain the same relation to all these three sources of knowledge, and to the facts, whether of the inner, the outer, or the upper world, supplied by them respectively? Does it not do the same office equally for all?—the office, we mean, of furnishing the subjective forms of logical statement to which they may be reduced, and by means of which they may be communicated, in language, from mind to mind. This last point is of vital consequence, as will be seen from our argument in the following pages. We crave special attention to this common function of the logical understanding in transmitting, by speech, the facts of sensation,

perception, and intuition, from one intelligence to another ; a branch of the subject which Mr. Morell wholly omits, and the omission of which, with the questions of human and Divine testimony obviously awaiting him in advance, is a serious defect, as it seems to us, at the very threshold of his Philosophy.

The relevancy of these observations will appear as we proceed ; although, after all, diffident as we are of ourselves in such a path, we would not wish to found much on them, in our subsequent argument. For the same reason, we pass hastily over the second chapter of this book, in which "the principal points of distinction between our logical and intuitional faculties are developed." It might have been interesting, had it occurred to our author, to trace the conjunction, or joint-working, of the two throughout all the departments of human knowledge—the physical or material, as well as the æsthetic, moral, and spiritual ; for we are persuaded that it is to be observed equally in all. We believe, indeed, that the logical as well as the emotional element must, in every instance, conspire with the intuitional, before we can have a true or adequate apprehension of any object whatever ; and, moreover, that this combined action, if we may so speak, of these three mental forces is not essentially different, when God is the object, from what it is when the object is a fellow-man, or musical sounds, or the external world. We cannot help suspecting that the germ of not a little of what is doubtful in Mr. Morell's religious speculations, lies somewhere about this very point. Mr. Morell denounces the attempt to "attain the full conception of the Deity," or, indeed, we add, of any object whatever, "by a process of logical definition or reasoning." True ; but does it therefore follow that the "logical consciousness," or the understanding, has no hand in that conception ? Because logic without intuition cannot reach it, is it therefore clear that intuition without logic can ? The inference is not a necessary or self-evident one ; and Mr. Morell gives us no argument in support of it. He seems to think that because we must admit to him the impossibility of the logical faculty doing all, he may assume that it does nothing in the matter—the matter, we mean, of reaching "the full conception of the Deity." And, accordingly, he ascribes that attainment to intuition, and intuition alone.

This, as we take it, is the explanation of what otherwise, in a Christian philosopher or philosophic Christian, would awaken surprise and suspicion, or, at all events, would occasion regret. We refer to the manner in which Mr. Morell first introduces the Deity to the readers of his deeply and often painfully interesting volume. We may be accused of hypercriticism ; but we cannot help it ; we must give some expression to our feelings. And our solemn conviction is, that the most profound and transcendental

of the evangelical thinkers of our age and country, including, if he pleases, Coleridge in the number, would have shrunk from the bald, impersonal idealism which Mr. Morell, in the very outset, puts forward as the full conception of the Deity. That we may not wrong him, let us quote :—

“The case is precisely the same with regard to the existence of an absolute Being—of a God. If any one imagine that he can *ever* attain the full conception of the Deity by a process of logical definition or reasoning, he will be utterly disappointed of his hope. The primary conception of the infinite, the absolute, the self-existent, is altogether *undefinable*; and, consequently, those minds which have proceeded logically in their inquiry on this subject, to the denial of all other evidence, have always concluded that we have no such conception at all—that the infinite is a purely negative idea—that it results simply from the addition of an indefinite number of finites. And yet to the intuitional consciousness there is no idea more positive, more sure, more *necessary* than this. Reason up to a God, and the best you can do is to hypostatize and deify the final product of your own faculties; but admit the reality of an intellectual intuition, (as the mass of mankind virtually do,) and the absolute stands before us in all its living reality.”—Pp. 38, 39.

“An absolute Being—a God;” “the infinite, the absolute, the self-existent;” and, as the result of his own way of arriving at the conception, “the absolute in all its living reality.” This is Deity; the God with whom we have to do; in whose hands we all are; sinners in the hands of an angry God; believers in the hands of a gracious, reconciled Father; before whose judgment-seat we must all stand; with whom, or without whom, we have to spend our eternity. Nor are we “word-catching” here. It is our author’s prevalent form of speech; “theological science is based upon the conception of the absolute—of God.” (p. 47.) So, a little farther on, we find him opening up the natural history of the religious sentiment or emotion among men, under the image of “our subjective self standing opposed to an *absolute object*; and what object,” he asks, “is or can be absolute but the Infinite Being himself—God—the self-existent, self-dependent, and eternal?” And he speaks of “a moment in which we have come to the farthest verge of secondary causes, and stand in view of the great first cause, the eternal *power* ;” at which moment, as he afterwards says, “our finite self becomes as nothing in the presence of infinity, eternity, and omnipotence, and the accompanying state of emotion is one which involves an absolute object; and such an emotion must be equivalent to a sense of *Deity*.”*

* Pp. 76, 77. The italics here and throughout the Article are not ours, but Mr. Morell’s.

Such is the way in which our author introduces God to man. We may have more to say of it hereafter; but, meanwhile, we cannot help suspecting that the view Mr. Morell takes of the "logical consciousness," or understanding, in man, and of the place that faculty holds in the cycle of human knowledge, has been a fetter as well as a snare to him. "The absolute" to him is the highest and largest conception of Deity. To us, we confess, the only idea of God that has either grandeur or power is altogether relative. We doubt, in fact, if there can be any conception of personality out of ourselves except what is relative. We more than doubt the possibility of arriving at a conception of Deity as a living, personal God, otherwise than in His relation to us. But obviously relations are exclusively within the province of that logical faculty which in Theology is Mr. Morell's nightmare. Hence his theology of the absolute. We beg him, however, to consider, especially when he so sharply imputes a refined species of pantheism or idolatry to the worshippers of abstract attributes, how far the worship of absolute Being is at all more free from that charge.

We agree fully with Mr. Morell, that nothing can be more "deadening to the pure religious sensibilities of our nature" than "making a representation of empty abstractions," and calling it God: we admit that it is idolatry, as much as "making a representation of wood or stone," and worshipping it. But what shall we say of making abstraction itself our God? What matter whether it be abstract attributes or abstract Being? "The one is no more the living God than the other." Mr. Morell provokes this retort by the offensive caricature he thinks fit to give, in what he evidently intends for a picture of the current evangelical religion of Christendom.* We do not, of course, deny that there have been dry and hard theologians in every age, as well as meagre formalists, who have "framed a Deity for themselves out of the abstract ideas of omnipotence, omniscience, justice, mercy, &c.;" and we give up all such to the tender mercies of our author. We say, however, that this is not the fair antithesis or antagonism of his own theism; that it is but a man of straw set up to be easily knocked down; and that the real doctrine on this subject, which alone it concerned him to set aside, is not once glanced at by Mr. Morell. We know of no class of Christians who are content either with a God of mere abstract attributes, or with a faith of no higher order than a logical argument. For our part, a god of wood or stone, a god of abstract attributes, and a god of abstract being, are all equally dead idols

* Pp. 84, 85.

to us. What we insist upon as essential, if God is to be "*the living God*" at all, is, that he shall be viewed as sustaining certain personal relations to us, calling forth personal, or, as Mr. Morell might say, "relational emotions." He must be such a God as Paul declared to the Athenians, instead of the unknown god whom they ignorantly worshipped. (Acts xvii. 24, 31.) For, in fact, we cannot but think that the real and only safeguard against a vague, indefinite, pantheistic view of the Eternal, is just the relational, as distinct from the absolute conception of Him;—though, of course, not exclusive of it. He is our maker, our preserver, our lawgiver, our judge; our Redeemer, also, who has done great things and provided a great sacrifice for us; our Father, reconciling us to himself; our God, and our portion for ever. We submit that all these relations are within the province of the logical faculty, and hence our zeal in its behalf.

The third and fourth chapters,—proceeding upon the sketch previously given of the human mind, and of "the two great forms of our intellectual being upon which the whole discussion respecting the subjective nature of religion must chiefly turn," (p. 62,) profess to determine "what is *the peculiar essence* of religion" in general, and of Christianity in particular.

As to the former, our author first finds that "the religious element in man" is not "something communicated from an extrinsic source," but "exists as a primary element in the original scheme of our spiritual nature," and next inquires "to what part of our constitution this original element belongs." The "three fundamental forms of man's inward consciousness" being, according to his view, "expressed by the terms *knowing, willing, feeling*," he undertakes to prove, that religion, subjectively speaking, belongs essentially to the last of these, and to it alone. Religion, then, being, as to its essence, exclusively emotional, it remains "to point out the specific nature of the emotion in question." And here, as every form of consciousness implies the "subject—*self*," and "some object or other to which the mind's attention is directed standing in opposition"—so, in the case of the emotional form of consciousness, "we find that there is a highly *fluctuating proportion* between the energy of the subject on the one hand, and the influence of the object on the other." When the former preponderates, there is the feeling of freedom; when the latter, there is the feeling of dependence; and "in the absolute feeling of dependence the germ of religion lies." But the feeling of dependence can become absolute only in the presence of the Infinite; for in the midst of finite objects man always feels himself, to a certain extent, independent and free.

This, if we understand it aright, is our author's natural his-

tory of the religious element in our nature. And the speculation is at least a beautiful one, in which he hunts or tracks this feeling of dependence, craving an object in the presence of which it may become absolute, and driven onwards in the search from one department of human consciousness to another, until "standing upon the verge of infinity, it gazes upon the *Eternal True*." Seeking its object in the region of the perceptive consciousness, it deifies external things, or the elements of nature. Driven thence, as by the pressure of advancing intelligence, into the province of the logical consciousness, it worships abstract ideas, attributes, impersonated relations and qualities, such as the Greek and Roman mythology delighted to fashion into gods, or such as, Mr. Morell thinks, certain hard and dry theologians of the Christian school are apt to substitute for a personal Deity.* Passing now into the sphere of the intuitional consciousness, this religious element—this feeling of dependence, seeking to become absolute—recognises its desiderated object; and the result is thus announced:—

"We enter now, lastly, the sphere of the intuitional consciousness, and wait to see what are the objects around which the religious emotions can here gather. Intuition, as we saw in a previous chapter, gives us the *material* which the logical faculty works and moulds into a reflective or scientific *form*. Its province is to bring us into *immediate* contact with concrete truth, to strip away mere minor determinations, and point us to the *unity* of all things in their real essential nature. The great spheres to which our intuitions are directed, are those of the *beautiful*, the *good*, and the *true*,—and corresponding to these are three classes of emotions, the æsthetical, the moral, and those hitherto unnamed heavings of the spirit, when it contemplates the awful majesty and immensity of *Being*—pure eternal *Being*."—P. 86.

Of these three classes of emotions, the æsthetical, if allowed to predominate, gives a sentimental cast to the religious element; the moral, a certain sternness, wanting in tender sympathy; and the "hitherto unnamed heavings of spirit," an impersonal, pantheis-

* Pp. 83-85. We have already, by anticipation, offered some remarks on this passage. We would ask here generally, is there not, in this whole section, the latent fallacy of assuming, that because the logical faculty cannot do everything in forming a natural theology, therefore it must do nothing! With regard to Spinozism and Hegelianism, we doubt not that we have in them the proof, that pure logic alone will not succeed. Does it therefore follow that mere intuition alone will! or that logic has no province or function in the matter! Doubtless the attempt to ground a natural theology upon logic alone may end in pantheism or emptiness. Is it therefore clear that we may safely dispense with it as a ground altogether! We demur to so summary a conclusion.

tic character. The three, in one, make up the one feeling with which we stand affected when confronted, face to face, with the Infinite, in its threefold aspect of "*the beautiful, the good, the true.*" And the product is such a fusion of the intuitional and emotional in "*the Absolute Being* at length clear before us," that "*the absolute sense of dependence discovers that after which it had long been yearning,*" and man's whole nature is satisfied and at rest :

"There is a moment of man's inward experience, in which the higher intuitions seem to merge into a state of deep emotion, and in which, on the other hand, the higher emotions merge into a state of deep and immediate gazing upon truth ; in a word, there is a state in which all our intuitions, and the emotions corresponding, blend in one common unity, and realize the phenomenon of that pure and holy *faith* which seems to be the immediate contact of the finite with the infinite—the calm repose of the soul of man upon the eternal God. It is not infinite being, infinite beauty, or infinite goodness, upon which we here gaze—it is upon *all* concentrated in the *personality* of one divine mind—a conception which brings together as into a focus the whole energy of the intellect, the emotions, and the will."—Pp. 88, 89.

Now, on all this very sublime and fascinating train of thought, we must be allowed a single observation. It might be held irrelevant to say of it, that it appears to us to be as exact an instance of man making a god for himself, as any species of idolatry on record furnishes ; and that this elaboration of the Infinite, out of man's intuitional yearnings after the beautiful, the good, and the true, is at best but an evaporation or sublimation of the religious sentiment, instead of being an embodiment of it, or a satisfying and substantial counterpart to it. The answer might be an appeal to the purely subjective character of the investigation. And without admitting the entire relevancy of such an answer, we partly defer to it. But it is open to us to remark, that from this idea of God, all relations are excluded. And necessarily so ; for relations fall within the range of the logical consciousness, or the understanding, from which our author anxiously and entirely separates "*the peculiar essence*" of religion. Only once, accordingly, so far as we have observed, does he use language indicating any personal connexion between us and the Supreme, and then only in the vaguest possible way ; when having reached the "*Absolute Being*," and constructed or evolved in that august presence "*an emotion which*," as he says, "*gathers up all the powers and all the activities of the human mind, and directs them, in singleness of purpose, towards infinite ends, infinite duties, and an infinite existence,*" he describes "*the whole man*" as "*led*

to yield himself to the omnipotent will and eternal service of that Being from whose creative energy all things proceeded, and who is, and must ever be, the one infinite end into which all finite ends eternally flow." (p. 89.)

For what purpose the idea of creation is here introduced, or with what relevancy, according to Mr. Morell's analysis, we are at some loss to understand; but being introduced, it should be accounted for. And other ideas, too, connected with conscience, duty, law, and such-like indexes or exponents of moral government, suggest themselves as having some right to be considered in their bearing on "the peculiar essence of religion." No doubt these might complicate the inquiry, and make it more difficult to eliminate or work out the extremely simple and sublime formula, by means of which the intuition of the "*Absolute Being*," and the absolute feeling of dependence—like the two constituent elements of water under the flash of the electric spark—are made to flow in one pure stream of emotion into the bosom of the Infinite. But, then, surely they are phenomena, not merely of our moral, but of our religious nature; or at least they so touch and mingle with the phenomena of our religious nature, that no account of that religious nature can be complete which does not in some way dispose of the class of conceptions or instincts, or whatever they are to be called, to which we now refer. It seems to us, indeed, that Mr. Morell perhaps makes too wide a distinction between morality and religion in the very outset of this chapter, and that, too, in a passage which might have led to a closer association:

"As we could never be *taught* morality without a moral sense; as all moral education, on the contrary, really consists in awakening and directing what is already potentially within us; so also we could never be taught *religion* by any external appliances, unless there were some inward susceptibility, which may indeed be aroused or regulated by discipline, but which exists as a primary element in the original scheme of our spiritual nature."—P. 65.

This is correctly stated; but does it not suggest an analogy? We would like to see our author attempt an analysis of morality, similar to what he has given us of religion; in order to bring out what is "the peculiar essence" of morality, as nakedly as he seeks to bring out the "peculiar essence" of religion. Probably he would assign to morality a place, along with religion, among "the class of phenomena which we term emotional;" its germ being the feeling of duty, seeking an adequate object along the line of the perceptive and logical consciousness, upward into the region of the intuitional, where it may find it

perhaps in some absolute *δεν*, corresponding to the absolute *ὄν*, in which the feeling of dependence recognises what it yearns for. But however this may be, we submit that we have now touched the very point where the subtle analysis of this chapter fails. The feeling of duty is as much a phenomenon of our religious, as it is of our moral nature; and no exposition of the peculiar essence of religion can be complete, which does not take that feeling into account, just as much as the feeling of dependence. The feeling of duty is surely as real, and fully as important an element of our religious consciousness, as the feeling of dependence itself, on which so much stress is laid. We can perceive, indeed, that if the feeling of duty be forced into the question, as equally with the feeling of dependence belonging to the "essential nature of religion," it may disturb somewhat the simple and majestic march of the speculation, and mar the unity of the result. In particular, it may force an entrance for the much dreaded logical faculty into the sacred precincts, the very *sanctum sanctorum*, of faith itself. For it will probably be found that the feeling of duty involves in it the conception of certain personal relations, of which it belongs to the logical consciousness to take cognizance, and that in order to exhaust the conditions of the inquiry, the "*Absolute Being*" must be invested with the relative attributes of Lawgiver, Ruler and Judge. If this be so, we cannot help it. We are not so much enamoured of Mr. Morell's sublime idealism, as to be very much grieved for what may bring it more within the range of the clear and definite conclusions of our understanding, and give us something more palpable than a cloud to embrace. And much as he dislikes the intrusion of the logical consciousness, into what belongs to "the peculiar nature of religion," Mr. Morell has not proved its inadmissibility. He has proved, or asserted, that no form of "mere intellection," or mere action or volition, viewed alone, can constitute "the essential nature of religion;" or in other words, that "neither intelligence nor activity, viewed alone, can become the measure of our religion," (p. 71,) and we grant this. But he has not proved that there is any "determinate form of emotion which" viewed alone "causes all our thoughts, desires and actions,—in a word, our whole interior and exterior life, to tend upwards towards God as their great centre and source,"* although this is what he undertakes to make out, as necessary to his "fixing *there*," in that determinate form of emotion—"the central point—the veritable essence of religion itself." And so far from

* P. 71. We have used the freedom to repeat the words "viewed alone," the omission of which is scarcely fair, on the part of our author.

proving, he has scarcely even asserted, that there is any real incompatibility between intelligence or activity, and the "essential nature of religion,"—any such incompatibility as to make it impossible to admit either or both as primary elements in that conception. He says indeed, that "if religion can exist *at all* without the co-operation of logical thinking, properly so called, as Hegel in a subordinate sense admits, then its essential germ must be looked for in some *other* region of our mental constitution." We do not happen to know in what subordinate sense Hegel admits this. But for our own part we are inclined to believe, that "the co-operation of knowledge may be necessary" to the existence, as well as "to the perfection of our religious life." And at all events, we cannot but think that the feeling of duty, equally with the feeling of dependence, lies, as the germ, at the very root of a religious faith in God.

The essence of religion being the feeling of dependence, the question as to the essence of Christianity, which is the subject of Mr. Morell's fourth chapter, will turn upon the peculiar phase of that feeling which is unfolded under Christian influences, as distinguished both from the feeling of dependence generally in mankind, and from other phases of it, which have been developed in connexion with other religious systems and societies. Here, according to the strictly subjective method of our author, we must look, not to the truth as it comes from heaven, but to the character or spiritual frame or religious life, as it is developed upon earth. Taking then a human soul, brought by Christianity "into a certain attitude of dependence upon God," and cast by sympathy into a certain mould of fellowship with other human souls similarly affected,—we trace "the real process by which Christianity realized itself in the spiritual life of the (apostolic) age." This is a great point with Mr. Morell, to make individual faith nothing, and social feeling or fellowship everything, in the subjective development of Christianity. So far indeed does he go, as almost to pronounce its development to be an impossibility in an individual, apart from "a community of awakened minds."

"Christianity, like every other religion, consists essentially in a state of man's inner consciousness, which develops itself into a system of thought and activity only in a community of awakened minds; and it was inevitable, therefore, that such a state of consciousness should require time, and intercourse, and mutual sympathy, before it could become moulded into a decided and distinctive form. Apostolical Christianity consisted essentially in the religious consciousness of the first great Christian community. But for such a community, the truths and principles which Christ left behind him in the germ, could

never have fructified; but for such a community, the power of Christian love could not have been vitally developed, (for love can only exist and grow in society); but for such a community, in one word, there could have been no *historical realization*, and, consequently, no living example to the world of Christianity at all."—P. 104.

If we understand Mr. Morell rightly in this extract, we are very much inclined to deny his conclusion altogether, and to maintain exactly the reverse. To us it appears certain that Christianity in its essence, could have been "historically realized," and exhibited "in living example to the world," even if there had never been but one solitary Christian man in all the earth; and if it were not so, we cannot see how the utmost attainable fellowship of any community could supply the want. For the unfolding of some of its features and qualities, the fellowship of a community is doubtless required; but the essence of Christianity, even admitting it to consist subjectively, as Mr. Morell himself puts it "in a certain attitude of man's whole spiritual nature in relation to God," may surely be realized in an individual man alone with his Maker. The woman taken in sin, when all her accusers had slunk away, and she was alone with Christ,—Peter, when the Lord singled him out from among the eleven, with the pointed question, *Lovest thou me?*—Paul, met on his way to Damascus with the expostulation, *Why persecutest thou me?*—these, and a hundred other instances, suggest themselves, as all tending to prove that the essence of Christianity consists in the "religious consciousness" of the individual, before it expands into the fellowship of a community, and that it rests not on the sympathy of numbers, but on the awful stillness of a solitary transaction with God. Our difference from our author is here vital; as will be evident from the mere statement of the two formulæ he employs for defining Christianity; first, on the subjective side, as "*that form of religion in which we are conscious of absolute dependence and perfect moral freedom being harmonized by love to God;*" and secondly, on the objective side, as "*that religion which rests on the consciousness of the redemption of the world through Jesus Christ.*" (Pp. 107, 118.) To the first of these definitions, we can at once agree, if only by "absolute dependence," we may understand not merely a certain feeling in relation to "*absolute Being,*" but reverential and implicit submission to a sovereign moral Ruler and Lord. The harmonizing of law and liberty by love, we have always held to be the problem solved by the Gospel,—otherwise, in fallen intelligences, insoluble altogether. But the second definition, which the plan of his treatise, along with perhaps some slight sense of insecurity, leads our author to illustrate very sparingly, seems to us to be inde-

fensible on philosophical as well as on Christian grounds. Mr. Morell, we must here observe, has a habit, which we are unwilling to characterize, though we may be obliged to expose it, of using great vagueness of phraseology, when he touches the confines of what evangelical and orthodox men concur in asserting to be the revealed truths of Christianity. That he does so on principle, we admit, and we intend before we conclude, to examine the principle on which he does it. Meanwhile, however, we are surely entitled to complain of something like unfairness, when he gives us as a formal definition of the essence of subjective Christianity, viewed on the objective side of it, a sentence which "palters in a double sense." What, for instance, does he mean by the "redemption of the world?" It "involves the notion of a universal change of mankind from one, and that an evil condition, into a better and holier state." Its "nature and extent cannot be decided in a *general* definition." But "the notion of some such universal change is implied in the barest conception of Christianity as a Divine appointment." Then who is this "Jesus Christ" "through" whom this "redemption of the world" is said to be? "This universal change is referred to the agency of an historical person, and is not in any way regarded as the spontaneous action of humanity in rectifying itself." (p. 118.) What sort of "agency?"—of what sort of "historical person?" We ask in vain. Here and throughout the volume, the author is on these questions oracularly, and we must be allowed to add, ominously silent. He remarks, indeed, that neither of these two elements,—a universal redemption and a personal redeemer, will suffice alone. Why? The first without the second, makes Christianity merely an item in "the general idea of human progress," while the second without the first, makes it simply a form of worship introduced by Jesus Christ, and reduces it to the level of any other system of doctrine, "which the history of the past presents." Still, "the two great and essential points are, the exclusiveness of Christianity, as the sole appointed means of human recovery, and the concentration of the agency for such recovery in the life and person of Christ, historically considered." What follows immediately, we cannot venture to abridge, though we would fain omit it :

"With regard to the precise nature of the change effected, there may be higher or lower views of it, according to the intensity of the religious life in the believer; and, in reference to the history of Christ, the application of criticism may give a greater or a smaller *miraculous* element to its whole conception. Either of these may considerably affect the character and the influence of the Christian life, but they cannot deprive it of its *essential* elements. Where there is a deep

penetration of the heart, with a consciousness of sin in the individual and in the world—where there is a spiritual perception of the necessity and the reality of recovery to holiness and joy in the kingdom of God on earth and in heaven—when the prime agency of this recovery is concentrated in Jesus Christ, as a special administrator of Almighty wisdom and love for this purpose—there the objective idea of Christianity is *realized* in its great scheme, although it may *yet* have to be filled up into its fuller intensity.”—Pp. 119-20.

And this is all. What the redemption is, or who the redeemer, you are by no means to inquire. The redemption is universally needed, and universally applicable and available; the redeemer is a historical person. In other words, Christianity is a religion fitted for all mankind, and Christ actually lived. Anything more? The nature of the change implied in Christianity, and the amount of the miraculous element in the conception of the history of Christ, are not to be defined; difference of opinion on these points may affect the character and influence of the Christian life, but not its essence; if only it be admitted that a recovery to holiness and joy is needed by all, and effected for all, and that it is somehow connected with Jesus Christ, all is gained; and the man who, upon that footing, “exhibits the reality of his religious life” (combining the subjective with the objective side of our author’s definition) “by resignation to the will of God, joyous freedom in serving him, and the expansive spirit of love, this man, be his minor peculiarities what they may, we venture to denominate—a *Christian*.”

Mr. Morell may be entitled, we admit, to introduce, on due notice given, a new nomenclature in science and religion, and to employ old words in new senses. But we doubt the fairness of his use of the terms “redemption” and “Jesus Christ.” For he not merely takes the liberty of using these old words in new senses, but he claims the right of using them in no definite sense at all; nay, with an intimation that you may attach any sense whatever to them, if only you will allow every other man to do the same. More seriously, however, we object to Mr. Morell’s entire omission of the ideas of guilt and expiation in his descriptions of redemption. He cannot but know that these ideas are of the very essence of what is commonly called redemption in religious writings; and with all his use of the word, we find not a trace of either idea in all his volume. But at this stage, we chiefly complain of the philosophical inconsistency between his two definitions, the one on the subjective, and the other on the objective side, of what he is defining, namely, “a *Christian*.” They do not seem to us to correspond or fit into one another. He was bound, surely, to make the latter a sufficient explanation of the former; and to show how such a religious life

as he ascribes to a Christian can be validly "grounded upon the consciousness of the redemption of the world, and consequently of *himself*, through Jesus Christ." This he has not attempted to do; and without some more exact and precise idea of redemption than he is willing to admit, he would find it difficult. We can quite understand how the consciousness of personal reconciliation to God, or of a change from the position of a condemned criminal to that of an acquitted and accepted child,—through the substitution of Jesus Christ, and the actual remission of sins in him,—produces the life required, on the principle of such scriptural statements as these—"ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" "faith worketh by love." But here again we are forced into the region of relations, within the domain of the logical understanding; for we have to deal with the fact of condemnation as a reality; we have to face also as realities—law, government, and judgment; we have to accept as a real transaction, personal to ourselves individually, first the sentence of death, and then the sentence of life, the pardon of our sins, and the restoration of our peace with God; and the consciousness of our personal reconciliation, thus realized, will give that love which harmonizes absolute submission to law and a perfect sense of freedom. Anything so real, personal, and, if we may again coin the word, relational, involving so definite a notion of our change of state in reference to God, is alien from the whole spirit of Mr. Morell's philosophy. We question, however, if there be not a more satisfactory as well as a simpler account than, with all his philosophy, he gives us of the phenomenon of the Christian life, in the few words uttered by the Lord—"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."*

Following our author step by step, which we must continue for a little longer to do, though at the risk of trying the patience of such of our readers especially as have not seen the book itself, we come to the great central theme of his volume—his doctrine of Revelation and Inspiration. In regard to both of these subjects, particularly the former, his reasoning is altogether *a priori*. He professes to determine, not what revelation, as a historical fact, is, but what, as "*a mode of intelligence*," it must be. This is his definition or axiom from which, in his demonstration, he sets out; and granting him this, the subsequent steps are summary enough. Revelation "*signifies*" a mode or process of intelligence. But the only two modes of intelligence are the logical and the

* Luke vii. 47, 48. The whole incident must be read.

intuitional; and revelation must be "referred at once to the category of intuition;" for—

"The idea of a revelation is universally considered to imply a case of intelligence in which something is presented *directly* to the mind of the subject; in which it is conveyed by the immediate agency of God himself; in which our own efforts would have been unavailing to attain the same conceptions; in which the truth communicated could not have been drawn by inference from any data previously known; and, finally, in which the whole result is one lying beyond the reach of the logical understanding."—P. 126.

But some one may ask, is the definition or axiom in which this reasoning originates self-evident? Is revelation a mode of intelligence? Is speech a mode of intelligence? Or is writing a mode of intelligence? Is God's utterance of the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai a mode of intelligence? Is the voice from heaven—"This is my beloved Son, hear him"—a mode of intelligence? We are entitled to ask these questions, unless Mr. Morell denies the reality of these instances as matters of fact. And how does he prove revelation to be a mode of intelligence? Why, by proving the understanding of it to be so; literally thus, and not otherwise; as if my making a speech or writing a letter to a friend were to be defined a mode of intelligence in him, simply because his understanding what I say or write implies a mode of intelligence.

"The idea of a revelation always implies a process by which knowledge, in some form or other, is communicated to an intelligent being. For a revelation at all to exist, there must be an intelligent being, on the one hand, adapted to receive it; and there must be, on the other hand, a process by which this same intelligent being becomes cognizant of certain facts or ideas. Suppress either of these conditions, and no revelation can exist. The preaching of an angel would be no revelation to an idiot; a Bible in Chinese would offer none to a European. In the former case there is no intelligence capable of receiving the ideas conveyed; in the latter case the process of conveyance renders the whole thing practically a nonentity, by allowing no idea whatever to reach the mind. We may say, then, in few words, that a revelation always indicates *a mode of intelligence*. This point should be carefully realized in the outset, since we are almost insensibly led, in many instances, to interchange the idea of a revelation with the object revealed, and introduce, ere we are aware, great confusion into the whole subject."—Pp. 123, 124.

If there is danger of "interchanging the idea of a revelation with the object revealed," we submit that there is equal danger of interchanging that same idea of a revelation with the power or process of understanding it. An idiot cannot understand the

preaching of an angel, nor can a European read a Bible in Chinese. True; but both the one and the other may be a revelation notwithstanding, if God commissioned the angel to preach and dictated the Bible as written. Surely what Mr. Morell writes is one thing, and how I understand what he writes is another; and to call a lecture or a book of his a mode of my intelligence is "great confusion." The fact is, it is Mr. Morell himself, after all, who "is insensibly led to interchange the idea of a revelation with the object revealed." Because the object revealed is, or may be, or must be cognizable ultimately by the intuitional consciousness,—and this may be admitted as true of much, if not all, that is revealed concerning God,—therefore the revelation itself must be so too. Or, in other words, because the substance of a communication made to me by another is of such a nature as to tax my intuitional consciousness for the right apprehension of it in all its full and living reality, therefore the mode or channel of the communication must also be brought under the category of intuition.

Is not this a *non-sequitur*? Are there not, in fact, four terms, where Mr. Morell admits only two? The object or truth revealed, the revelation, the mode of intelligence in dealing with the revelation, and the mode of intelligence in dealing with the object or truth revealed. I have to give a lesson in Mathematics; and in doing so, I rehearse to my pupil an axiom, or definition, or demonstration of Geometry. Here there are two distinct things; the axiom, or definition, or demonstration itself, and my rehearsal of it. My pupil, on the other hand, has a double process to go through; he has to interpret for himself my language, and then to grasp the idea which that language may convey to him. I make a statement to a friend of a matter of fact, which perhaps is fitted to open up altogether new views of my character and his relation to me. The fact, so fruitful perhaps of high emotion and thought, is one thing; my statement of it is another; and the mode of intelligence exerted in taking in the meaning of my statement, is not to be confounded with the mode of intelligence that may be called into exercise in apprehending the fact, and whatever the fact may pregnantly suggest. Mr. Morell's short-hand way of defining revelation to be a mode of intelligence, and then summarily concluding that because the object of intelligence must ultimately make an appeal to the intuitional faculty, therefore the whole process throughout is and must be intuitional, appears to us to be either a begging of the question, or an instance of the fallacy known as ignorance of the point at issue.

We must take leave to deal very plainly with this part of the treatise before us. Mr. Morell cannot but know that, in the ordinary sense of the word Revelation, it does not imply either first,

that "the object of intelligence is presented *directly* to our contemplation;" or, secondly, that "the knowledge involved in it is presented to us immediately *by God*." These are the first two of the four parallelisms he draws between revelation and intuition, with a view to establish their identity. In revelation, as commonly understood, the object of intelligence is presented to our contemplation indirectly through the medium of language. Doubtless, the result of that indirect presentation, when the aid of the Spirit is granted according to that prayer, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," may be what Mr. Morell would call direct intuition; and if he chooses to say that the revelation is not subjectively complete until that result is gained, we have no very serious objection, although it seems to us a needless mixing up of revelation itself with our understanding of it. But the essence of revelation, we repeat, consists in the indirect presentation of the object of intelligence through the medium of such signs precisely as those whereby we communicate with one another.

Mr. Morell, indeed, in his four successive analogies between revelation and intuition, makes revelation a much more comprehensive term. (Pp. 127-131.)

Under his first analogy, which he finds in the "*direct* presentation of the object of intelligence to our contemplation," perception is revelation; and our knowledge of the external world, being immediate, is so far of the same kind with our knowledge of God through His Word. Under the second, which identifies revelation and intuition on the ground that "the knowledge involved is presented to us immediately *by God*," the sense of beauty is revelation; for "the process by which we gaze admiringly upon the wonders of nature is a mode of intelligence that implies, in its generic sense, a direct revelation to us *from God* himself." The third and fourth, which proceed upon these two features of intuition, that the knowledge involved in it is not attainable by a process of mere reasoning or inference from any previous knowledge, and that it is of a kind which, in its origin, "lies beyond the region of the understanding," apply, as Mr. Morell shows, to our "original sensibility" to the beautiful, and our "elementary conceptions of moral truth," as much as to revelation in the more restricted and religious sense of that word.

Thus far, then, it is very clear that Mr. Morell recognises no revelation whatever of the mind and will of God essentially distinct from the intuitions of perception, taste, and conscience. And that we are not doing him injustice will appear from what immediately follows. He professes "to demonstrate his conclusion" not only by "proving a series of resemblances between the idea of revelation and that of intuition," but by "showing that

the whole of the *logical* processes of the human mind are such, that the idea of a revelation is altogether incompatible with them, that they are in no sense open to its influence, and that they can neither be improved nor assisted by it." And what, do our readers think, is his demonstration? Why, this: that revelation cannot alter the laws of thought, or make correct reasoning bad, or bad reasoning good; and farther, that it cannot make mere definition a source of new ideas, or the syllogism an instrument of discovery. (Pp. 131, 132.)

Certainly it needs no ghost from Germany to tell us that revelation cannot change the functions of logic as an organ of the human understanding. But where is the relevancy of the remark, unless it be that Mr. Morell admits no other idea than that of revelation through the mind, and not revelation to the mind? At last, it seems to occur to him, when half through the chapter, that there is a commonplace, if not a common-sense notion of revelation, which he must grapple with:—

"There is, however, one more process coming within the province of the logical faculty, which might appear at first sight to be far more nearly compatible with the idea of a revelation, and through the medium of which, indeed, many suppose that all the actual revelations of God to man have been made. The process to which I refer is that of verbal exposition. Could not a revelation from God, it might be naturally urged, consist in an exposition of truth, made to us by the lips or from the pen of an inspired messenger, that exposition coming distinctly under the idea of a *logical explication of doctrines*, which it is for mankind to receive, as sent to us on Divine authority."—Pp. 133, 134.

"Now this," as he adds, "is a case of considerable complexity, and one which we must essay as clearly as possible to unravel."

No doubt it is a case of considerable complexity. And, at this stage, we must be allowed to observe, that there are at least two great subjects which we would comprehend under the title of the "philosophy of religion," neither of which is noticed once by Mr. Morell in all his volume, and both of which, we submit, are due here—both of them, we mean, should have been discussed at this precise crisis of the argument—unless Mr. Morell is prepared to avow himself an opponent of revelation altogether, in any sense in which that word has ever been used, at all events in British Theology, and an opponent of it, not on the practical and palpable ground of a question of fact, but on the far more transcendental ground of a question of possibility.

The two subjects to which we refer are the philosophy of testimony, human and divine, and the philosophy of miracles and the belief of miracles. We deny that any "Philosophy of Religion," if it be not infidel or atheistic, can be complete without a settle-

ment of the questions comprehended under these two heads; and we deny that any treatise assuming to be a "Philosophy of Religion," even though infidel or atheistic, is entitled to omit or evade the consideration of them. Mr. Morell may say that his whole work is avowedly in the line of subjective, rather than objective inquiry; and that his leading aim is to ascertain not what has been, is, or may be, but what men think and feel, and how they come to do so. But is not the acceptance of testimony a fact and phenomenon of psychology? and is it not worthy of analysis, both in respect of the mental faculties or susceptibilities to whose receptivity—if we may use such a word—it appeals, and in respect of the mental processes, whether inferential or intuitional, to which it may give birth? And is not the entire question as to the credibility of miracles, and that, too, strictly in the subjective view of the matter, as touching not the possibility of their being wrought, but the possibility of their being proved and rationally believed,—a question unsettled by the metaphysics of Hume, and to this hour continuing unsettled by any metaphysics the world knows of, except the common-sense of the immortal Reid? * We need not mention farther, that the link between the belief of miracles as historical matters of fact, and the belief of communications connected with these miracles as matters of Divine revelation, affords, of itself, one of the most arduous and interesting fields of philosophical inquiry,—which, however, our author entirely shuns.

And no wonder. For what, after all, is his last concession, as it were, to the urgency and importunity of the categorical logic, intruding with troublesome peremptoriness into the region of the intuitional revelation?

"First of all, then, we have no doubt whatever but that there have been agents commissioned by God to bring mankind to a proper conception of Divine truth, and comprehension of the Divine will. But now let us look a little more closely into their real mission, and consider the means by which alone it was possible for them to fulfil it."—P. 134.

Is this, indeed, the "mission," the "real mission," of patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles? We deny it in terms. Not only was this not their whole mission—it was not their mission at all. What Mr. Morell calls their mission, was, and is exclusively the office of the Holy Spirit, operating directly on the whole mental and moral constitution of those to whom these messengers speak, and so "bringing mankind to a proper conception of Divine truth, and comprehension of the Divine will."

* We might add here the name of Hugh Miller. See his strikingly original reasoning in his recent Geological Chapters in "The Witness"—a fresh contribution to metaphysical as well as physical science.

Their only mission was to embody or express in words that truth and that will. We use advisedly the phrase, "embody or express in words;" we had intended to say simply reveal or make known. But we are dealing with a subjective philosopher, and therefore we wish to make our meaning very clear; which is this—that he ascribes to the Divinely "commissioned agents" of whom he speaks, the subjective part of the operation, or "mode of intelligence," implied in revelation, which really belongs to the Holy Spirit, and to none else; and that he thus overlooks wholly what alone is their office or function—the objective presentation of Divine truth, and of the Divine will, in a way essentially the same, however in some aspects different, (and the difference turns on those very questions as to testimony and miracles, which our author has left undiscussed,) as that in which one man may present a truth or a volition to another.

Mr. Morell, we hope, is still theologian enough to understand the full meaning of this charge, which we deliberately, as theologians, bring against him, of confounding—inadvertently we are persuaded—the work of a Divine messenger, with the work of the Divine Spirit giving intelligence to understand the message, faith to believe it, and intuition—if the word be pleasing, and we rather like it—to grasp, appropriate, and realize what is conveyed in it; and he will excuse us if we venture to hint, that it is no light matter thus to supersede and set aside the agency of the Holy Ghost, in either office, whether as dictating the Divine Record, or as imparting the capacity to receive it. At all events, he is philosopher enough to see that these are two distinct things—the "bringing of mankind to a proper conception of Divine truth and comprehension of the Divine will," and the presentation of that truth and will, to a right conception and comprehension of which they need to be brought; and he surely must admit that the latter is what, in ordinary language at least, is meant by a Divine revelation.

We must ask, however, here again,—does Mr. Morell allow that God ever has himself spoken to men? or that He can so speak? That, surely, even on philosophical principles, is the ultimate form of the problem to be solved. It is a mere evasion to introduce into it the instrumentality of men as an essential element, however ordinarily that may have been made the channel of communication between heaven and earth. Reduced to its simplest form—its bare and naked essence—the question is,—has God spoken, as on Sinai, or can God speak, audibly and intelligibly to men? And, if so, what is the philosophy of belief in such a case?*

* We trust it is a mere lapsus by which, at p. 248, the words of the Son of God himself—"God so loved the world," &c.—are commented on as the words of

No doubt, this view of the matter would have forced Mr. Morell into a discussion far deeper and more serious than in all his volume he has ventured to touch. He is not entitled, however, to omit it in a philosophical, any more than in a religious consideration of the subject of Revelation. Does he mean to limit the Almighty's power of holding intercourse with his creatures to an operation subjectively in and upon their minds? Does he deny the possibility of that kind of intercourse which seems to be more than once described as the privilege of Moses, unless such plain intimations as the following are to be wholly explained away:—"The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend?" *

Granted—most freely, cordially, and fully granted—that no such speaking ever could bring Moses to a real, direct, intuitional knowledge of God, without an accompanying subjective process of Divine illumination within his own soul. The two modes of communication are not incompatible with one another. We have been accustomed to regard both of them as prerogatives of Deity, and as conspiring to produce the highest faith and spiritual insight or intuition in man; and we cannot help thinking, that if Mr. Morell had done, what he was philosophically bound to do—if he had grappled with the problem, not in that complex and embarrassed form which the employment of human instrumentality necessarily gives it, but in its essential simplicity, as it presents God, at first, and not at second hand, speaking to one of his own created intelligences as a man speaks to his friend, he could scarcely have failed to see that there is something more to be accounted for in the phenomenon of a Divine revelation than is dreamt of in his philosophy.

Returning, however, to what he calls "the supposed case of the inspired teacher," and his "analysis of the conditions that are necessary to his becoming the medium of a revelation, properly so called," what do we find him proving? First, that if he "treat of ideas which lie *within* the range of our present experience," "he may indeed throw things into a new light, point out more accurately their connexion, and show us at once their importance and their logical consistency;" but without "bringing us into contact with new realities, or at all extending the sweep of our mental vision." And secondly, that if he "*transcend* the present sphere of our mental vision, we should be, by no means, in a condition to comprehend his meaning; on the

the Apostle. The impression, however, is most painful. Mr. Morell reasons on the words as a subjective experimental utterance of John. Will he fairly meet and face them as the testimony of Jesus? allowing Jesus to be God.

* Exodus xxiii. 11.

supposition, of course, that he is to confine himself to *mere exposition*." (Pp. 134-136.)

"The only way in which he could give us a revelation of truth hitherto unrealized, would be by becoming the agent of elevating our inward religious consciousness up to the same or a similar standard as his own; which is the same thing as if we had said that all revelation, properly so called, can be made to us primarily only in the form of religious *intuition*."—Pp. 136, 137.

Now, really, after all, philosophical mysticism apart, what more does all this mean, than that in order to see an object presented to him, a man must have eyes—and in order to hear a voice uttered, he must have ears—and in order to understand logical reasoning addressed to him, he must have the faculty of reason, or the logical consciousness—and in order to grasp and gaze on the absolute when set before him, he must have the higher faculty which Mr. Morell calls the intuitional consciousness? What more can Mr. Morell make of his whole argument on this abstruse idea of revelation? It may be very true, that if a man is blind, there must be a subjective process of opening his eyes—and if he is deaf, an opening of his ears, before vision or hearing can be considered complete. But who, on that account, would say, that showing or exhibiting an object, is a mode of vision, or uttering a voice, a mode of hearing? In like manner, it may be very true, that if the logical consciousness is blunted or disordered, it must be directly rectified by the Spirit of God before it can follow intelligently a process of reasoning on religious subjects; and still more, that if the intuitional consciousness is darkened or enfeebled, it must undergo subjectively an illuminating and reviving influence before it can adequately perceive the spiritual reality and truth of the high conceptions of Christianity. But does this, in the very least, tend to make out, either that there is no reasoning with men that can be ascribed to God, and no such thing as an objective presentation, by means of language, of Divine things; or that God's reasoning with me is a mode of my logical consciousness, and God's revelation to me a mode of my intelligence? (Pp. 137, 138.)

And here, we would be compelled to charge Mr. Morell, in his very next paragraph, with a signal instance of disingenuous and unfair special pleading, did we not ascribe his error to honest ignorance of what religious men have held and taught as to the necessity of Divine illumination for the right spiritual understanding of the Word of God. His ignorance, however, Mr. Morell must excuse us for adding, is scarcely so venial in one early accustomed to the preaching of evangelical Divines in this country, as it might be in a person familiar only with the

rationalism and mysticism of the Continent. The paragraph we complain of is the following:—

“In making these statements, we are simply putting in a more definite form what almost all classes of Christians fully admit, and what they are perpetually asserting. Is it not allowed, that men even of intellect and learning may read the Bible through and through again, and yet may have no spiritual perception of the realities to which it refers? Do we not constantly hear it asserted that Divine truth must be spiritually understood? nay, does not St. Paul himself tell us that the things of the Spirit of God must be spiritually discerned? And what does all this amount to, but that there must be the awakening of the religious consciousness before the truth is actually revealed to us, and that it can only be revealed to us at all, essentially speaking, in the form of religious intuition. The severest criticism, the hardest study, the most patient poring over the propositions in which the faith of Christians is embodied, confessedly do not *alone* suffice to give to any one a single perception of truth in its spiritual intensity. This is, in fact, nothing but saying, that the logical understanding can never perform for us the part of the higher or intuitional consciousness.”—Pp. 138, 139.

Now, again, we must protest against the confounding together of two things that seem to us to differ so widely—my speech and another man's understanding of what I say. Surely, the philosophy of my speaking and the philosophy of his understanding what I say are distinct from one another, and in a discussion of the philosophy of our mutual communication demand and deserve separate consideration. Unless, indeed, Mr. Morell denies the possibility of God's speaking to his intelligent creatures as a man speaks to his friend, he was bound to discuss the rationale or philosophy of that phenomenon as a prior question to that of our understanding and belief of what is spoken. The nature of the evidence we may have that God has so spoken, the intermediate channel or instrumentality through which what he has spoken has reached us, the manner in which the original communication may be thereby affected, and the right method of interpreting and dealing with it as objectively presented to us in whatever form, are topics which, it seems to us, Mr. Morell ought to have disposed of in his chapter on Revelation before coming “to the part” which “the higher or intuitional consciousness” has to “perform” in the matter. At all events, he should know that they are topics to which those whose concurrent opinion he claims as on his side always insist on giving the first and most prominent place; nay, that they are the only topics which such persons ordinarily include in their idea of a Revelation at all, and that the settlement of them is a preliminary to the consideration of that spiritual faith, or intuition, if Mr.

Morell pleases, which, by means of Revelation thus understood, the Holy Spirit produces in the soul, or enables the soul to exercise.

Hence, to Christians generally of the school to which Mr. Morell is here referring, his statement that "there must be the awakening of the religious consciousness before the truth is actually revealed to us," would appear to be ambiguous, to say the least of it; true, but not to the purpose, if it mean merely that such an awakening is essential to the full spiritual discernment of what is revealed, but not true if it mean that the awakening constitutes the Revelation. They would ask, too, what is implied in Mr. Morell's qualifying clause "essentially speaking," and what notion is to be attached to the word "form," when he goes on to remark that truth "can only be revealed to us at all, essentially speaking, in the form of religious intuition," and when he proposes to fasten this as a commentary on the doctrine of Paul, that the things of the Spirit of God must be spiritually discerned.

We would be most unwilling to suspect Mr. Morell of an intention merely to make a hit by this shrewd identification of the views such divines hold as to the necessity of the Spirit's teaching for the right spiritual discernment of what is revealed, with his own view as to the nature of a revelation itself. We profess, however, our inability to imagine how he could persuade himself that they are identical, and we must be allowed to say, that were he to resume his acquaintance with the old puritan theology, in such works as Owen on Faith, or were he to dip into the pages of the Presbyterian Halyburton, he would find reasonings in the direction of the intuitional consciousness as the ultimate medium of a personal acquaintance with God, at least as sublime as any he has got from Schleiermacher, and in respect of their being based on the Bible as the rule of faith, very much more solid and satisfactory.

For our own part, we have been accustomed to perceive an admirable dualism, if we may so speak, in the recorded mind of God, on the one hand, and the recipient mind of man on the other, which it is the glorious office of the Spirit to resolve into a higher unity in the direct communion of man with God. How the Spirit acts in this process we cannot tell. We conceive of him, however, as taking into his hands simultaneously the two things, object and subject, he has to deal with; in his right hand, the recorded mind of God; in his left, the recipient mind of man; and breathing, moving, as in the primeval chaos, so that out of the contact, as he brings them together, light and life spring. Thus, his quickening energy, exerted at once objectively in the presentation of the revealed truth, with the ever fresh illumination

he is able to shed on it, and subjectively at the same time in the preparation of the inquiring soul, whose springs of intelligence and emotion it is his province to command—elicits out of the collision, as he makes them meet and coalesce, the spark of that faith “which stands not in the wisdom of men but in the power of God,” and which issues in the holy fervour of adoring complacency and love. That an intuitional knowledge of God is in this way obtained—a knowledge of him reaching, in point both of amount and of certainty, far beyond what the mere logical interpretation of the letter of a Revelation can ever give, and affording a far more direct and rapturous insight into “the deep things of God”—the depths of his wisdom and love—his very heart, we strenuously maintain; and we hold it to be one especial glory of the Gospel that it thus provides for the actual realization of what transcendental philosophy is always desiderating, and what, with all its transcendentalism, it must leave a desideratum still. We are content, however, to reach this spiritual height, or to aim at it, by steps which the more Icarian flight of our author would disdain; and we are glad to have the ladder set on the earth whose top is to reach to heaven. Our whole scheme, as above indicated, postulates and proceeds upon the dualism of the revealed mind of God and the recipient mind of man; and it requires a correspondence between these two in the lower region first, in which the logical consciousness bears sway, as the very condition of the operation by which the transition into the higher intuitional sphere is ultimately effected. In other words, we maintain that God first comes down to man before raising man to himself; that he condescends to employ a method of communication with us essentially the same with that which we use in communicating with one another; that it is only through the medium or instrumentality of sentiments and views thus communicated, and in concurrence with them, that he moves, by his Spirit, in and upon our minds, so as to impart a spiritual discernment or “intuition” of what is in his own mind; and that any other idea of a subjective Divine illumination, apart from the objective Divine word, that word being received and interpreted according to the laws of the logical understanding applicable to what one man says or writes to another—is without warrant of reason or Scripture, and must certainly lead either to fond fanaticism or to infidelity, or to both.

We are not now proving, we are simply explaining what we hold to be the current doctrine on this subject of the “classes of Christians” our author appeals to, discriminating it from his own theory, which, with at least as much ingenuity as candour, he seeks to identify with it. We admit, of course, that a whole series of questions as to the possibility of the mode of communi-

cation we contend for on the part of God,—as to the competency and relevancy of the ordinary evidence alleged for it,—and as to the way in which it affects the human mind, lies over untouched. And this, indeed, is our very complaint against Mr. Morell, that in professing to discuss the philosophy of Revelation, he evades all these questions, and gratuitously assumes, that because the intuitional and not the logical consciousness must ultimately take cognizance of Divine truth, therefore all revelation must be subjective, through the intuitional, and not objective, to the logical. It is true, he goes on to give, within the compass of two pages, immediately after our last extracted paragraph, his scheme of the actual history of the Christian Revelation, as having “been carried on precisely in accordance with the principles above stated;” but it is a fancy sketch, and not a real picture, as our readers may perceive for themselves. For, at the risk of utterly wearing out their patience, we must beg their attention to what follows. The subject is vital; and again we say we cannot rid ourselves of the feeling that we are contending for the citadel.

“If we consider attentively the whole process by which Christianity has been revealed to man, we shall see that it has been carried on precisely in accordance with the principles above stated. The aim of revelation has not been formally to expound a system of doctrine to the understanding, but to educate the mind of man gradually to an inward appreciation of the truth concerning his own relation to God. Judaism was a propædæutic to Christianity; but there was no formal definition of any one spiritual truth in the whole of that economy. The purpose of it was to school the mind to spiritual contemplation; to awaken the religious consciousness by types and symbols, and other perceptive means, to the realization of certain great spiritual ideas; and to furnish words and analogies in which the truths of Christianity could be embodied and proclaimed to the world.

“If we pass on to the Christian revelation itself, the mode of procedure we find was generically the same. There was no *formal* exposition of Christian doctrine in the whole of the discourses of the Saviour. His life and teaching—his character and suffering—his death and resurrection—all appealed to the deeper religious nature of man; they were adapted to awaken it to a newer and higher activity; instead of offering a mere explication to the understanding, they were intended to furnish altogether *new experiences*, to widen the sphere of our spiritual insight, to embody a *revelation from God*.

“The apostles followed in the same course. They did not start from Jerusalem with a system of doctrine to propound intellectually to the world. * * * The apostles went forth to awaken man's power of spiritual intuition; to impress upon the world the great conceptions of sin, of righteousness, of judgment to come, of salvation, of

purity, and of heavenly love. This they did by their lives, their teaching, their spiritual *intensity* in action and suffering, their whole testimony to the word, the person, the death, and the resurrection of the Saviour. * * *

"Thus, then, we see, that in the whole process of revelation the wisdom of God has made use of the fixed laws and the natural processes of the human mind. Knowing, as he does, far better than we do ourselves, what is necessary to bring mankind to a due appreciation of his own Divine will, he has instituted a series of means by which the world should be gradually awakened to a sense of heavenly and eternal realities. In this awakening all revelation *essentially* consists; and it is only when it has actually taken place that Christian theology is possible.

"We may say, therefore, by way of conclusion, that revelation is a process of the intuitional consciousness, gazing upon eternal verities; while theology is the reflection of the understanding upon those vital intuitions, so as to reduce them to a logical and scientific expression." —Pp. 139-141.

Penetrating through a somewhat cloudy mist of vague phraseology, what have we here? Moses and the Prophets, Christ and his Apostles—themselves eminently "intuitional," or divinely gifted with an "intuitional" insight into spiritual realities, are found living, speaking, and acting, before the eyes of men; and by a certain undefined subjective process, as by an electric influence, or mysterious sympathy, other minds coming into contact with theirs—not, be it observed, in the way of receiving communications from God through them, but merely in the way of being tuned, as it were, into harmony with their subjective operations—are brought to the same capacity of spiritual intuition, and the same spiritual discernment of the things of God.

Now this may be called Revelation, in a new nomenclature; but it is not Revelation in any sense hitherto acknowledged, either in philosophy or in religion, on this side of Germany. Mr. Morell may succeed in introducing it, at what sacrifice of the old literature and religion of England we say not; but at all events, in his present volume, he has not established his right to succeed.

And, above all things, we demand of him explicitness. He has no partiality at this stage for the Apostle Paul, as he intimates in the passage just quoted;* he regards him rather as the

* We omitted in the text the following sentences about the Apostle Paul, because they are not relevant to the discussion on hand:—"In the case of St. Paul alone do we find any approach to a systematic inculcation of truth by logical exposition addressed to the understanding; and in this case we must remember that the letters he wrote were intended for those who were already Christians, whose religious nature was already awakened, who had already enjoyed, in this awakening, the revelations of Christianity, properly so called. His writings, therefore, were

rédacteur than as the revealer; and we will not offend by quoting Paul. But we require Mr. Morell to deal with the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and the third chapter of John. We demand a philosophy of the religion of these two passages. They are the initial passages of the two dispensations—the Levitical and the Christian; and we doubt if Mr. Morell can persevere in asserting of them, that they contain “no formal definition of any one spiritual truth,”—“no *formal* exposition of Christian doctrine.”

At any rate, we altogether deny the correctness of our author's statements as to the actual promulgation of the Law and the Gospel. We give him the fullest benefit of all the antipathy to dry system he may have gathered from Bishop Hampden's lectures, of which he elsewhere makes good use. We admit that systematizing is the necessity and misfortune of the Church, and not her glory. It is the evil, however, of such researches

designed not so much to be a revelation of truth, as a further explication of it. Based upon a revelation already made, they were adapted simply to bring the ideas it involved into a more explicit and somewhat reflective form, and thus to furnish us with an inspired authority for the value of *systematic theology* in the Church.” We thank Mr. Morell, of course, for furnishing us with a precedent and warrant for “*systematic theology*,” even though it be by a sort of left-handed compliment. We beg to tell him, however, that his isolation of the Apostle Paul as the only “systematic inculcator of truth by logical exposition addressed to the understanding,” is not exactly the basis we would choose if we were seeking a Scriptural ground for that science. Mr. Morell has probably heard that the Epistle to the Romans, as a logical argument with Gentiles, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, as a logical argument with Jews, differ somewhat from the other Epistles, and evince, as they unquestionably do, the logical ability of their author. But it is a mere device of sophistry—begging Mr. Morell's pardon—to get rid of the notorious fact, that the New Testament generally “*inculcates truth logically*” by professing to fasten that character on the writings of Paul alone. In the first place, we deny that Paul wrote his Epistles more systematically and logically than the other Apostles. It is true, that in writing to the Romans and to the Hebrews, he is led in certain portions of these letters, to discuss largely, and in an orderly manner, the great leading features of Christianity, as a dispensation of gratuitous grace, founded upon a real and adequate propitiatory sacrifice; and we are thankful for his having been led to do so. But we utterly deny that there is more of an appeal to logic in Paul's Epistles generally, including these two, than in the rest of the New Testament. We undertake to prove, that there is a great deal more of logic in Peter's two Epistles, and in the First Epistle of John, than in all Paul's Epistles together, except those to the Romans and Hebrews; nay more, we undertake to show that the third, sixth, and fourteenth and following chapters of John's Gospel, give us discourses of the Lord himself, more strictly logical in their essence than even the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews themselves. It is utterly unworthy of Mr. Morell, knowing as he does, that the question here is not one of degree, but absolute, to avail himself of the comparatively accidental circumstance of there being much of the logical element in certain of Paul's writings, and, let us say, in his mind generally; unless he had been prepared to show, that other speakers and writers in the New Testament made no use of that element at all. We maintain, on the contrary, that they used it throughout; and we would like to know how Mr. Morell disposes, in detail, of the Apostolic discourses recorded in the Book of Acts, if he does not regard them as logical expositions addressed to the understanding, quite as much as the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews.

and speculations as Dr. Hampden's, that they are apt to be seized upon as countenancing an extent of vagueness in theology, from which Dr. Hampden himself, we trust, would be the first to recoil. Mr. Morell is an instance in point. "The Apostles," he says, "went forth to awaken man's power of spiritual intuition; to impress upon the world the great conceptions of sin, of righteousness, of judgment to come, of salvation, of purity, and of heavenly love." Good words—excellent words—all of them. We read, however, quoting for once Paul, that the Apostles were "ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech men through them;" and that they "prayed men, for Christ's sake, to be reconciled to God," because "he had made him to be sin for them, who knew no sin, that they might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 20, 21.) This is a little more definite and objective than Mr. Morell's description; and very possibly the rise of heresies innumerable since the Apostle's time, may force us to carry definition farther than it was necessary for the Apostle in his day to do. But, not dwelling on this, we are prepared to join issue with Mr. Morell upon the two fundamental points of our relative state before God, and our inherent personal nature, and to maintain that from the very first intimation of it, the Gospel was an objective revelation in respect of both. Fully allowing that "the great conceptions of sin," &c., must ultimately tax the intuitional consciousness, and must require a subjective work of illumination, we yet at the same time hold, that on the subject of man's condition as guilty and condemned by God, and man's character as corrupt and hostile to God, Christianity all along made specific objective statements, cognizable by the logical understanding, essentially such as the doctrines of redemption and regeneration in modern theology express; and we shall certainly pause for a more complete analysis of the Scriptural history, both of the old and of the new economy, before we concede to Mr. Morell that "*intensity* in action or suffering," communicating itself by a sort of spiritual contagion, constitutes the substance of the Christian Revelation.

Great, no doubt, is the influence of personal contact and genial fellowship with the wise, the good, the holy: no man of intelligence and susceptibility can be much in their company, especially if admitted to their confidence, without experiencing a certain "awakening of his power of spiritual intuition;" or, in other words, without imbibing somewhat of their spirit, and rising towards the high level from which their field of vision ranges. We attach the utmost value to this sort of sympathetic energy in connexion with the original propagation of Christianity, as well as with every subsequent revival of it; and we believe, that it is the want or weakness of it, comparatively, in the Christian

society of modern times, that makes the Church so often shrink and feel embarrassed in the presence of the world. Our Lord had certainly this influence in His mind when He spoke of His disciples as being the light of the world, the salt of the earth; and in what is recorded of the impression made by the early union of believers at Jerusalem on the people at large, the public of that degenerate city, in the mingled fear and favour with which they were regarded, in the awful and yet attractive feeling of reverence that fell on every soul*—we find an example of what has been—would that it might soon again be—the moral power and commanding ascendancy of a genuine profession of the Gospel. The force of character—the fervency of spirit—the lofty elevation of soul—the generous and glowing love of heart; in a word, “the spiritual intensity in acting and suffering”—to borrow Mr. Morell’s happy phrase—which eminently distinguished the inspired men of either dispensation, taken along with their utterances of sublime and heavenly wisdom under the immediate impulse of Divine illumination, were fitted, beyond all question, to communicate a kindred “intensity” to other minds besides their own, and to awaken into new life the highest faculties and emotions of humanity. We freely grant all this; but we must still ask Mr. Morell if this is all he means to acknowledge as constituting “the process by which Christianity has been revealed to man?” Is there no specific difference between the influence which Martin Luther, John Knox, or Thomas Chalmers could not but exert in their several spheres, and the authority by which Moses spoke in the name, and on behalf of God? Or is the difference, after all, simply one of degree? Mr. Morell may give a plain answer to a plain question. In the meantime we are compelled to say, that from his cumulative way of describing what he calls the “embodying” of “*a revelation from God*”—his heaping together in one all the elements of power that prophets and apostles confessedly had, in their weight of character, the influence of their example, their lives, their deaths, as well as in what they delivered expressly as messages from God—classing them all under one category, and forming them into “a series of means by which the world should be gradually awakened to a sense of heavenly and eternal realities”—from this whole passage, we can gather scarcely any other conclusion than this, that Mr. Morell admits indeed a subjective operation of God upon man’s intuitional consciousness, but not an objective discovery of God’s will to the understanding; that he believes in the Divine origin of the Gospel as a system of influences set on foot for “impressing upon the world certain

* Acts ii. 41, 47.

great conceptions," and gradually awakening mankind to "gaze upon eternal verities," but not as an articulate and formal communication from God of what He would have men to believe, and what He would have them to do.

We would be sorry to do injustice to Mr. Morell : we think we have laid before our readers enough out of his own chapter on Revelation to warrant the conviction to which we have very reluctantly come ; and we could produce farther proof out of the inferences with which the chapter closes. These inferences, we think, might have been more clearly expressed : but such as they are, they are startling enough. The first is, that the "development of our religious knowledge follows the same law (so far as purely mental processes are concerned) as do the other branches of human research." (P. 142.) That law is that of the "two spheres of mental activity always involved in the search after the truth," namely, the "direct and intuitional process" by which we "acquire clear conceptions," and "the logical processes of induction and deduction" by which "the natural understanding moulds the data thus furnished," the former goes before, and makes way for the latter. Thus, in the view of Mr. Morell, these two forces move on in parallel lines to assail the fortress of truth ; the intuitional keeping somewhat ahead or in advance of the logical, and handing over to the custody and orderly adjustment of that ally the trophies it successively wins. And accordingly, his second and third inferences correspond with this theory, making all revelation consist in intuitional enlightenment exclusively, and limiting his idea of the Christian revelation to certain arrangements and agencies causing "an outburst of heavenly light ;"—arrangements in the outer world and agencies within, "distinct," indeed, "from the general scheme of Providence as regards human development," but falling under the same law ; subjectively influencing the intuitional consciousness, and not objectively addressing and informing the logical understanding. For our part, we are inclined to think that at least when it is Divine testimony that is to be approached, the two forces must somewhat change their relative position, the logical taking the lead, and handing over the materials it receives to the intuitional ; which, again, we frankly admit, must ultimately, under Divine teaching, have the ascendancy. We confess, however, that on Mr. Morell's principle we can see no essential distinction between the way in which a student prosecutes for himself the study of geometry and the way in which a sinner learns from God, out of the Bible, how he is to be saved. Divine revelation, with Mr. Morell, is really nothing more than a quickening of "human development."

At all events Mr. Morell cannot charge us with an attempt to

raise a blind theological prejudice against him by a vague cry of heresy or infidelity : we have no sympathy with any who would thus treat either himself or his book : we, for our part, have carefully discussed with him the philosophy of his subject, and we desire still to meet him upon that ground. We must be allowed, however, to make one remark on what seems to us a very significant alteration in the tactics of the Rationalistic controversy ; an alteration, to which the defenders of revelation, in the objective sense of that term, would do well to give heed.

Formerly reason, that is, the understanding or logical consciousness in man, was erected into the judge, not only of the credentials, but of the contents also, of what professed to be a communication from God ; and nothing was to be believed that transcended the range of our faculties of ordinary comprehension and deduction. Hence it was deemed necessary, while admitting more or less unequivocally the Divine authority of Scripture, to reject all such mysterious doctrines connected with the Divine nature and human redemption, as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, Justification by grace, and Regeneration by the Spirit, and to pare down the teaching of the Bible to what human reason could understand and prove. To effect this, the Rationalistic Divinity of the old school, whether of Socinian parentage, or bred in the rottenness of a dead orthodoxy, had recourse to manifold arts of forced criticism—to a wild and wanton lawlessness of interpretation,—explaining away the plainest statements—cutting and carving on the holy books—until a decent form of natural theism and worldly ethics, without miracle or mystery, or any tax on the higher energies of faith and love, stood forth as the sum of all that God meant to teach to man. Now, the plan seems to be reversed ; and out of Charybdis we are fallen into Scylla. The appeal is no longer to the logical faculty or understanding ; that judge or critic is set aside ; and the intuitional consciousness alone is everything. This new umpire, however, soars as far above and beyond the plain exposition of Scripture, as the former fell short of it ; refuses to be shackled by any doctrines or propositions whatever ; and avoids the necessity of deciding on any particular mysteries, by taking refuge in a general atmosphere of undefined mysteriousness, somewhere in the region of the Absolute. In an age of reviving earnestness, when a certain spiritual life of some kind or other is entering into all sorts of dry bones, the cold and meagre negative creed of Priestley and Belsham has ceased to be congenial ; there is a craving for something more ideal ; and no longer insisting on the vast objects of faith being adjusted to the line and plummet of man's minute experience, ready to tempt the heights, and sound the depths of the immeasurable sphere of

wonder that compasses them on every side, certain minds of large and lofty grasp may be apt to take refuge in a vague and dreamy intellectual mysticism, as far removed, though in a different line, from a simple reverence for the authority and reception of the truth of God's Holy Word, as the most barren rationalism ever was. Thus, it is not the fashion now to dogmatize on the subject of our Lord's mere humanity, and other similar articles of the older Socinianism. The plan is to evade the necessity of arriving at any distinct notion at all, in regard to the person of the Mediator, His work of atonement, and the agency of the Spirit. On all such points, and indeed on the whole question of revelation and inspiration, logical propositions are above all things to be avoided; and under the general idea of religion being wholly a matter of intuition, men are to cease from inquiring very particularly what God has said who the Saviour is, or how they themselves are to be interested in his salvation, and are to be carried up in a sort of cloudy sympathy and communion of undefined intuitional rapture, into we know not what heaven of piety and peace. It is good to be aware of this new phase, if not of Rationalism, for Mr. Morell will not allow us to apply to it that term, yet at least of that system or principle which resolves religion—even revealed religion—ultimately into an act or exercise of man's own reason,—whether the logical or the intuitional, seems to us of little consequence.

And this, perhaps, is the place to deal with a somewhat ingenious attempt of Mr. Morell to retort upon the advocates of a strictly scriptural divinity, the charge and the name of Rationalism, while for himself he rather angrily disowns the imputation. He is fond, apparently, of this stroke. He has it first in his preface; he repeats it often incidentally in the course of his chapters on Revelation, Inspiration, and Theology; and finally, in his 10th chapter, on Certitude, he proceeds formally and elaborately to the proof. (Pp. 329, 338.) We the rather advert to that passage now, because our limits will evidently prevent us from overtaking, in the present Article, the full discussion of this and the other closing chapters of his book.

Setting aside first the evidence of *facts*, whether proved by the senses or by historical testimony, secondly, *the intellect*, and thirdly, *tradition*, whether of parental authority, catholic consent, or a primeval revelation, as insufficient, our author proceeds under his fourth division "to consider the theory of religious certitude which is placed upon the *letter* of the Bible." (P. 329.) By this he evidently means the theory which receives the Bible as the rule of faith, and endeavours to interpret and apply it accordingly. Of course, the question here will turn very much upon the view we take of the Bible, whether it

is, or at least contains, a revelation and objective presentation of the mind and will of God to us, or is a mere subjective representation, or, in the language of Mr. Morell, "a manifestation of the mind and will of God as made known to the consciousness of the writers." (P. 329.) But passing from this, what line of argument do we find Mr. Morell employing? Let us see. The book, he says, must be "properly understood in order that it become to us either a source of truth or a basis of certainty." And what, he asks, is "*necessary to its due comprehension?*" His reply certainly begins at the beginning. "Place it before a mere animal, and it conveys *nothing* whatever to his understanding;" a "human understanding, therefore, is necessary." But then, he goes on to inquire, "how much understanding is necessary to give us a *right* to view the Bible as a fixed basis of certitude?" First, "a thoroughly ignorant man, teeming with prejudice," cannot "derive any great degree of theological certainty from his perusal of the Scriptures." Next, even "an honest and intelligent truth-seeker," with "heart and mind alike cultivated," finds it difficult "to construct a *complete system of religious knowledge* out of the data presented to him" in the Bible, and must at the best be haunted by a feeling of uncertainty, when he thinks of the different conclusions others have come to, and of his own liability to perverting influences. Thus we are driven "to professed critics and theologians" "proceeding upon purely scientific principles of interpretation." But what a work they have to do! They have "to settle the text and canon of Scripture with perfect accuracy." They have "to determine in what sense the Scriptures are inspired," and "what are the true principles of biblical interpretation." And finally, they have to bring "the truth conveyed" into "a systematic whole." Thus, according to our author, "the method and principles, both of criticism and interpretation, being necessarily thrown upon the human reason, that reason becomes unavoidably the ultimate test for distinguishing the true from the false."—Pp. 332, 333.

Will Mr. Morell have the goodness to say, whether he infers this from the prodigious difficulty reason finds, according to him, in coming to understand the record, or from the fact of reason being exercised at all in understanding it? Or does he mean, by an ingenious *catachresis*, to mix these two things together, and take advantage of the vague impression of despair his description is calculated to make? To us, it appears that the greater or less difficulty reason may find in this task is nothing at all to the purpose. Let the Bible be ever so hard to be understood; let it be a very riddle, if you please; how does our being obliged to use and strain our reasoning faculty to the utmost, in order to get at its meaning, make our reason the test

of truth, any more than if it had all the simplicity Mr. Morell so anxiously denies to it? This is not a question of degree at all: to view it fairly, it should be put in its most naked form. We presume, if Mr. Morell has anything to say to us, we must use our reason in endeavouring to understand his meaning; and we shall not say how much labour this may cost us, and how much remaining uncertainty as to whether we have exactly caught it or no, may, after all, reward our toil. But we may do this, either quite prepared to believe what he says, after we have got at his meaning, simply because it is he that says it; or, on the other hand, determined to believe nothing he tells us that we cannot make to square with the results of our own limited range and power of observation. Will Mr. Morell maintain that these two exercises of our reason upon his communication to us are identical? Above all, will he say they are identical when the question is about a communication from our Maker?

Mr. Morell, as if half-conscious of sophistry, adroitly shifts his ground. Reason, having "the method of interpretation thrown upon it," becomes, on that account, "unavoidably the ultimate test for distinguishing the true from the false. For what is it that guides us in the determination of the method we employ, but the nature of the results?"

"Apply a method of interpretation to the Scriptures, which evolves conclusions contradictory to our reason, or repulsive to our moral nature, and we at once reject it. Apply another method, which draws forth results perfectly consonant with our highest ideas of truth or duty, and we accept that method as the right one. * * * We find, therefore, as a matter of logical necessity, that the theory of religious certitude which throws the whole decision upon the interpretation of the letter of Scripture, insensibly merges into the very foundation-principle of Rationalism."—(P. 333.)

Yes, certainly it does, according to this view of it. But where, unless among a certain class of Socinians, did Mr. Morell ever find the canon, that the method we employ in interpreting the Scriptures is to be determined by the nature of the results? Does he not know, that the imputation of it to any other than Socinians is not only unwarranted in point of fact, but offensive? At all events, it is not the theory of religious certitude with which, by the hypothesis, Mr. Morell is bound to deal. We must insist on distinguishing things that differ. A mass of papers, written or dictated by a friend, or a father, come into our hand. They are of a very miscellaneous character, with a great variety of dates, ranging over many years of time, and almost every clime and country of the globe. They consist of all manner of compositions, in prose and poetry,—historical

pieces,—letters on all sorts of subjects, and to all sorts of people,—antiquarian researches,—tales of fiction,—with verses in abundance, lyric, dramatic, didactic, and devotional. We receive the precious legacy, and we apply our reason to estimate and arrange so welcome an “*embarras des richesses*.” But here there are two distinct questions; the first, what can we legitimately gather, out of the materials before us, as to the real mind and will of the author on any given point? and the second, what weight is due to his opinion or authority? Assuming this last to be settled,—and it is the fair assumption,—what remains as to the first? There may be very considerable difficulty in dealing with it, and much room for the exercise, and we add emphatically, for the trial and probation, of our candour, patience, and good faith. There is not a little confusion, let us say, in the mass of materials to be disposed of; it needs to be examined, assorted, and classified. There may be room for inquiry, in particular instances, as to how far, and in what manner, the author means to express his own views in the narrative and stories, or in the poetical productions, or even in his abrupt, off-hand, and occasionally rhetorical treatment of exciting topics, or troublesome and vexatious scruples, or mere impertinencies, raised in the course of a manifold and multifarious correspondence. There may be need of a certain large-minded and large-hearted sagacity, far removed from the frivolous and pragmatistical conceit of mere word-catching, and able to enter into the genuine naturalness, if we may so speak, with which the writer throws himself always into the scene and the circumstances, and even, when he employs an amanuensis, into the habits of thought, and the very manner of expression of his scribe. The papers of any really great man might furnish an example of what we mean. We will even admit, in our supposed case, that the inquiry may sometimes be forced upon us, whether such and such fragments really are the productions of our friend and father, or stray leaves from some other portfolio that, from similarity of style and subject, or other accidental cause, have come to be mixed up in the bundle.

Now, we cannot say that, in threading our way through the investigation of all the points thus raised, we never may have occasion to apply to it any convictions founded on our previous knowledge of the friend or father whose remains we are investigating. There may be an instinct of honourable or pious feeling that may stand us in good stead, and compel us to exclaim at times,—this can never have been his real opinion: either the passage seeming to convey it is not his, in the sense of its being an expression of his own mind; or there must be some mistake in our understanding of it. Within certain obvious limits, this,

from the outset, is fair and reasonable; and the more, from study of these very remains, we come to comprehend fully the character of him who wrote or dictated them,—and his characteristic way of writing and dictating,—the more unhesitatingly may we apply such a test.

We submit, however, to Mr. Morell, that all this does not touch the first question, previously settled, as to the amount of deference due to the author's mind and will, when honestly ascertained, out of these memorials and memorabilia he has left behind him. It does not imply that we are to reduce all his disclosures and discoveries, or even all his reasonings, to the standard of our own judgment. It is entirely consistent with our receiving what he unfolds to us of his mind, when to the best of our judgment, by an examination of his papers, we have ascertained it, with all the deference due to his personal authority; and nothing, surely, but the utmost confusion of ideas could lead any one to maintain that, because we must thus use our reason while interpreting the papers, therefore these papers, thus interpreted, furnish no source of knowledge or ground of certainty distinct from our reason itself.

We are somewhat tempted to follow Mr. Morell a little farther in his discussion of this subject, not because we think he has made much of it, for we consider it perhaps the weakest portion of his book, but because the subject itself is all-important. It is nothing else than the question of the rule of faith.

Mr. Morell reverences sincerely the Bible; and we doubt not he has honestly persuaded himself that it is an act of reverence to rescue it from the handling of a hard scholastic logic, and raise it into a region of calmer and purer sentiment. We can imagine the annoyance, and sympathize with it too, with which he sensitively recoils from a synod of adust, crabbed, hairsplitting system-mongers, or—as Carlyle would say—Dryasdusts, tearing the Scriptures in pieces with their remorseless, critical, dissecting knife, and ready to tear one another also in their controversial zeal for every point and particle alike,—all the while allowing the wide scope and benignant spirit of the book to escape their purblind vision. It is evidently some ghost of an old logical and theological conclave of this sort that is for ever haunting our amiable author, and frightening him from his propriety; and the only remedy he can think of is to snatch the Bible altogether out of the hands of the logical reason, and commit it to the more congenial custody of feeling and intuition. “As a moral agency, indeed, nothing can be more definite, nothing more simple, than the Bible.” (P. 334.) “We *never* do obtain a fixed and confiding certitude in regard to any religious truth, until it has entered the heart as a spiritual principle.” (P. 336.) Such are the sort of for-

mulæ in which he embodies his sense of the wholesome influence the Bible is fitted to exert ; and we gladly admit to him that it is chiefly on account of its "moral agency," and its instrumentality in causing "religious truth to enter the heart as a spiritual principle," that the Bible is practically valuable. The mere exercise of the understanding on the letter of the Bible, apart from the opening of the conscience to its "moral agency," as well as of the heart to the "entrance of religious truth as a spiritual principle," we hold to be more barren and unprofitable than Mr. Morell himself can represent it ; and, we will add, but little able to give that "fixed and confiding certitude" which we understand to be meant by faith. But does it therefore follow that the first of these processes can be altogether dispensed with, or that the others can be legitimately and safely carried on without it ? May they not conspire in the production of one blessed result ? And while it is doubtless true that the letter killeth, and the Spirit alone giveth life,—yet may not the saying of our Lord be found to furnish an important key to this whole mystery, "the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life ?"

The real fact is, that what God has joined—the letter and the Spirit—Mr. Morell would put asunder. "My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words that I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth," (Isaiah lix. 10, 21,)—so runs the "covenant of God with the redeemed." No evangelical theology that we ever heard of makes the mere letter of the Bible, interpreted by the logical reason, the entire basis of certitude in religion, in the highest sense of that term. We usually maintain that the Bible, as an objective revelation, makes its appeal, first, no doubt, to the logical reason or understanding, but then also to the moral feeling or conscience, and to the higher spiritual capacity or intuitional faculty of the soul ; and we strenuously assert that the Spirit brings not the understanding alone into contact with the letter alone, but the whole man, rational, moral, and spiritual or intuitional, into contact with the whole truth, in the letter, and in the substance and spirit of it, when faith, certain and satisfying faith, is to be produced in any heart. But the essential distinction between our view and that of Mr. Morell, as well as of the Rationalists, commonly so called, is to be found here ; we submit reason, both the lower and higher reason, the logical and the intuitional, altogether to the teaching of the Bible, as an authoritative, objective communication to us from God ; they, on the other hand, denying that character to the Bible, whatever subjective influence they may allow it as containing the utterances and experiences of Divinely-gifted men, make it subservient, by suggestion or otherwise, to reason,—the Rationalists to the logical understanding,—Mr. Morell to the intuitional

consciousness. We seek to interpret, by the use of our logical understanding, the Scriptures which we search; and, thinking that in them we have eternal life, we strive to enter into the high and spiritual intuition of Divine things which they are fitted to impart; depending throughout on the subjective work of the Spirit in us, but yet treating the Scriptures as an objective communication from God to us, addressed to our entire, intelligent, moral, and spiritual nature, and demanding, therefore, the submission of that whole nature to their authority and teaching. And in this view, we have no hesitation in placing the ultimate ground and reason of certitude, out of ourselves, in the testimony of God;—in the very same sense in which, with regard to a communication addressed to us by a fellow-man, we place the ground of our certitude in his testimony, and not either in the logical faculty that enables us to understand what he says, or in the intuitional consciousness which perhaps must be called into play before we can thoroughly grasp the ideas to which his communication relates. Mr. Morell, on the other hand, and the Rationalists, agree in referring this religious certitude to the subjective mind of the inquirer,—they to the logical—he to the intuitional consciousness; and he must permit us to observe, that this feature of agreement renders it by no means strange that he should be classed along with them as appealing to reason in preference to Scripture, for the test of truth and rule of faith; nay, more, that if his substitution of the intuitional for the logical reason elevates and etherealizes the transcendental product he thereby evolves, it makes it, in the same proportion, more vague, indefinite, and visionary; so that this more spiritual method of philosophizing admits of even a more complete departure from all that is explicit in the teaching of the Bible than that more vulgar Rationalism with which he indignantly refuses to be associated.

But we are forced to pause from want of space, promising the continuation and close of these remarks in our next Number. We had intended, after a few brief notices of the chapter on Inspiration, to enter on the discussion of the three subjects of "Christian Theology," "Popular Theology," and "Fellowship," forming the substance of what we may call the second part of this book; in which, having ascertained the source of religious knowledge and faith, Mr. Morell proceeds to unfold the results. His views are startling, from their close parallelism, as it seems to us, though in a different level, with the views of Newman in his doctrine of development. It is a great theme, however, and we cannot even break ground at present.

ART. II.—1. *Olor Iscanus—the Swan of Usk. Siler Scintillans—Sacred Poems.* By HENRY VAUGHAN, M.D. Reprinted, London, 1847.

2. *IX. Poems.* By V. London, 1841.

3. *Madmoments, or First Verseattempts by a Bornnatural.* By HENRY ELLISON. London, 1839.

4. *E. V. K. to his Friend in Town.* Privately printed.

“WHAT do you think of Dr. Channing, Mr. Coleridge?” said a brisk young gentleman to the mighty discourses, as he sat next him at a small tea-party. “Before entering upon that question, Sir,” said Coleridge, opening upon his inquirer those “noticeable gray eyes,” with a vague and placid stare, and settling himself in his seat for the night, “I must put you in possession of my views, *in extenso*, on the origin, progress, present condition, and essence of the Unitarian controversy, and especially the conclusions I have come to on the great question of what may be termed the philosophy of religious difference.” In like manner, before telling our readers what we think of “Henry Vaughan, the Silurist,” or of “V.,” or of “Henry Ellison, the Bornnatural,” or of “E. V. K.,” it would have been very pleasant (to ourselves) to have given, *in extenso*, our views *de Re Poeticâ*, its nature, its laws and office, its means and ends; and to have made known how much and how little we agreed and differed on these points from and with such worthies as Aristotle and Plato, Horace and Richard Baxter, Petronius Arbiter and Blaise Pascal, Ulric von Hütten and Boileau, Hurdis and Hurd, Dr. Arnold and Montaigne, Harris of Salisbury and his famous uncle, Burke and “John Buncle,” Montesquieu and Sir Philip Sidney, Dr. Johnson and the two Wartons, George Gascoyne and Spenser’s friend Gabriel Harvey, Puttenham and Webbe, George Herbert and George Sand, Petrarch and Pinciano, Vida and Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pontanus and Savage Landor, Leigh Hunt and Quintilian, or Tacitus (whichever of the two wrote the Dialogue *De Oratoribus*, in which there is so much of the best of philosophy, criticism, and expression,) Lords Bacon and Buchan and Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart and John Dryden, Charles Lamb and Professor Wilson,* Vinet of Lausanne and

* We wish Professor Wilson would be prevailed on to give to the world, what he has for years given to his class, his Theory of Imagination, as (if we remember rightly) *Intellect working under a law of impersonal emotion*. We were persuaded, when we heard these Lectures long ago, and have had no reason to alter our opinion by what we have read or thought since, that in them he came nearer to the quick of this beautiful but baffling subject than any one else, ancient or modern. What a delightful book he might make by prefixing these Lectures, and those on *Paradise Lost*, to his papers on Homer, Spenser and Thomson, with which all the world, from Hallam downwards, was astonished and charmed.

John Foster, Lord Jeffrey and the two brothers Hare, Drs. Fuller and South, John Milton and Dr. Drake, Dante and "Edie Ochiltree," Wordsworth and John Bunyan, Plutarch and Winkelman, the Coleridges, Samuel, Sara, and Hartley, and Sir Egerton Bridges, Victor Cousin and "the Doctor," George Moir and Madame de Staël, Dr. Fracastorius and Professor Keble, Martinus Scriblerus and Sir Thomas Browne, Mr. Macaulay and the Bishop of Cloyne, Collins and Gray and Sir James Mackintosh, Hazlitt and John Ruskin, Shakspeare and Jackson of Exeter, and the six Taylors, Jeremy, William, Isaac, Jane, John Edward, and Henry. We would have had great pleasure in quoting what these famous men and women have written on the essence and the art of poetry—and to have shown how strangely they differ, and how as strangely at times they agree. But as it is not related when our brisk young gentleman got his answer regarding Dr. Channing, so it likewise remains untold what our readers have lost and gained in our not fulfilling our somewhat extensive desire.

It is with poetry as with flowers or fruits, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, we would all rather have them, and smell them, and taste them, than hear about them. It is a good thing to know all about a lily, its scientific ins and outs, its botany, its æsthetics, even its anatomy and "organic radicals," but it is a better thing to look at itself, and "consider" it how it grows—

"White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure."

It is one thing to know what your peach is, that it is the fruit of a rosal exogen, and is of the nature of a true drupe, that its carpel is solitary, and its style proceeds from the apex, that its ovules are anatropal, and that its *putamen* separates *sponte suâ* from the sacro-carp; to know also how many kinds of peaches and nectarines there are in the world, and how happy the Canadian pigs must be of an evening munching the odoriferous drupes under the trees, and what an aroma this must give to the resultant pork,*—it is another and a better thing to pluck the peach, and sink your teeth into its fragrant flesh. We remember only one exception to this rule. Who has ever yet tasted the roast pig of reality equal to the roast pig of Charles Lamb? Who can forget "that young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*—the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, and which, when prepared aright, is, of all the delicacies in the *mundus edibilis*, the most delicate—*obsoniorum facile princeps*—whose fat is not fat, but an indefinable sweetness growing up toward it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first

* We are given to understand that peach-fed pork is a poor pork after all, and goes soon into decomposition. We are not sorry to know this.

innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean not lean, but a kind of animal manna—*cœlestis—cibus ille angelorum*—or rather, shall we say, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosial result.” But here, as elsewhere, the exception proves the rule, and even the perusal of “Original” Walker's delicious schemes of dinners at Lovegrove's, with flounders water-zoutched, and iced claret, would stand little chance against an invitation to a party of six to Blackwall, with “Tom Young of the Treasury” as Prime Minister.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful—by words—the beautiful of the outer and of the inner world ; whatever is delectable to the eye or the ear, the every sense of the body and of the soul—it presides over *veras dulcedines rerum*. It implies at once a vision and a faculty, a gift and an art. There must be the vivid conception of the beautiful, and its fit manifestation in numerous language. A thought may be poetical, and yet not poetry ; it may be a solution containing the poetical element, but waiting and wanting the precipitating of it, the crystallization of it. It is the very blossom and fragranciness and bloom of all human thoughts, passions, emotions, language ; having for its immediate object—its very essence—pleasure and delectation rather than truth ; but springing from truth, as the flower from its fixed and unseen root ; to use the words of Puttenham in reference to Sir Walter Raleigh, poetry is a lofty, insolent (uncommon) and passionate thing. It is not philosophy, it is not science, it is not morality, it is not religion, any more than red is or ever can be blue or yellow, or than one thing ever can be another ; but it feeds on, it glorifies and it exalts, it impassionates them all. A poet will be all the better of all the wisdom, and all the goodness, and all the science, and all the talent he can gather into himself, but *quâ* poet he is a minister and an interpreter of *το καλον*, and of nothing else. Philosophy and poetry are not opposites, but neither are they convertibles. They are twin sisters ;—in the words of Augustine : “ *PHILOCALIA et PHILOSOPHIA prope similiter cognominatæ sunt, et quasi gentiles inter se videri volunt et sunt. Quid est enim Philosophia? amor sapientiæ. Quid Philocalia? amor pulchritudinis. Germanæ igitur istæ sunt prorsus, et eodem parente procreate.*” Fracastorius beautifully illustrates this in his “ *Naugerius, sive De Poetica Dialogus.*” He has been dividing writers, or composers as he calls them, into historians, or those who record appearances ; philosophers, who seek out causes ; and poets, who perceive and express *veras pulchritudines rerum, quicquid maximum et magnificum, quicquid pulcherrimum, quicquid dulcissimum* ; and as an example, he says, if the historian describe the ongoings of this visible universe, I am

taught ; if the philosopher announce the doctrine of a spiritual essence pervading and regulating all things, I admire ; but if the poet take up the same theme, and sing—

“ *Principio cælum ac terras camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum lunæ, titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit ; totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.*”

“ *Si inquam, eandem rem, hoc pacto referat mihi, non admirabor solum, sed adamabo : et divinum nescio quid, in animum mihi immissum existimabo.*”

In the quotation which he gives, we at once detect the proper handiwork of the poet ; fancy gives us *liquentes campos, titania astra, lucentem globum lunæ*, and phantasy or imagination, in virtue of its royal and pancratic power, gives us *intus alit—infusa per artus*—and that magnificent idea, *magno se corpore miscet*—this is the *divinum nescio quid*—the proper work of the imagination—the master and specific faculty of the poet—that which makes him what he is, as the wings make a bird, and which, to borrow the singularly beautiful words of the Book of Wisdom, “ is more moving than motion, one only, and yet manifold, subtle, lively, clear, plain, quick, which cannot be letted, passing and going through all things by reason of her pureness ; being one, she can do all things ; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new.” The following is Fracastorius’ definition of a man who not only writes verses, but is by nature a poet : “ *Est autem ille naturâ poeta, qui aptus est veris rerum pulchritudinibus capi monerique ; et qui per illas loqui et scribere potest ;*” and he gives the lines of Virgil,—

Aut sicuti nigrum

Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubat umbra,

as an instance of the poetical transformation. All that was merely actual or informative might have been given in the words *sicuti nemus*, but phantasy sets to work, and *videte, per quas pulchritudines, nemus depinxit ; addens ACCUBAT, ET NIGRUM crebris ilicibus et SACRA UMBRA ! quam ob rem, recte Pontanus dicebat, finem esse poetæ, apposite dicere ad admirationem, simpliciter, et per universalem bene dicendi ideam.* This is what we call the *beau idéal*, or κατ’ ἐξοχήν the ideal—what Bacon so nobly describes as “ a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul, and the exhibition of which doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the *shews of things* to the desires of the mind.” It is “ the wondrous and goodly paterne ” of which Spenser sings in his “ Hymne in honour of Beautie : ”—

"What time this world's great Workmaister did cast
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them, as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

"That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore—
That is the thing that giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair.

"For through infusion of celestial powre
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please."

It is that "loveliness" which Mr. Ruskin calls "the signature of God on his works"—the dazzling printings of his fingers, and to the unfolding of which he has devoted, with so much of the highest philosophy and eloquence, a great part of the second volume of "Modern Painters," the perusal of which we would earnestly recommend to our readers.

But we are as bad as Mr. Coleridge, and are defrauding our readers of their fruits and flowers, their peaches and lilies.

Henry Vaughan, "Silurist," as he was called, from his being born in South Wales, the country of the *Silures*, was sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families of the Principality. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, fell at Agincourt. It is said that Shakspeare visited Scethrog, the family-castle in Brecknockshire; and Malone guesses that it was when there that he fell in with the word "Puck." Near Scethrog, there is Cwm-Pooky, or Pwcca, the Goblin's valley, which belonged to the Vaughans; and Crofton Croker gives, in his *Fairy Legends*, a fac-simile of a portrait, drawn by a Welsh peasant, of a Pwcca, which he himself had seen sitting on a mile-stone,* by the road-side, in the



"Sic sedebat."

* We confess to being considerably affected when we look at this odd little fellow, as he sits there with his innocent upturned toes, and a certain forlorn dignity and meek sadness, as of "one who once had wings." What is he? and whence? Is he a surface or a substance? is he smooth and warm? is he glossy, like a black-

seen our turnip fields in early summer, with the hoers at their work, will understand our reference. If any one wishes to read these really remarkable volumes, we would advise them to begin with "Season Changes" and "Emma, a Tale." We give two Odes on Psyche, which are as nearly perfect as any thing out of Milton or Tennyson.

The story is the well-known one of Psyche and Cupid, told at such length, and with so much beauty and pathos and picturesqueness by Apuleius, in his "Golden Ass." Psyche is the human soul—a beautiful young woman. Cupid is spiritual, heavenly love—a comely youth. They are married, and live in perfect happiness, but, by a strange decree of fate, he comes and goes unseen, tarrying only for the night; and he has told her, that if she looks on him with her bodily eye, if she tries to break through the darkness in which they dwell, then he must leave her, and for ever. Her two sisters—Anger and Desire, tempt Psyche. She yields to their evil counsel, and thus it fares with her:—

•
" ODE TO PSYCHE.

" 1. Let not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown !
With tiptoe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast,
Towards the bed, *like one who dares not own*
Her purpose, and half shrinks, yet cannot rest
From her rash Essay: in one trembling hand
She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword ;
In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
Of loveliness: 'tis Psyche and her Lord,
Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
Of moonlight, *vanishing as soon as scann'd !*

" 2. One Moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart,
Like windstole odours from the rosebud's cell,
Or as the earthdashed dewdrop which no art
Can e'er replace ; alas ! we learn fullwell
How beautiful the Past when it is o'er,
But with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,
Blind as the waterfall ; oh, stay thy feet,
Thou rash one, be content to know no more
Of bliss than thy heart teaches thee, nor think
The sensual eye can grasp a form more sweet—

" 3. Than that which for itself the soul should chuse
For higher adoration ; but in vain !
Onward she moves, and as the lamp's faint hues
Flicker around, her charm'd eyeballs strain,
For there *he lies in undreamt loveliness !*
Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er

published by his brother Thomas, without the poet's consent. We are fortunate in possessing a very fine copy of this curious volume, which is now marked in the Catalogues as "*Rariss.*" It contains a few original poems; some of them epistles to his friends, hit off with great vigour, wit, and humour. Speaking of the change of times, and the reign of the Roundheads, he says,

"Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental Hats, tane at the fight
Of eighty-eight; *while every Burgesse foots
The mortal Pavement in eternall boots.*"

There is a line in one of the letters which strikes us as of great beauty:—

"*Feed on the vocal silence of his eye.*"

And there is a very clever poem *Ad Amicum Fœneratorem*, in defiance of his friend's demand of repayment of a loan.

There is great beauty and delicacy of expression in these two stanzas of an epithalamium:

"Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads,
As the mild heaven on roses sheds,
When at their cheeks (like pearls) they weare
The clouds that court them in a tear.

"Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
*Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose*
When she unfolds her curtained head,
And makes his bosome the Sun's bed!"

The translations from Ovid, Boece, and Cassimir, are excellent. The following lines conclude an invitation to a friend:—

"Come then! and while the slow isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and Winter's frostie pangs
Benumme the year, blithe as of old let us
Mid' noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will,
Spite of thy teeth and mine, persist so still.
Let's sit then at this fire; and, while wee steal
A revell in the Town, let others seal,
Purchase, and cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders wee! a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave the obtuse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags at best
Have cares in earnest. Wee care for a jest!"

When about thirty years of age, he had a long and serious illness, during which his mind underwent an entire and final change on the most important of all subjects; and thenceforward he seems to have lived "soberly, righteously, and godly."

In his Preface to the "*Silex Scintillans*," he says, "the God of the spirits of all flesh hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected and had prepared for a message of death, then did he answer me with life; I hope to his glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leafe only, but with some fruit also." And he speaks of himself as one of the converts of "that blessed man, Mr. George Herbert."

Soon after, he published a little volume, called "*Flores Solitudinis*," partly prose and partly verse. The prose, as Mr. Lyte justly remarks, is simple and nervous, unlike his poetry, which is occasionally deformed with the conceit of his time.

The verses entitled "St. Paulinus to his wife Theresia," have much of the vigour, and thoughtfulness, and point of Cowper. In 1655, he published a second edition, or more correctly a re-issue, for it was not reprinted, of his *Silex Scintillans*, with a second part added. He seems not to have given anything after this to the public, during the forty years of his life.

He was twice married, and died in 1695, aged 73, at Newton, on the banks of his beloved Usk, where he had spent his useful, blameless, and, we doubt not, happy life; living from day to day in the eye of Nature, and from his solitary rides and walks in that wild and beautiful country, finding full exercise for that fine sense of the beauty and wondrousness of all visible things, "the earth and every common sight," the expression of which he has left so exquisitely in his poems.* He seems to have had in

* In "The Retreate," he beautifully expresses this passionate love of Nature—

"Happy those early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded Cloud or floure
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Conscience with a sinfule sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,

large measure and of finest quality, (to use the words of Lord Jeffrey as applied to Shakspeare, and of which the great dramatist might well have been proud, either as their occasion or their author,) "that indestructible love of flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and its vivifying power."

And though it is too true what Sir Walter says of the country surgeon, that he is worse fed and harder wrought than any one else in the parish, except it be his horse; still to a man like Vaughan, to whom the love of nature and its scrutiny was a constant passion, few occupations could have furnished him with ampler and rarer manifestations of her magnificence and beauty. Many of his finest descriptions give us quite the notion of their having been composed when going his rounds on his Welsh pony among the glens and hills, and their "unspeakable solitudes." Such lines as the following to a Star were probably direct from nature on some cloudless night:—

"Whatever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee *stream and flow*,
And winde and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile."

This is surely "done from the life."

He is one of the earliest of our poets who treats external nature subjectively rather than objectively, in which he was followed by Gray (especially in his letters,) and Collins, and Cowper, and in some measure by Warton, until it reached its consummation, and perhaps its excess, in Wordsworth.

We shall now give our readers some specimens from the beautiful reprint of the *Silex* by Mr. Pickering, and which is admirably edited by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, himself a true poet, of whose excellent life of our author we have made very free use.

"THE TIMBER.

"Sure thou didst flourish once! and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers

But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees."

Past o'er thy head : *many light Hearts and Wings,*
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

“ And still a new succession sings and flies ;
Fresh groves grow up, *and their green branches shoot*
Towards the old and still enduring skies ;
While the low Violet thriveth at their root.

“ But thou beneath the sad and heavy Line
Of death doth waste all senseless, cold and dark ;
Where not *so much as dreams of light may shine,*
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

“ And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, *thou dost great storms resent,*
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

“ Else all at rest thou lvest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease ;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke in life thy peace.”

This poem is founded upon the superstition, that a tree which had been blown down by the wind gave signs of restlessness and anger before the coming of a storm from the quarter from whence came its own fall. It seems to us full of the finest phantasy and expression.

“ THE WORLD.

“ I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright ;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.”

There is a wonderful magnificence about this ; and what a Bunyan-like reality is given to the vision by “ *the other night*” !

“ MAN.

“ Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flows,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs ;

“ I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man ! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace ;

The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
 The flowres without clothes live,
 Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

“ *Man hath still either toyes or Care ;
 He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
 But ever restless and Irregular
 About this Earth doth run and ride.
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where ;
 He says it is so far,
 That he hath quite forgot how to go there.*

“ He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;
 Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
 Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
 By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.”

There is great moral force about this ; its measure and words
 put one in mind of the majestic lines of Shirley, beginning—

“ The glories of our earthly state
 Are shadows, not substantial things.”

“ COCK-CROWING.

“ Father of lights ! *what Sunnie seed,
 What glance of day hast thou confin'd
 Into this bird ? To all the breed
 This busie Ray thou hast assign'd ;
 Their magnetisme works all night,
 And dreams of Paradise and light.*

“ Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
 Their little grain expelling night
 So shines and sings, *as if it knew
 The path unto the house of light.*
 It seems their candle, howe'r done,
 Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne.”

This is a conceit, but an exquisite one.

“ PROVIDENCE.

“ Sacred and secret hand !
 By whose assisting, swift command
 The Angel shewd that holy Well,
 Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
 And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
 Of yong, distressed Ishmael.”

There is something very beautiful in the opening of this on Providence, and the "yong distressed Ishmael" is very touching.

"THE DAWNING.

"Ah! what time wilt thou come? when shall that crie,
The Bridegroom's Comming! fill the sky?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light."

This last line is full of grandeur and originality.

"THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

"Lord, when thou did'st on *Sinai* pitch,
And shine from *Paran*, when a fire Law,
Pronounc'd with thunder and thy threats, did thaw
Thy People's hearts, when all thy weeds were rich,
And Inaccessible for light,
Terrour, and might;—
How did poore flesh, which after thou didst weare,
Then faint and fear!
Thy Chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd."

The idea in the last lines, which is one of great beauty, was probably suggested by what Isaiah says of the effect produced on Ahaz and the men of Judah, when they heard that Rezin, king of Syria, had joined Israel against them. "And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, *as the trees of the wood are moved by the winds.*"

"HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Welcome, dear book, soul's Joy and food! The feast
Of Spirits; Heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's Charter, The Dove's spotless nest
Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

"In thee the hidden stone, the Manna lies;
 Thou art the great Elixir rare and Choice;
 The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
 The Word in Characters, God in the Voice."

This is very like Herbert, and not inferior to him.

In a poem of great tenderness, having the odd mark of "¶," and which seems to have been written after the death of some dear friends, are these two stanzas, the last of which is singularly pathetic:—

"They are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit lingring here!
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"*He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair Dell or Grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.*"

"THE NIGHT." John iii. 2.

Referring to Nicodemus visiting our Lord.

"Most blest believer he!
 Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
 Thy long expected healing wings could see,
 When thou didst rise;
 And, what can never more be done,
 Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

"O who will tell me where
 He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
 What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
 So rare a flower;
*Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity?*

"No mercy-seat of gold,
 No dead and dusty Cherub, nor carved stone,
 But his own living works, did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone;
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

"Dear night! this world's defeat;
 The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
 The day of Spirits; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb!
 Christ's* progress and his prayer time;
 The hours to which Heaven doth chime.

* Mark i. 35. Luke xxi. 37.

Quotations.

"God's silent, searching flight :
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their Fair Kindred catch.

"Were all my loud, evil days,
Calm and unhaunted as is Thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here."

At the end he has these striking words—

*"There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness —"*

This brings to our mind the concluding sentence of "the Graduate's" fifth chapter in his second volume—"The infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable ; not concealed, but incomprehensible ; *it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.*" Plato, if we rightly remember, says—"Truth is the body of God, light is His shadow."

"DEATH.

"Though since thy first sad entrance
By just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good ;
Yet by none art thou understood.

"We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tried thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

"To thy dark land these heedless go.
But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

"And since his death we thoroughly see
All thy dark way ;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray :
Mists make but triumphs for the day."

"THE WATER-FALL.

"With what deep murmurs, through time's silent stealth,
 Doth thy transparent, cool and watry wealth
 Here flowing fall,
 And chide and call,
 As if his liquid, loose Retinue staid
 Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid."

"THE SHOWER.

"Waters above! Eternal springs!
 The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
 O welcome, welcome to the sad!
 Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.
 Many fair Evenings, many flowers
 Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
 Have I enjoyed, and down have run
 Many a fine and shining Sun;
 But never, till this happy hour,
 Was blest with such an Evening shower!"

What a curious felicity about the repetition of "drink" in the fourth line.

"Isaac's Marriage" is one of the best of the pieces, but is too long for insertion.

"THE RAINBOW"

Has seldom been better sung:

"Still young and fine! but what is still in view
 We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
 How bright wert thou, when *Shem's* admiring eye
 Thy burnisht, flaming *Arch* did first descry!
 When *Terah, Nahor, Huran, Abram, Lot,*
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
 Did with intente looks watch every hour
 For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
 When thou dost shine darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to Musick, clouds to smiles and air:
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
 Bright pledge of peace and Sunshine! the sure tie
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object* of His eye!
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him
 Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
 And mindes the Covenant 'twixt *All* and *One*."

* Gen. ix. 16.

What a venerable knot of the gray fathers !

"Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot!"

Our readers will see whence Campbell stole, and how he spoiled in the stealing (by omitting even the word "youthful,") the well-known line in his "Rainbow"—

"How came the world's gray fathers forth
To view the sacred sign."

Campbell did not disdain to take this, and no one will say much against him, though it looks ill, occurring in a poem on the rainbow; but we cannot so easily forgive him for saying that "Vaughan is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of conceit, having some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath."

"Rules and Lessons" is his longest and one of his best poems; but we must send our readers to the book itself, where they will find much to make them grateful to "The Silurist" and to Mr. Pickering, who has already done such good service for the best of our native literature.

We have said little about the deep godliness, the spiritual Christianity, with which every poem is penetrated and quickened. Those who can detect and relish this best, will not be the worst pleased at our saying little about it. Vaughan's religion is deep, lively, personal, tender, kindly, impassioned, temperate; "it sits i' the centre." His religion grows up, effloresces into the ideas and forms of poetry as naturally, as noiselessly, as beautifully as the life of the unseen seed finds its way up into the "bright consummate flower."

Of "IX. Poems by V.," we would say with the "Quarterly," *βαία μὲν, ἀλλὰ ΠΟΛΛΑ*. They combine rare excellencies—the strength, the finish, the gravity of a man's thoughts, with the tenderness, the insight, the constitutional sorrowfulness of a woman's—her purity, her passionateness, her delicate and just sense and expression. We confess we would rather have been the author of any one of the nine poems in this little volume, than of the very tremendous, very absurd, very raw, loud, and fuliginous "Festus," with his many thousands of lines and his amazing reputation, his bad English, bad religion, bad philosophy, and very bad jokes—his "battered thunder" (this is his own phrase,) and his poor devil of a Lucifer—we would, we repeat, (having in this our *subita ac sæva indignatio* run ourselves a little out of breath,) as much rather keep company with "V." than with Mr. Bailey, as we would prefer going to sea for *pleasure*, in a trim little yacht, with its free motions, its quiet, its cleanliness, and its gliding at its own sweet will, to taking a state berth in some

Fire-King steamer of 1000 horse power, with his mighty and troublous throb, his smoke, his exasperated steam, his clangour, his fire and fury, his oils and smells.

Had we time, and were this the fit place, we could, we think, make something out of this comparison of the boat with its sail, and its rudder, and the unseen, wayward, serviceable winds playing about it, inspiring it, and swaying its course—and the iron steamer, with its machinery, its coarse energy, its noises and philosophy, its ungainly build and gait, its perilousness from within—and we think we could show how much of what Aristotle, Lord Jeffrey, Charles Lamb, or Edmund Burke would have called genuine poetry, there is in the little "V.," and how little in the big "Festus."*

* We have made repeated attempts, but we cannot get through this poem. It beats us. We must want the Festus sense. Some of our best friends, with whom we generally agree on such matters, are distressed for us, and repeat long passages with great energy and apparent intelligence and satisfaction. Meanwhile, having read the six pages of public opinion at the end of the third and people's edition, we take it for granted that it is a great performance, that, to use one of the author's own words, there is a mighty "*somethingness*" about it—and we can entirely acquiesce in the quotation from "*The Sunday Times*," that they "read it with astonishment, and closed it with bewilderment." It would appear from these opinions, which from their intensity, variety, and number, (upwards of 50,) are to us very surprising signs of the times, that Mr. Bailey has not so much improved on, as happily superseded the authors of the Books of Job and Ecclesiastes, of the Divine Comedy, of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*, of *Dr. Faustus*, of *Hamlet*, of *Faust*, of *Don Juan*, *The Course of Time*, *St. Leon*, the *Jolly Beggars*, and the *Loves of the Angels*. He is more sublime and simple than Job. More royally witty and wise, more to the point than Solomon. More picturesque, more intense, more pathetic than Dante. More Miltonic (we have no other word) than Milton. More dreadful, more curiously blasphemous, more sonorous than Marlowe. More worldly-wise and clever, and intellectually *svelt* than Goethe. More passionate, more eloquent, more impudent than Byron. More orthodox, more edifying, more precocious than Pollok. More absorptive and inveterate than Godwin; and more hearty, more tender, more of manhood all compact than Burns. More gay than Moore. More *puerile* than Shakspeare. It may be so. We have made repeated and determined incursions in various directions into its substance, but have always come out greatly scorched and stunned and affronted. Never before did we come across such an amount of energetic and tremendous words, going "sounding on their dim and perilous way," like a cataract—not flowing like a stream, nor leaping like a clear waterfall, but always among breakers—roaring and tearing and tempesting—a sort of transcendental din; and then what power of energizing and speaking, and philosophizing and preaching, and laughing and joking, *in vacuo*! As far as we can judge, and as far as we can use our senses in such a region, it seems to us not a poem at all, hardly even poetical—but rather the materials for a poem, made up of science, religion, and love, the (very raw) materials of a structure—as if the bricks and mortar, and lath and plaster, and furniture, and fire and fuel and meat and drink, and inhabitants male and female, of a house were all mixed "through other" in one enormous *imbroglio*. It is a sort of fire-mist, out of which poetry, like a star, might by curdling, condensation, crystallization, or otherwise, have been developed, after much purging, and refining, and cooling, and pains. Mr. Bailey is still a young man, full of energy—full, we doubt not, of great and good aims; let him read over a passage, we dare say he knows it well, in the second book of *Milton on Church Government*, he will there, among many other things worthy of his regard, find

" THE GRAVE.

" I stood within the grave's o'ershadowing vault ;
Gloomy and damp it stretch'd its vast domain ;
Shades were its boundary ; for my strained eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

" Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things ;
This, in th' encountering darkness pass'd away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

" I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom ;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

" Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ach'd upon my ear ;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

" The former men of every age and place,
From all their wand'rings gather'd, round me lay ;
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid Generations pass'd away.

that " the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within," which is the haunt and main region of his song, may be " painted out and described" with " a solid and treatable smoothness." He may yet more than make up for this " sin of his youth ;" and let him fling away nine-tenths of his adjectives—and in the words of Old Shirley—

" Compose his poem clean without 'em,
A row of stately SUBSTANTIVES would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em ;
Carry their weight ; show fair, like Deeds enrolled ;
Not Writs, that are first made and after fill'd.
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse ;—
You know, sir, what Blank signifies ?—when the sense,
First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
Hang't, 'tis pedantic vulgar poetry.
*Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there, these piddling words for want of matter.
Poets write masculine numbers."*

As for the language in which Mr. Bailey conveys his ideas, we do not know what to say. Mr. Carlyle would say that it is inarticulate, fuliginous, and vilipends all formulas.

The Bornnatural uses considerable liberties with his mother—he dresses her out oddly enough, and sometimes succeeds in making her and himself look sufficiently foolish ; but his heart is sound and his affection too, and he has got an ear for music. Mr. Carlyle, who has much to answer for in the way of his own sins, and those of his progeny, we fear, makes her often speak with clenched fist or arms a-kimbo, and not very articulately at times ; but Mr. Bailey outdoes them all—he hews his mother into as many pieces as Typhon did the good Osiris, and then he reconstructs her upon an improved plan. His language is raised upon the ruins of the English.

- " I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of Death.
- " I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.
- " Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone, the Lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confus'd, amid the dead;
Symbols and Types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning and their meaning fled.
- " Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or wo,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept;
*And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wept.*
- " No hand was here to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing trac'd beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of Death.
- " *One place alone had ceas'd to hold its prey;
A form had press'd it and was there no more;
The garments of the Grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapp'd him on the rocky floor.*
- " *He only with returning footsteps broke
Th' eternal calm wherewith the Tomb was bound;
Among the sleeping Dead alone He woke,
And bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host around.*
- " *Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their wo the loaded air along.*
- " *They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
And on th' insuperable threshold stand;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.*
- " But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
And of th' obdurate Grave its prey implore;
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those they wept before.
- " All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his Treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day, the nightshades close;
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—sleep."

The lines in italics are of the highest quality, both in thought and word ; the allusion to Him who by dying abolished death, seems to us wonderfully fine—sudden, simple,—it brings to our mind the lines already quoted from Vaughan :—

“ But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discovered all that there is done.”

What a rich line this is !

“ And pour their wo the loaded air alon
“ The insuperable threshold !”

Do our readers remember the dying Corinne's words ? *Je mourrais seule—au reste, ce moment se passe de secours ; nos amis ne peuvent nous suivre que jusqu'au seuil de la vie. Là, commencent des pensées dont le trouble et la profondeur ne sauraient se confier.*

We have only space for one more—verses entitled “ Heart's Ease.”

“ HEART'S-EASE.

“ Oh, Heart's-Ease, dost thou lie within that flower ?
How shall I draw thee thence ?—so much I need
The healing aid of thine enshrined power
To veil the past—and bid the time good speed !

“ I gather it—it withers on my breast ;
The heart's-ease dies when it is laid on mine ;
Methinks there is no shape by joy possess'd,
Would better fare than thou, upon that shrine.

“ Take from me things gone by—oh ! change the past—
Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd ;—
Bring back the days whose tide has ebb'd so fast—
Give form again to the fantastic shade !

“ My hope, that never grew to certainty,—
My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire,—
My fond ambition, crush'd e'er it could be
Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire ;

“ Bring these anew, and set me once again
In the delusion of Life's Infancy—
*I was not happy, but I knew not then
That happy I was never doom'd to be.*

“ Till these things are, and pow'rs divine descend—
Love, kindness, joy, and hope, to gild my day,
In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend,
Thy Spirit, Heart's-Ease, is too far away !”

We would fain have given two poems entitled "Bessy" and "Youth and Age." Everything in this little volume is select and good. Sensibility and sense in right measure, and proportion, and keeping, and in pure, strong, classical language; no intemperance of thought or phrase. Why does not "V." write more?

We do not very well know how to introduce our friend Mr. Ellison, "The Bornnatural," who addresses his "Madmoments to the Lightheaded of Society at Large." We feel as a father, a mother, or other near of kin would at introducing an ungainly gifted and much loved son or kinsman, who had the knack of putting his worst foot foremost, and making himself *imprimis* ridiculous.

There is something wrong in all awkwardness, a want of nature *somewhere*, and we feel affronted even still, after we have taken the Bornnatural* to our heart, and admire and love him, at his absurd gratuitous self-befoolment. The book is at first sight one farrago of oddities and offences—coarse foreign paper—bad printing—italics broad-cast over every page—the words run into each other in a way we are glad to say is as yet quite original, making such extraordinary monsters of words as these—beingsriddle—sunbeammotes—gooddeed—midjune—summer-air—selffavour—seraphechoes—puredeedprompter—barkskeel, &c. Now we like Anglo-Saxon and the polygamous German,† but we like better the well of English undefiled—a well, by the bye, much oftener spoken of than drawn from; but to fashion such words as these words are, is as monstrous as for a painter to *compose* an animal not out of the elements, but out of the entire bodies of several, of an ass, for instance, a cock and a crocodile, so as to produce an outrageous individual, with whom even a duck-billed Platypus would think twice before he fraternized—ornithorynchous and paradoxical though he be, poor fellow.

And yet our Bornnatural's two thick and closely small-printed volumes are as full of poetry as is an "impassioned grape" of its noble liquor.

He is a true poet. But he has not the art of *singling* his thoughts, an art as useful in composition as in husbandry, as necessary for young fancies as young turnips. Those who have

* In his Preface he explains the title Bornnatural, as meaning "one who inherits the natural sentiments and tastes to which he was born, still artunsullied and customfree."

† For instance—*Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackspfeifergeselle*. Here is a word as long as the sea-serpent—but, like it, having a head and tail, being what lawyers call *unum quid*—not an up and down series of infatuated *phocæ*, as Professor Owen somewhat insolently asserts. Here is what the Bornnatural would have made of it—

A Constantinopolitan bagpiper out of his apprenticeship.

seen our turnip fields in early summer, with the hoers at their work, will understand our reference. If any one wishes to read these really remarkable volumes, we would advise them to begin with "Season Changes" and "Emma, a Tale." We give two Odes on Psyche, which are as nearly perfect as any thing out of Milton or Tennyson.

The story is the well-known one of Psyche and Cupid, told at such length, and with so much beauty and pathos and picturesqueness by Apuleius, in his "Golden Ass." Psyche is the human soul—a beautiful young woman. Cupid is spiritual, heavenly love—a comely youth. They are married, and live in perfect happiness, but, by a strange decree of fate, he comes and goes unseen, tarrying only for the night; and he has told her, that if she looks on him with her bodily eye, if she tries to break through the darkness in which they dwell, then he must leave her, and for ever. Her two sisters—Anger and Desire, tempt Psyche. She yields to their evil counsel, and thus it fares with her:—

“ ODE TO PSYCHE.

“ 1. Let not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown !
With tiptoe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast,
Towards the bed, *like one who dares not own*
Her purpose, and half shrinks, yet cannot rest
From her rash Essay: in one trembling hand
She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword ;
In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
Of loveliness: 'tis Psyche and her Lord,
Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
Of moonlight, *vanishing as soon as scann'd !*

“ 2. One Moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart,
Like windstole odours from the rosebud's cell,
Or as the earthdashed dewdrop which no art
Can e'er replace ; alas ! we learn fullwell
How beautiful the Past when it is o'er,
But with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,
Blind as the waterfall ; oh, stay thy feet,
Thou rash one, be content to know no more
Of bliss than thy heart teaches thee, nor think
The sensual eye can grasp a form more sweet—

“ 3. Than that which for itself the soul should chuse
For higher adoration ; but in vain !
Onward she moves, and as the lamp's faint hues
Flicker around, her charm'd eyeballs strain,
For there *he lies in undreamt loveliness !*
Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er

*His slumberhidded eyes, as a lily droops
Faint o'er a folded rose: one caress
She would but dares not take, and as she stoops,
An oildrop from the lamp fell burning sore!*

" 4. *Thereat sleepfray'd, dreamlike the God takes Wing
And soars to his own skies,* while Psyche strives
To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling,
But falls insensate;

* * * *

Psyche! thou shouldst have taken that high gift
Of Love as it was meant, that mystery
Did ask thy faith, the Gods do test our worth,
And ere they grant high boons our heart would sift!

" 5. Hadst thou no divine Vision of thine own?
Didst thou not see the Object of thy Love
Clothed with a Beauty to dull clay unknown?
And could not that bright Image, far above
The Reach of sere Decay, content thy Thought?
Which with its Glory would have wrapp'd thee round,
To the Gravesbrink, untouched by Age or Pain!
Alas! we mar what Fancy's Womb has brought
Forth of most beautiful, and to the Bound
Of Sense reduce the Helen of the Brain!"

What a picture! Psyche, pale with love and fear, bending
in the uncertain light, over her lord, with the rich flush of health
and sleep and manhood on his cheek, "*as a lily droops faint
o'er a folded rose!*" We remember nothing anywhere finer
than this.

" ODE TO PSYCHE.

- " 1. Why stand'st thou thus at Gaze
In the faint Tapersrays,
With strained Eyeballs fixed upon that Bed?
Has he then flown away,
Lost, like a *Star in Day,*
Or like a Pearl in Depths unfathom'd?
Alas! thou hast done very ill,
Thus with thine Eyes the Vision of thy Soul to kill!
- " 2. Thought'st thou that earthly Light
Could then assist thy Sight,
Or that the Limits of Reality
Could grasp Things fairer than
Imagination's Span,
Who communes with the Angels of the Sky?
Thou graspest at the Rainbow, and
Wouldst make it as the Zone with which thy Waist is spanned!

- "3. And what find'st thou in his Stead?
 Only the empty Bed!
 * * * *
- Thou sought'st the Earthly and therefore
The Heavenly is gone, for that must ever soar!
- "4. For the bright World of
 Pure and boundless Love
What hast thou found? alas! a narrow Room!
 Put out that Light,
 Restore thy Soul its Sight,
For better 'tis to dwell in outward Gloom,
 Than thus, by the vile Body's eye,
 To rob the Soul of its Infinity!
- "5. Love, Love has Wings, and he
 Soon out of Sight will flee,
Lost in far Ether to the sensual Eye,
 But the Soul's Vision true
 Can track him, yea, up to
The Presence and the Throne of the Most High:
For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,
To the Soul only he his genuine Form will show!"

Mr. Ellison was a boy of twenty-three when he wrote this. That, with so much command of expression and of measure, he should run waste and formless, as he does in other parts of his volumes, is very mysterious and very distressing.

As to how we became possessed of the poetical Epistle from "E. V. K. to his Friend in Town," the less we say the better. We avow ourselves in the matter to have acted for once on M. Proudhon's maxim—"La propriété c'est le Vol." We merely say, in our defence, that it is a shame in "E. V. K.," be he who he may, to hide his talent in a napkin, or keep it for his friends alone. It is just such men and such poets as he that we most need at present, sober-minded and sound-minded and well-balanced, whose genius is subject to their judgment, and who have genius and judgment to begin with—a part of the poetical stock in trade with which many of our living writers are not largely furnished. The Epistle is obviously written quite off-hand, but it is the off-hand of a master, both as to material and workmanship. He is of the good old manly, classical school. His thoughts have settled and cleared themselves before forming into the mould of verse. They are in the style of Stewart Rose's *vers de société*, but have more of the graphic force and deep feeling and fine humour of Crabbe and Cowper in their substance, with a something of their own which is to us quite as delightful. But our readers may judge. After upbraiding, with much wit, a certain faithless town-

friend for not making out his visit, he thus describes his residence :—

“ Though its charms be few,
The place will please you, and may profit too ;—
My house, upon the hillside built, looks down
On a neat harbour and a lively town.
Apart, 'mid screen of trees, it stands, *just where*
We see the popular bustle, but not share.
Full in our front is spread a varied scene—
A royal ruin, grey or clothed with green,
Church spires, tower, docks, streets, terraces, and trees,
Backed by green fields, *which mount by due degrees*
Into brown uplands, stretching high away
To where, by silent tarns, the wild deer stray.
Below, with gentle tide, the Atlantic Sea
Laves the curved beach, and fills the cheerful quay,
Where frequent glides the sail, and dips the oar,
And smoking streamer halts with hissing roar.”

Then follows a long passage of great eloquence, truth, and wit, directed against the feverish, affected, unwholesome life in town, before which he fears

“ Even he, my friend, the man whom once I knew,
Surrounded by *blue women* and pale men,”

has fallen a victim ; and then concludes with these lines, which it would not be easy to match for every thing that constitutes good poetry. As he writes he chides himself for suspecting his friend ; and at that moment (it seems to have been written on Christmas day) he hears the song of a thrush, and forthwith he “ bursts into a song,” as full-voiced, as native, as sweet and strong, as that of his bright-eyed feathered friend.

“ But, hark that sound ! the mavis ! can it be ?
Once more ! It is. High perched on yon bare tree,
He starts the wondering winter with his trill ;
Or by that sweet sun westering o'er the hill
Allured, or for he thinks melodious mirth
Due to the holy season of Christ's birth.—
And hark ! as his clear fluting fills the air,
Low broken notes and twitterings you may hear
From other emulous birds, the brakes among ;
Fain would they also burst into a song ;
But winter warns, and muffling up their throats,
They liquid—for the spring—preserve their notes.”
O sweet preluding ! having heard that strain,
How dare I lift my dissonant voice again ?
Let me be still, let me enjoy the time,
Bothering myself or thee no more with rugged rhyme.”

This author must not be allowed to "muffle up his throat," and keep his notes for some imaginary and far off spring. He has not the excuse of the mavis. He must give us more of his own clear "fluting." Let him, with keen, kindly, and thoughtful eye, look from his retreat, as Cowper did, upon the seething world he has left, seeing the popular bustle, not sharing it, and let his pen record in such verses as these what his understanding and his affections think and feel and his imagination informs, and we shall have something in verse not unlike the letters from Olney.

What is good makes us think of what is better, as well, and perhaps more, than of what is worse. There is no sweetness so sweet as that of a large and deep nature; there is no knowledge so good, so strengthening as that of a great mind, which is for ever filling itself afresh. "*Out of the eater comes forth meat; out of the strong comes forth sweetness.*" Here is one of such "*dulcedines veræ*"—the sweetness of a strong man:—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unvail'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Were we inclined to do anything but enjoy this and be thankful—giving ourselves up to its gentleness—informing ourselves with its quietness and beauty,—we would admire the simplicity, the neutral tints, the greyneess of its language, the "sober livery" in which its thoughts are clad. *In the first thirty-eight words, twenty-nine are monosyllables.* Then there is the gradual way in which the crowning phantasy is introduced. It comes upon us at once, and yet not wholly unexpected; it "sweetly creeps" into our "study of imagination;" it lives and moves, but it is a moving that is "delicate;" it flows in upon us *incredibili lenitate*. "Evening" is a matter of fact, and its stillness too—a time of the day; and "twilight" is little more. We feel the first touch of spiritual life in "*her sober livery*," and bolder and deeper in "*all things clad*." Still we are not deep, the real is not yet transfigured and transformed, and we are brought back into it after being told that "Silence, accompanied" by the explanatory "for,"

and the bit of sweet natural history of the beasts and birds. The mind dilates and is moved—its eye detained over the picture; and then comes that rich, “thick warbled note”—“*all but the lonely nightingale,*” this fills and informs the ear, making it also “of apprehension more quick,” and are prepared now for the great idea coming “into the eye and prospect of our soul”—**SILENCE WAS PLEASED!** There is nothing in all poetry above this. Still evening and twilight grey are now Beings—coming on, and walking over the earth like queens “with Silence,”

“Admiration’s speaking’st tongue,”

as their well pleased companion. All is “calm and free,” and “full of life,” it is a “Holy Time.” What a picture!—what simplicity of means!—what largeness and perfectness of effect!—what knowledge and love of nature!—what supreme art!—what modesty and submission!—*—what self-possession!—what plainness, what selectness of speech!

* How truly and beautifully Coleridge has expressed this balance of opposite qualities in his lately published posthumous tract, “The Idea of Life”—a book more full of clear and definite ideas than any of his prose works, excepting that passage in his *Biographia Literaria*, which treats of Poetry and Wordsworth,—that is first-rate in all its qualities.

“As is the height, so is the depth. The intensities must be at once opposite and equal. As the liberty, so the reverence for law. As the independence, so must be the seeing and the service, and the submission to the Supreme Will. As the ideal genius and the originality, so must be the resignation to the real world, the sympathy and the intercommunion with Nature.”

ART. III.—*A Second Plea for Ragged Schools; or, Prevention better than Cure.* By the Rev. THOMAS GUTHRIE. Edinburgh, 1849.

GREAT BRITAIN, emerging from a long-indulged theoretical and speculative spirit of empty sentimentalism, seems now disposed to entertain somewhat more practical views of moral and social reform. Legislators and philanthropists—able and earnest men—have never been wanting to expound ingenious and clever theories for bettering the condition of the human family. Ever and anon, eloquent appeals have been made, and powerful arguments advanced by England's noblest patriots, in favour of a large and comprehensive system of moral and social regeneration. But too often these heart-stirring addresses have fallen on a dry and arid soil, where they have found no nourishment, or have been in themselves too much of a visionary and chimerical nature to deserve encouragement. The subject is a momentous one, and, to ensure success, must be grappled with in a liberal, energetic, and practical way. After some fruitless efforts to overcome the many difficulties that presented themselves, we seemed for a long time to have lost heart; and,—while deeply sensible of the social and moral abuses which prevailed, and conscious of the misery which the allowing such abuses to go on unchecked must ultimately entail on our native land,—we would not be roused from our apathy to meet these evils boldly in the face; but, indulging in a reckless and careless indifference, and shutting our eyes to the stern reality, we buried the unwelcome truth in a kind of half-dreamy fatalism. To this lethargic slumbering age, a mawkish, unhealthy, sentimental age succeeded. But Christianity seems now to be opening our eyes to the responsibility of our position, and to be teaching us the true relation we bear, and the duties we owe, to our fellow-creatures. May a more genial spirit soon be diffused amongst us, and may all classes be united every day the more closely in the holy ties of brotherly amity and love. Let each individual lend a helping hand to the cause,—and soon will England, bursting asunder the iron chains of monopoly and bigotry, be permitted to indulge in advancing the intelligence, and in promoting the comfort of her people—soon will she occupy in the eyes of the world that prominent position as a great moral and social reformer, which she has ever occupied as the bold and independent assertor of Liberty and Freedom.

John Pounds, the Founder of Ragged Schools, was the son of a workman employed in the Royal Dockyards at Portsmouth, and was born in that town in 1766. At the age of fifteen he

met with an accident, which crippled him for life. A cobbler by trade, he spent the greater part of his benevolent career in a small workshop, measuring some six feet by eighteen, in St. Mary Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen day after day seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children clustering around him. In addition to mental instruction, he gave these children industrial training, and taught them to cook their own victuals and mend their own shoes. He was unusually fond of all kinds of birds and domestic animals, and amused himself with rearing singing-birds, jays, and parrots, which he trained to live harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Sometimes he might be seen, seated in the midst of his school, with a canary-bird perched on one shoulder, and a cat on the other. But he was too poor to be able long to indulge in all his benevolent fancies. When his scholars became numerous, he gave up his cats and canary-birds, and devoted the latter part of his life exclusively to the more intellectual employment of taming and subduing the "wild Arabs of the City." How applicable to him the immortal lines of Coleridge :—

" He prayeth well, who loveth well
All things both great and small—
He prayeth best, who loveth best
Both man, and bird, and beast ;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The candidates for admission to John Pounds' school were always very numerous. But he invariably gave preference to the worst as well as poorest children—to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He used to follow them to the quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to his school. Well was he repaid for his unwearied labours by the love and affection which these children bore to him. It is said that John Pounds' Ragged School had the following origin : In early life he adopted a young nephew of his own, whom he thought he could educate better with a companion than alone, and he accordingly enlisted in his service the son of a poor woman. Then another and another child was added, until at last he had collected around him a large school of boys and girls. Poor as he was, he established his nephew comfortably in the world ; and during the latter years of his life he had no less than *forty* scholars. He died on the 1st January 1839, aged seventy-two. There was much weeping and shedding of tears at Portsmouth. The children had lost at once their father, and best friend, and most amusing playfellow—Portsmouth had lost one of her noblest ornaments—England one of her most illustrious

patriots. We rejoice to think that many who never before heard of John Pounds will, through Mr. Guthrie's "Second Plea," become acquainted with him. How beautiful is the following tribute to his memory!

"Were we (says Mr. Guthrie) to make a pilgrimage anywhere, as soon as to the lowly heath where the martyr reposes, we would direct our pilgrim steps to the busy streets of Portsmouth, and turning aside from the proud array of England's floating bulwarks, we would seek out the humble shop where John Pounds achieved his works of mercy and earned an imperishable fame. There is no poetry in his name, and none in his profession; but there was more than poetry—the highest, noblest piety—in his life. Every day within his shop he might be seen cobbling shoes, and surrounded by some score or two of ragged urchins, whom he was converting into useful members of the State. Honour to the memory of the patriot cobbler, beneath whose leathern apron there beat the kindest heart—there glowed a bosom fired with the noblest ambition; and who, without fee from scholar or reward from man, while he toiled for his hard-earned bread with the sweat of his brow, educated not less than five hundred outcasts, before they laid him in the lowly grave! Honour, we say again, to the memory of this illustrious patriot! Nor is there in all the world any sight we would have travelled so far or so soon to see, as that self-same man, when he followed some ragged boy along the quays of Portsmouth, keeping his kind keen eye upon him, and tempting the young savage to his school with the bribe of a smoking potato. Princes and peers, judges and divines, might have stood uncovered in his presence; and now marble monuments might be removed from the venerable walls of Westminster—poets, warriors, and statesmen might give place—to make room for him."

John Pounds has a nobler and more lasting monument than any of marble or of brass—"monumentum ære perennius, regali-
que situ pyramidum altius"—he has

"For epitaph a life well spent,
And mankind for a monument."

Side by side with John Pounds in this "labour of love," we would rank the name of William Watson, Esquire, Sheriff-substitute of Aberdeenshire. He is entitled to all the honour and all the merit of organizing a system of Industrial Schools, which has embraced within its comprehensive grasp all classes of idle vagrant children, and cleared a large town and county of juvenile criminals and beggars. Mr. Watson's exertions on behalf of this helpless and hitherto utterly lost portion of the community are beyond all praise, and will hand down his name to posterity as one of the most practical benefactors of his country. The Industrial Schools of Aberdeen, the scene of Mr. Watson's labours, have been so much looked up to as a model, and the

system there pursued seems to have worked so admirably, and to be now so fully matured, that it may be well to give a slight sketch of their origin and subsequent history, and to narrate a few of the practical benefits which have accrued to the town and county of Aberdeen from their establishment.

Before the introduction of Industrial Schools into Aberdeen, a society was formed for obtaining subscriptions to be applied in paying school-fees for vagrant children. This plan met with but partial success, and it was then suggested that, in addition to ordinary education, these children should be supplied with food and industrial occupation. This seemed at first sight rather a startling project, and it was asked on all sides, "Do you mean to educate *all* the young beggars in Aberdeen?" It was indeed no small matter to supply with food the town's complement of vagrant children. But Sheriff Watson stood boldly forward, and proposed to open an Industrial School. A few friends favourable to the scheme rallied round him, and subscribed £100. With this small sum the first Industrial School, consisting entirely of boys, was opened in October 1841, with twenty scholars. The number of boys rapidly increased, and in the following February and March, when the school was fairly in operation with sixty scholars on the roll, the average attendance was *fifty-three* daily. To illustrate the class of children benefited by this school, it is worthy of remark, that out of sixty-nine boys attending this school in 1844—forty-five of whom were from eight to twelve years of age—no fewer than thirty-six had lost their father, four had lost their mother, four were orphans, and in the remaining twenty-five cases where both parents were alive, the father had in some instances deserted his family, and in others he was disabled from work. Such was the helpless condition of those children who frequented the first Industrial School. From seven in the morning till eight at night they remained in school, having their regular hours for working, eating, and playing. Four hours in the day were devoted to lessons, and five to work, and the children were provided with three substantial meals. The mental instruction consisted of religious exercises, reading, writing, and arithmetic; the industrial work consisted chiefly of net-making, which was found to be at once a remunerative and healthy occupation, with occasional working in the garden; the food consisted of porridge and milk for breakfast and supper, and soup and bread for dinner. Corporal punishment was almost unknown: but those who came at a late hour in the morning were allowed no breakfast, and those who absented themselves towards the hours of dinner or supper were not permitted to share in these meals. During the above year, seventeen boys left school, having got various kinds of employment—four were removed by their

parents who had become able to support them—and four were admitted into other charitable institutions. As these children left, others came in their place. In the year following, twenty-two boys obtained employment, and four were admitted into other institutions. The number of children now on the roll in the original Industrial School is about one hundred, and the average earnings of each boy amount to thirty shillings in the year, being one half of the expense of his food. The amount received for work would be greater, but for the difficulty of finding remunerating work for such young persons, and the time spent in teaching them. It must also be remembered, that as soon as the children have attained to a certain degree of dexterity and training, every exertion is made to procure them a more remunerative situation. The produce of the children's work goes to defray the expense of the establishment, thus reducing the expense of the school,—teaching the children the value of steady persevering industry,—and fostering in their minds from the earliest years a sound and wholesome principle of self-dependence.

The success of the Boys' Industrial School led [to the establishment in 1843, of a school of the same description for girls. This school has a female teacher, and is entirely managed by ladies who devote much time and labour to its superintendence. The children do all the household work for themselves; otherwise, it is conducted as nearly as possible on the same principle as the boy's school. The number of scholars was, from want of funds, at first restricted to sixty. The regularity of attendance,—the large number of children destitute of parents,—and the number of girls provided with situations, are on an average much the same as in the Boys' School of Industry. The girls' work is from its nature less remunerative, but their expenses are less, and, on the whole, the yearly cost of a girl at the Industrial School is nearly one pound less than a boy. This school, in consequence of some differences among the subscribers, has lately been divided into two separate establishments, both of which are in a prosperous condition. The one, called "Sheriff Watson's Female Industrial School," had by the last report, ending December 1848, seventy scholars on the roll, with an average attendance of *sixty*, of whom, thirty-three were the children of widows. And the other, entitled "The Female School of Industry of Aberdeen," by the last report of the same date, had also seventy scholars on the roll, upwards of thirty of whom had no father. In the working of the Female Schools of Industry, much positive good has resulted from the children returning to their homes at night, and from the visits of the ladies and teacher to the homes of the pupils. The Ladies in their Fourth Report, speaking of the homes which they have

visited, state as the result of their experience, that by means of Industrial Schools the children of the poor "can, at a small amount of labour and expense, be brought within the sphere of all that is good and estimable and praiseworthy; and without being altogether separated from their parents, made instrumental in carrying to their homes the saving truths of the Gospel; and by practising the lessons of industry, and cleanliness, and order, altering the character of these homes, and making them the abodes of social happiness and domestic comfort; proving that the feature of the Industrial School which many deemed the most objectionable, may, by the Divine blessing, become the one which most enhances its value."

Emboldened by the success which had hitherto attended their efforts, the zealous and untiring founders of these schools—finding that notwithstanding all their exertions there was still much required to be done to put a stop to juvenile delinquency and mendicity, chiefly among a still lower grade of children than those who attended the above two schools—boldly planned an admirable scheme to rid Aberdeen of beggars. The local Police Act for the City of Aberdeen grants power to the authorities to prevent begging in the streets. Hitherto, this enactment had never been carried into operation, no method having been devised to enable the beggar to maintain himself. Now, however, that private charity stepped forward to supply that which was lacking in the law, and undertook to furnish food to those children who were compelled to beg their daily bread,—it was proposed, by means of this new school, to put an end to juvenile mendicity, by at once laying hold of the offenders under the Police Act, and providing them with food and instruction in an Industrial School. The Police authorities entered into the scheme, and agreed to pay the expense of the teachers for a time until the experiment should be fairly tried. The Managers of the Soup Kitchen gave the use of their premises gratis; and the Committee commenced operations with the trifling sum of £4 of money collected. Instructions were given to the police, on the 19th May 1845, to convey every child found begging to the soup-kitchen—and in the course of the day, *seventy-five* children, boys and girls, were laid hold of, *only four of whom could read*. The scene which ensued—to use the language of the Committee in their Report—was indescribable. Confusion and uproar, quarrelling and fighting, language of the most hateful description, and the most determined rebellion against every thing like order and regularity, gave the gentlemen engaged in the undertaking of taming them the hardest day's work they had ever encountered in their lives. Still, they so far prevailed, that, by evening, their authority was comparatively established.

When dismissed, the children were invited to return next day—informed that, of course, they could do so or not as they pleased—if they returned they should be fed and instructed, but whether they came or not, begging would not be tolerated. Next day the *greater part* returned. The Managers felt they had triumphed, and that a great field of moral usefulness was now secured to them. The class of children who were brought to this school was far below the condition of those who attended the other two Industrial Schools—wretched and destitute as the latter appeared to be when the schools were first opened. In the course of the first year, 159 children were admitted, 18 of whom were dismissed as improper objects of charity, 26 got employment, 34 deserted or were removed by their parents, 7 got into other institutions, and 74 remained on the roll. Of these 74—43 boys and 31 girls from three to thirteen years of age—2 only could read at admission, and 8 only knew the letters of the alphabet; while 47 were fatherless, 5 motherless, and 2 were orphans. The school went on prosperously, and soon excited public interest. Funds flowed in; and what is the most gratifying feature of the whole, the working-classes took a lively interest in it; and while the wealthier inhabitants of Aberdeen contributed during the year £150 for its support, the working-men collected and handed over to the Committee no less than £250. According to the last Report (1848) there are now 129 children on the roll—71 boys and 58 girls—and, out of 69 children admitted during the last year, only 1 could read well, 5 could read a little, and 8 knew the letters of the alphabet. The average daily attendance is upwards of 90; and it is worthy of remark, that 45 of those now on the roll were received during the first year of the school's existence. The average cost of each child is £4, 8s. per annum—less than 3d. each per diem. And the Committee state, that it affords them no little pleasure to be able to report, “that the children who have already left to learn trades or enter on domestic service, have generally given the highest satisfaction; while the *demand* for others as they reach a given standard of attainment, *continues to exceed the means of supply.*”

The connexion which most of the Managers of these Industrial Schools had with the Criminal Courts of the city, led to the establishment of another institution, called the Child's Asylum, which was opened on the 4th December 1846. The Child's Asylum Committee is composed of three members from each of the following public bodies in Aberdeen, viz., the Town Council, Police Board, Parochial Board of St. Nicholas, House of Refuge, Boys' School of Industry, Juvenile School of Industry, and three elected by the preceding, consisting of two City Mis-

sionaries, and the Chaplain of the Aberdeen Prisons. The duties of the Committee are to inquire into the cases of all begging and delinquent children brought up by the police, and to hear applications from parties for the admission of destitute children into the Schools of Industry. This Committee is invested with the *sole* power of sending children to the Boys' School and to the Juvenile School of Industry; and these schools receive every child recommended to them by the Committee. The Committee will not recommend any children to the Industrial Schools, unless, after strict inquiry, the parents are found to be unable to make due provision for their families. The liberal constitution of the Committee affords peculiar facilities for ascertaining the condition of the parents. During the first year, 56 boys and 39 girls were brought under the Committee's consideration, of whom 34 had committed petty thefts, and 36 had been found begging. Of these—27 were recommended to the Schools of Industry, 25 delivered to parents, 6 redelivered to the police, and the rest admonished and dismissed. During the last year, 30 boys and 16 girls were brought in by the police, of whom 8 were accused of petty thefts, 28 of begging, and 10 of singing on the streets. Of these—10 were remitted to the Boys' School, 7 to the Juvenile School, 1 recommended to the Girls' School, 3 to the House of Refuge, 3 redelivered to the police, and 22 delivered to their parents. During the same year, application was made to the Committee on behalf of 149 children—92 boys and 57 girls—of whom 63 were recommended to the Boys' School, 55 to the Juvenile School, 4 to the Female Schools of Industry, 2 to the House of Refuge, 6 referred to the Inspectors of the Poor, and 19 refused as improper. During the year, therefore, ending December 1848, the date of the last Report, the cases of 195 children were investigated by the Committee, and 140 children were recommended to the different Schools of Industry. It is deserving of notice, that the number of children brought up by the police during the last year was about one-half less than during the former year, and that 8 children only were accused of theft, while, in the former year, there were 34 accused of the same crime.

The social revolution which Aberdeen has undergone, through the agency of Industrial Schools, is now matter of history. A few years since, there were 280 children in the town, and 328 in the county of Aberdeen, who—compelled by their own or their parents' necessities to cater for their immediate wants—prowled about the streets, and roved far and wide through the country,—cheating and stealing their daily avocations. Now, a begging child is seldom to be seen, and juvenile crime is comparatively unknown. The Industrial Schools have, by mild and gentle

persuasion, gathered these poor neglected children under an humble but comfortable roof. The beggar boys and girls, "poor nurslings of the storm," who were found in the bleak dead of winter, with a few thin rags hanging loosely on their pale, emaciated, and haggard bodies,—cowering for shelter in nooks and alleys, or begging their daily bread from door to door,—are now enjoying all the comforts of a cheerful home, combined with the inestimable blessings of religious, moral, and industrial training. Mr. Sheriff Watson states, that "the object of the Aberdeen schools was to obviate a great social evil by the withdrawing altogether from vice and vagrancy, the whole outcast and mendicant children of the poor, and training them to habits of industry;" and that "this has in a great measure been accomplished." The Prison Board of Aberdeenshire report that "the value of these schools can scarcely be overrated," and that "experience has shown their complete adaptation to the end proposed." According to the Prison Reports, there were, in 1841, 77 commitments of juvenile criminals, while in 1848 there were only 19 under twelve years of age. The Rural Police Committee of the county of Aberdeen report, in 1846, that "the most gratifying part of the results of last year's experience consists in the almost complete disappearance of juvenile vagrants from the country." From their last Report it appears, that while in 1841 there were 328 vagrant boys apprehended, in 1846 there were only 14, and in 1847 the number was still further reduced to 6. And this decrease of juvenile vagrancy is attributed by the Committee to "the activity of the Rural Police, and the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry." Lord Mackenzie, at the close of the Circuit Court trials in September 1847, thus bore his testimony in favour of the Aberdeen Industrial Schools:—"I know," said his Lordship, "the benevolent institutions of Aberdeen. They were established for the purpose of making provision for feeding, clothing, and training those poor creatures whose poverty makes them peculiarly liable to fall into crime; and doubtless they have had a great effect in rendering the cases brought before this Court fewer than they would otherwise have been." And Sir George Grey, in discussing Lord Ashley's motion in June last year, said—"He thought that the Ragged Schools established in different parts of this country and of Scotland were to be numbered amongst the most valuable institutions of the country. Some years ago, he had read with the deepest interest an account of the results produced by that school in Aberdeen to which allusion had been made, and the success of which was so mainly owing to the admirable exertions of Sheriff Watson." And Sir George also remarks on the peculiar features of the Child's Asylum—"It appeared that when a child

was found begging, instead of being taken before a magistrate and sent to prison, he was at once put into apartments connected with the Child's Refuge. *This had put a stop to juvenile delinquency, and had effected great reform in Aberdeen.*" Such are a few of the many public testimonies borne to the benefits derived from the Aberdeen Industrial Schools.

We shall never forget a visit we paid to these Industrial Schools of Aberdeen. Our first visit was to the Juvenile School of Industry, established in 1845, in connexion with the Police authorities, and occupying spacious premises in Sugar House Lane, on the banks of the Dee. As we entered this school, the children were finishing a plain but substantial dinner. On one side of the room, some fifty or sixty boys, from three to fourteen years of age—not the miserable, pale-faced, ragged urchins we had pictured to our mind, but clean, rosy-faced, light-hearted, happy children; and on the other side, some forty or fifty girls—from their gentle, amiable appearance, even more prepossessing than the boys—were all busily engaged, tinnies in hand, in discussing a plentiful supply of soup and bread. Dinner over, and a short grace said by one of the boys, the children eagerly sought the play-ground. We never saw beggar boys so hearty and gladsome. Long may that light-hearted, merry, ringing laugh be theirs. We doubt not many a mother's heart has leapt with gladness to see her children, once starving and spiritless, now chubby and well-favoured, gambolling in all the happy innocence common to their tender years. We visited the kitchen; every thing was neat and orderly. One servant manages the whole culinary department with the assistance of the girls, all of whom by turns officiate in the kitchen, which by the way, from what we could gather from a certain smart little Miss then and there on duty, seemed to be rather a favourite branch of the girls' education. The room immediately above the dining-hall is the working-room of the boys. Here we encountered, the in our day much-dreaded dominie. He shewed to us the roll-book, as the test of regular attendance. We confess to have been entire sceptics before on this branch of the subject. We could not bring ourselves for one moment to fancy that children, wild and wayward as the Arabs of the Desert, could all at once be broken in, and restrained by the gentle curb of an Industrial School. We eagerly dived into the roll-book, that we might triumph in our scepticism—page after page we rapidly turned over, but found, alas for our unbelief! that except in one or two instances where "unwell" was opposite to the name, there was scarce a child marked absent. On our expressing surprise at this discovery, mingled with wonder that children, who had been at first in a manner compelled to attend

this school, as a punishment for begging or other juvenile delinquency, should be so regular in their attendance, we were informed that the same poverty, which in so many instances keeps whole families from school, is the very cause of the regular attendance of these children, who, prevented by the police from begging or prowling about the streets, are unable to procure food away from their school-room. We were soon initiated into all the mysteries of copy-books, with histories of boys, juvenile prodigies, who, to tell the truth, had really learned the art of writing, from strokes down to large text, as proved by absolute demonstration to our unbelieving eyes, in the short space of one calendar month. We had mastered these details and many others too numerous to mention, when the boys—their play-hour over—came running up stairs, and bolted into the room with smiling faces. Some made for the nets—and all at once round the room, a large net manufactory seemed to have sprung into being; while others, more intellectually inclined, ranged themselves in a class round a circle in the middle of the room, and commenced their studies. All this was the work of a moment. We amused ourselves for some little time chatting with the boys, and watching them at their various avocations—the skill of some of the little net-makers was indeed surprising—and, after a hasty peep into the girls' room down stairs, where the older girls were busily occupied in combing and brushing the locks of the younger girls, and in a truly disinterested spirit, making them even more captivating than themselves, we left Sugar House Lane to visit the other Industrial Schools in the different parts of the town. We could communicate much interesting information regarding these schools, but our limits will not permit us further to dilate on this branch of our subject. It is enough for our present purpose, if we have succeeded in establishing that the Industrial Schools have not only effectually cleared Aberdeen of beggars and juvenile delinquents, but that they have also been of incalculable benefit to these poverty-stricken and helpless children; there being no reason to doubt that they are happier now than in their former wandering and precarious mode of existence. That these schools are popular, the regular attendance of the children tends necessarily to show. Nor less strongly is the striking fact illustrated, that their former life had been one not of choice but of necessity. So soon as the plainest food was supplied to them, they at once abandoned their irregular and unsettled habits of living, and embraced with gladness the life of a school-boy—at all times most irksome to the young of all classes, and which from their former erratic life must have been peculiarly so to them.

We have dwelt thus long on the Aberdeen Schools of Industry

not only because they were among the first established, but because in no other town have we been able to find any Industrial Schools in the least degree approaching to the complete and thoroughly matured system of the schools in Aberdeen. There the system seems now so complete as to bring within its operation every possible grade of children. But this was not the work of a day. We have seen how gradually these schools extended their sway, and how each new school was formed to supply the wants of, and was fitted into the other, so as to make one harmonious whole. First, gratuitous education was offered—that plan only partially succeeded. Next, gratuitous food and industrial training were held out as inducements—still, though many children came, many stayed away. Then, under the Police Act, begging was interdicted, and all other supplies were cut off; yet there remained behind the worst class of vagrant children, who gained their bread by thieving. And, lastly, these were provided for by the “Child’s Asylum,” through which those juvenile criminals who, upon investigation, were thought to be unhardened in iniquity, and whose parents were utterly destitute, were sent to school instead of prison. The greater number of the large towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, have now Ragged or Industrial Schools similar to the first established school in Aberdeen. But we are not aware that in any of these towns begging has been prohibited and Industrial Schools established instead, or that these schools have been substituted for prisons in the reformation of youthful delinquents. Without such an extension of the system we believe no town can be freed from juvenile mendicity and crime, and we would, therefore, press strongly on all those who have formed their schools after the model of the first Industrial School in Aberdeen, (and we believe there are few Industrial Schools in Great Britain that will not gratefully acknowledge the debt which they owe to that city,) that they should not rest satisfied until they have established for themselves as complete and well matured a system as that of the Aberdeen Schools of Industry.

As we believe that the principles to which the Aberdeen schools have mainly owed their success may be made more largely applicable, we shall now take a hasty glance at three of the leading questions of moral and social reform of the day, trying to show, as shortly as we may, how Industrial Schools may be connected with each. First, we shall consider Industrial Schools in connexion with the state of crime. Second, in connexion with the state of the poor. Third, in connexion with national education.

Industrial Schools viewed in connexion with the state of Crime.

We have it admitted on the authority of the First Minister of the Crown, that the treatment of criminals is a matter respecting which statesmen are still entirely in the dark, and that the subject will require much deliberate attention. Crime, notwithstanding all the "preventive checks" propounded by modern philanthropists, is rapidly increasing. Our criminal reports speak for themselves. Since the beginning of this century, crime generally in Great Britain has increased five-fold. But to take a later date; in England and Wales in 1836, there were 20,984 commitments, while in 1847, the number had increased to 28,333; in Ireland there has been an increase from 23,891 in 1836, to 31,209 in 1847; while, in Scotland, the increase is even more marked; in Edinburgh between 1836 and 1847, there has been an increase in the number of criminals from 473 to 785; in Lanarkshire, from 401 to 796; in Dumfries, from 76 to 257; while, in the whole counties of Scotland, there has, during the same period, been an increase from 2922 to 4635. In the midst of this universal increase of crime in Great Britain, we have but one ray of hope presented to us. Aberdeenshire, whose capital may well be called the City of Industrial Schools, is the only county of any extent where crime has *diminished*, and there we find a decrease from 360 criminals in 1836, to 140 in 1847. The relative proportion of juvenile offenders to those of adult age, is very great. In Middlesex, of 4641 offenders in 1846, 382 were under 15, 1314 aged 15 and under 20, and 1039 under 25 years of age. Of 3072 offenders in the county of Lancaster in the same year, 166 were under 15, 698 under 20, and 710 under 25 years of age; and out of 25,107 criminal offenders, committed for trial in 1846 throughout England and Wales, 1640 were under 15, 6236 under 20, and 5856 under 25 years of age. Thus though the juveniles, aged 15 and under 20, form, according to the census of 1841, not quite one-tenth of the population, they are guilty of nearly one-fourth of the crime.* But in addition to this, the number of juvenile offenders is gradually and progressively increasing. Within the last five years, the increase of offences committed by those under 20 years of age, is no less than 3·5 per cent. on the whole number of offenders. In Aberdeen, on the other hand, the Prison Reports

* An admirable essay has lately been published, in which will be found many valuable tables of statistics, and much interesting information connected with this subject—entitled, "Juvenile Depravity—(Prize Essay)—by Rev. Henry Worsley, M.A. London, 1849."

state that "one-third of the decrease of criminals during the last year has taken place amongst juvenile prisoners, not exceeding 12 years of age," and that while in 1841 there were 77 juvenile criminals, in 1848 there were only 19 juvenile prisoners under 12 years of age committed. Mr. M'Culloch remarks, that the extraordinary increase of crime within the last few years, "is mainly occasioned by the bringing of more crimes to light, through the superior organization of the police, and the more rigid enforcement of the law." But not to mention that the superior organization of the police would tend not only to the detection of crime, but in many instances to its total prevention, we find the correctness of the statement thus disputed by Mr. Fletcher, Government Inspector of Schools, — "The five-fold increase of criminal commitments for the more serious offences in England and Wales, during the present century, while our population has not doubled, is *not* seen to occur in greatest proportion in those parts of the country where the police has been most improved."* The great mass of the inmates of our prisons are proved to have had little or no education. In Scotland, of the criminals in 1846, 3323 were uneducated, 665 could read and write, and 70 were well educated. In England and Wales, 22,640 were uneducated, 1936 could read and write, and 85 were well educated. And there are few who in addition to this want of education, have not been driven to crime in their youth from want and starvation. The ladder from beggary to crime the most revolting, is but too well marked. By easy stages, the crimes become more and more intense in degree, in proportion to the number of imprisonments, and to the criminal's advance in years. The poor, haggard, outcast child, who, when some six or seven years old, had been forced by the cravings of hunger, to steal a piece of bread, is hurried off to prison, where he meets with companions hardened in iniquity, who find him an easy prey; or if it chance that through the kindness of some benevolent prison chaplain, he does not become contaminated with the bad society, in which, during his first short imprisonment he is compelled to move, still that child leaves the prison as poor and as destitute as before—nothing is done to save him from impending ruin—he leaves the prison with the brand of a jail-bird stamped on his tender forehead—he is scouted by the world at large; and he has no other course left to him, but to steal his daily bread or to starve. Is it matter of surprise, that the child impelled by hunger steals again, is again carried before the judge, is again consigned to prison for a somewhat longer

* Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, 1846.

period than before, is again cast out of prison, and once more left to the mercy of a hard-hearted mercenary world; and that this goes on step by step, until at last the child becomes a youth, when he is finally transported beyond seas, or ends his life on the gallows. "*Facilis descensus Averni!*" By a petition presented to the House of Commons in 1846, by the magistrates of Liverpool, we learn that of fourteen young persons, whose cases had been fairly chosen, each had been apprehended many times, *some more than twenty, none less than eight*. Of these fourteen, all became confirmed criminals except one, who had left the neighbourhood, and whose history was unknown. One of the fourteen had been in custody *twenty-three times in four years and a quarter*. We are told by the Rev. Whitworth Russell, one of the Inspectors of Prisons, that "the destitute condition of many of the juvenile inmates of our gaols, is attributable rather to the want than the misconduct of parents; nearly 60 per cent. of the children in the prisons of this country being orphans, or the children of convicts; or whose parents, having contracted a second marriage, had thrown them upon the world without means of support." Are these children fit subjects of imprisonment? Are these juvenile criminals to be visited with all the penalties of the law, whom their parents, society, and the state have alike neglected? These are anxious questions. The great object of punishing criminals is to deter others from committing like crimes. Do we find, then, that crime is diminishing? On the contrary, we have seen that within this century, crime has increased *five-fold*. What is to be done to check its onward course? We ask you to look at Aberdeen, look at the Child's Asylum, and the effect there produced by sending juvenile offenders to school, instead of to prison.* The Prison and Police Reports there speak for themselves. Crime is much on the decrease, and juvenile delinquency is comparatively unknown. Except in some few cases, the child, fed and treated with kindness, becomes a new creature, and after a year or two's attendance at an Industrial School, becomes able to support himself; the manufacturers gladly take him into their employment, while, on the other hand, if the child has been once in prison (even though he should leave with a kind recommendation from the governor) no one has a kind word to say to him, and he is uni-

* In France, at the Colonie Agricole at Mettray, near Tours, and other institutions, juvenile criminals are instructed as shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths, &c. By education and industrial training, many thousands are reclaimed from vice and unsettled habits, and are put in the way of earning an honest livelihood on dismissal. In France, juvenile criminals—if not claimed by parents—are retained in prison till they are *twenty* years of age.

versally scouted by society. We may well say in the words of Mr. Guthrie :—

“God pity the poor, if, amid all the comforts, and wealth and luxuries of our enlightened land, the only doors left open to these outcast children, shall be the dreary portals of the Police-Office and Prison.”

Industrial Schools viewed in connexion with the state of the Poor.

England expends some five or six millions annually in the maintenance of her poor—Ireland between one and two millions—and Scotland upwards of half-a-million. In England, 1 in 10 of the population are relieved—in Ireland, 1 in 10—in Scotland, 1 in 11½. England has thus as many paupers, in proportion to population, as Ireland; while the proportion in Scotland, where relief is refused to the able-bodied poor, is only about *one per cent. less* than in England and Ireland; and within the last ten or eleven years, the cost of Scotch pauperism has increased about 350 per cent. These are startling statistics. Can nothing be done to arrest the progress of this many-headed hydra? We believe industrial education would be one of the most effectual means of getting at the root of the evil, and checking its onward course; and in this opinion we are borne out by the Scotch Poor-law Commissioners, in their Report in 1843, and by Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, in his Report on the training of pauper children, in 1841. The Commissioners say:—“We wish to express our firm persuasion, that all means for suppressing pauperism will prove insufficient, unless accompanied by some measures for promoting education. The evidence which we have received has led us to form a decided opinion, that one of the principal causes of pauperism in many parts of Scotland, particularly in the Highlands and large towns, is to be found in the imperfect education of the children of a large portion of the working-classes.” And Mr. Kay Shuttleworth thus states the true principle of education for pauper children:—“The great object to be kept in view in regulating any school for the instruction of the children of the labouring-class, is the rearing of hardy and intelligent working-men, whose character and habits may afford the largest amount of security to the property and order of the community. Not only has the training of the children of labourers hitherto been defective, both in the methods of instruction pursued, and

* Mr. Chadwick has shown, that out of 112,000 cases of orphanage, and 43,000 cases of premature widowhood, receiving relief in England from poor-rates, in 1840, more than 100,000 of the orphanage cases, and nearly 27,000 of those of widowhood, arose from removable causes.

because it has been confined within the most meagre limits, but because it has failed to inculcate the great practical lesson, (for those whose sole dependence for their living is on the labour of their hands,) by early habituating them to patient and skilful industry." And in the "Orders" of more ancient date, issued from Somerset House for the regulation of Poor-Law Boards, it is provided, that "the boys and girls who are inmates of the workhouse shall, for three working hours at least every day, be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the principles of the Christian religion; and such *other instruction* shall be imparted to them *as may fit them for service, and train them to habits of usefulness, industry, and virtue*; and the master of every workhouse is bound to assist in training the youths to such employment *as will best fit them for gaining their own living*." These regulations, we regret to say, were never generally carried into effect. Industrial Schools for pauper children have lately been established in Liverpool and Manchester; and Mr. Tufnell, in his Report to the Committee of Council on Education, (Minutes, 1846,) says, regarding these schools:—"It is consolatory to think how large a number of children are thus rescued from the lowest state of degradation by the excellent training of these institutions;" and that "every one who takes an interest in the wellbeing of the poor, must regard their future course with the deepest anxiety." The Liverpool school, at the date of Mr. Tufnell's Report, contained 919 children—consisting of 408 boys, 242 girls, and 269 infants; and the Manchester school contained 626 children—consisting of 242 boys, 173 girls, and 211 infants. The greater number of the children admitted to these schools were in the lowest state of ignorance. Out of 136 children admitted to the Liverpool school, from July 1846 to January 1847, Mr. Tufnell reports, that "21 knew nothing, 55 could tell some of their letters, 14 could form easy words by spelling, 25 could read easy words of one syllable, 15 could read tolerably, and 6 could read pretty well; but of these 6,—4 were re-admissions. In these schools much attention has been paid to the industrial department. Mr. Tufnell reports, that in the Liverpool school, "12 boys are instructed by the carpenter, 50 by the tailor, as many by the shoemaker, 24 by the gardener, 12 by the baker, 6 by the blacksmith, and 6 by the engineer—there being a steam-engine on the establishment which supplies the power required for several domestic operations. Every boy so employed is in school for three and a half days weekly, and at his industrial occupation two whole days, one half-day each week being a holiday. In addition to the above employments, there is a variety of work of a domestic character, such as sweeping the yards and rooms, feeding the pigs, &c., which is performed

by boys not old enough to be put to a regular trade;" and in the same school, "120 girls, divided into three sections, are employed in washing, straw-plaiting, and general domestic work." In the Manchester school the industrial training is much of the same kind. It is worthy of remark, in a sanitary point of view, that 165 out of 919 children in the Liverpool school, and 94 out of 626 children in the Manchester school, were in the infirmary at the time of Mr. Tufnell's visit, afflicted chiefly with cutaneous diseases, to which these poor children are extremely liable, and for which Mr. Tufnell reports, that "the constant and almost daily use of the bath is found to be the best remedy." There are also Industrial Schools at Norwood, where about 1000 pauper children, chiefly from the metropolitan parishes, are educated.* Guizot, on visiting this establishment, said, "This is worthy of England." The success of these schools has not been overlooked by the Committee of Council on Education. There are 600 unions in England and Wales, and 700 workhouse schools, and at the recommendation of the Committee, an annual grant of £30,000 has lately been voted by Parliament for the salaries of the teachers in these schools—while special directions are given to train the pauper children in habits of industry. Mr. Kay Shuttleworth (in a "Letter containing instructions to Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools of Parochial Unions," Minutes, 1848) recommends for boys in workhouses, such occupations as gardening, tile and brick-making, basket-making, carpentry and printing; and for boys in sea-port towns, such industrial training as would prepare them for the enterprise of a sailor's life; while for girls, he recommends sewing, knitting, laundry-work, kitchen-labour, lessons on cottage economy, and other domestic occupations. We hope soon to see Industrial Schools universally established for the children of the poor.

Industrial Schools viewed in connexion with National Education.

England and Wales, with 16,000,000 of population, contain nearly 8,000,000 unable to write their name, and 5,000,000 unable to read their mother tongue. 1 woman in 2, and 1 man in 3, who were married in 1846, signed the register with marks. In Great Britain, it was estimated, in 1846, that there were 7,000,000 of the population under the age of fifteen; and deducting 2,000,000 as under three years of age, there remains 5,000,000, under fifteen years of age, capable of receiving

* An interesting report of the Norwood Schools of Industry is given by Seymour Tremeneheere, Esq., Inspector of Schools, in the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, 1842-3.

instruction. How many of these children are there who receive no education? In one district in London, out of 28,000 children of an age to receive instruction, there were only 11,000 at school. And in another smaller district, 336 out of 450 children were without any kind of instruction. In Birmingham, 21,824 out of 45,000 children receive instruction, many of these also attending no other than Sunday Schools. In Bristol, 17,138 out of 31,000 children, from five to fifteen years of age, attend school. The Rev. H. Moseley mentions a manufacturing town in the midland district of England, containing 12,000 inhabitants, where not more than 150 children attend school. (Minutes, 1846.) In Sheffield, the number of scholars is about 1 to 10, and in Manchester about 1 to 11 of the inhabitants; while among the colliers on the Tyne and Wear, the proportion of children in day-schools is as 1 to 13 of the population. When we look round among the continental nations, we find education much more attended to than in our own land of liberty, of which we boast so much. In Bavaria, the proportion of children attending school is as 1 to 4—in Prussia, 1 to 6—in Holland, 1 to 8—and in Belgium, 1 to 9 of the population. In Bohemia, 511,000 out of 539,000 children, and in Moravia and Silesia, 279,000 out of 289,000 children were at school in 1843. In Lower Austria, 97 per cent.—in Upper Austria, 98 per cent.—and in the Tyrol, 100 per cent. of the children attend school; while Russia, with a proportion of 1 child to 300 of the population receiving instruction, presents us with a fearful instance of the want of education in a people.

National Education has, however, within the last few years, made much progress in this country, and among other systems of education, Industrial Schools have attracted much attention. We believe we are indebted to Switzerland for the first example upon an extensive scale of mingling industrial arts with the ordinary routine of school instruction. Pestalozzi and Fellenberg have immortalized themselves as the founders of this new mode of instruction. Pestalozzi, born at Zurich in 1746, first established a poor-school at Reuhoff, and, at the invitation of the government of Underwalden, he afterwards established a school at Stantz. He divided his bread with his scholars—he was everywhere with them when they were well, and when they were sick he was constantly at their bedside. To use his own words, “We had the same nourishment, and I slept in the midst of them, and from my bed either prayed with them, or taught them something. The very children who before had never had a book in their hands, applied from morning till night; and when I have asked them after supper—‘my children, which would you rather do, go to bed, or learn a little longer?’ they would gene-

rally reply that they would rather learn." Fellenberg, a pupil of Pestalozzi, carried out and extended the plan of the latter at Hofwyl. In the high school, in which the children of the upper classes are educated, they are instructed in cabinet-making, gardening, and other employments of practical utility, in addition to their ordinary education. But it is in the middle school, attended by the children of the peasants and small farmers, that prominence is given to manual labour in the workshop, the garden, or the farm. By these occupations, the children are taught a practical acquaintance with the useful employments of life, and acquire systematic habits of patient persevering industry. This plan of industrial training is also successfully adopted in the Marquis Ridolfi's agricultural institution near Florence, and in the Manual Labour Institutions of the United States. The Committee of Council on Education have, in their Minutes of 1846, promised their support to Schools of Industry. And the Inspectors of schools have, in their reports published along with these Minutes, invariably expressed their approbation of the system of mingling industrial training with mental instruction. Among others, Mr. Gordon, one of the Government Inspectors of Schools for Scotland, bears ample testimony to the advantages of Schools of Industry and Agricultural Schools, and says that they draw to them a lower class of the population than are taught in the other national schools. (Minutes, 1846.) And the Rev. Henry Moseley, in his Report on the Elementary Schools in the Midland District, says, "I have visited one ragged school—that of St. Philips, Birmingham. *Here*, if anywhere, is room for the highest functions of the teacher, and here his resources should be multiplied." (Minutes, 1847.) Earl Grey has with praiseworthy zeal resolved to carry out the principles of industrial education to the coloured races of the British colonies; and, at his Lordship's request, Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, acting for the Committee of Council on Education, has drawn up an admirable code of industrial discipline, entitled, "Brief practical Suggestions on the Mode of organizing and conducting Day-schools of Industry, Model Farm Schools, &c., as part of a system of education for the coloured races of the British colonies," which his Lordship has transmitted to the colonies. Mr. Shuttleworth proposes to raise up in the West Indies a settled and industrious native peasantry by teaching the children how health may be preserved by proper diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and clothing, and by giving them a practical training in household economy, and in the cultivation of cottage gardens, as well as in those common handicrafts by which a labourer may improve his domestic comfort. (Minutes, 1846.) Many of the National and British Schools combine industrial work with scholastic exer-

cises, though as yet in a very limited degree, and so far as experience has gone, it has been seen that industrial training conduces to a more rapid mental improvement. The Commissioners of National Education in Ireland have also established Industrial Schools with much success.* Some benevolent individuals have also founded schools of this description in many of the counties of England. In the north of England, in schools at Slaithwaite, Silkstone, Farnley, Tyas, and Chevington, the last of which is supported by Earl Grey, a certain portion of the school time is devoted to agricultural labours. At Lady Byron's schools in Surrey and Leicestershire, the boys earn considerable sums as gardeners. At the school of the late well-known William Allen, (of whom Lord John Russell has said, "there was no cause, whatever might be its range and extent, which the benevolence of William Allen did not embrace,") near Brighton, the children are employed in all kinds of industrial occupations, such as plaiting straw, printing, gardening, and farming. In an institution founded by Mr. Davies, at Gower's Walk, White-chapel, there are 200 children in attendance seven hours a day, four of which are devoted to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the remaining three to manual occupations—printing for the boys, and needlework for the girls. The produce of the printing averages £100 a-year, which becomes the property of the boys, and the greater part of which is reserved for their use on departing from school. And in the county of Essex, a scheme of industrial education has been set in operation, with the Bishop of Rochester at its head, by which it is proposed, in addition to mental education, to instruct the girls attending the parish schools, in the industrial duties of the household, such as making clothes, washing, cooking, &c., in order to qualify them to become good servants, and to enable them to conduce to the cleanliness and comfort of their parent's cottages. To the children of the labouring and working-classes, industrial schools would be of the greatest benefit. Where children are to be left at the early age of thirteen or fourteen to push their own way in the world, it would surely be much better that their education was made somewhat more practical in its nature, and that industrial training was added to their other studies—and this not so much to teach the children any particular trade, as to bring them up in habits of industry. What a bulwark such an education would be to them in the many temptations to which they are in after-life exposed. It is not necessary that in these schools the children be supplied with food. If, among the lower classes where the

* See Reports of Claddagh Fishing School, and Ballymena and Belfast Industrial Schools. *Fourteenth Report of Commissioners of National Education in Ireland—1847.*

parents are, from the nature of their occupations, compelled to be absent from home during the day, it was thought that cheaper or more wholesome food could be supplied to the children at school, industrial schools might be established in which the parents paid for both food and education. Industrial Schools must be viewed as a very important branch of National Education. "The cheerfulness, and healthfulness, and practical utility, the mildness of the discipline, and the kindliness of feeling, the watchfulness over the opening character and disposition, as well as the more strenuous exercise of the intellectual faculties promoted in schools of this character, recommend them to especial notice at a time when attention is more seriously directed, than it has hitherto been, to the removal of those blots which neglect has allowed to gather upon the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of large masses of our fellow-countrymen."*

But what is to be done with that mass of our juvenile population who cannot be enticed under the roof of a school unless food is provided to them. In all our largest towns there are many in this condition, orphans, or as good as orphans—plunged by position into early crime,—all the impulses around them driving them on, scarce one of these influences drawing them away from premature profligacy. They are so numerous as to make them altogether worthy of a specific and peculiar effort of philanthropy on their behalf. And that, in order that that philanthropy may operate on them with effect, it is desirable that they should be clothed and fed, as well as taught gratuitously, we are most willing to allow. It seems, indeed, to be in no other way than this that the perilous seductions of their position can be avoided; or that they, taken out of the hands of those who, if they do not make gain, as they often do, out of their trained falsehood, yet take all due precautions that they shall cost them nothing, and that they shall at least be made, in some way or other, to keep themselves. We must confess our fears, however, that the benevolence which has been so deeply stirred on behalf of this class will outrun its proper limits, and discharge itself on regions where its waters will be hurtful rather than healthful in their influence. There are miserable children wandering in our filthiest, narrowest lanes, to save whom you must get hold of them in the morning, and keep them all the day, providing that they be washed, and clothed, and comfortably fed. But mingling with them, undistinguishable often by any external tokens of misery from the others, there is still a larger number of children who have parents who should, and who could provide for them, who are earn-

* Report of Schools of Industry by Seymour Tremenheere, Esq. Minutes, 1842-3.

ing wages enough if they husbanded them aright, to keep their children at school, and to feed and clothe them. Shall we, because these parents are neglecting their duty, step in and do it for them? It seems kind to the children, but is it wise towards the parents? Nay, we are disposed to ask,—would it be good, after all, for the children themselves? Many parents have been reclaimed from vice through the impulses of parental affection, stirred by the sight of their offspring perishing around them, and driven by hunger into great profligacy;—still more, have their footsteps on the way to reckless dissipation arrested and turned back by the sight or forethought of the misery which their helpless children would be made to endure. Should any private or public charity step in and declare, that when parents were altogether too careless or too vicious to take charge of their children, it would take their children for all day long off their parents' hands, asking nothing from them, but to give them shelter by night,—would there be no risk of interfering with one of nature's strongest and benevolent arrangements, which, as it makes the promoting of their children's after welfare one of the strongest stimulants to parental industry, makes the terror of these children's future destitution one of the strongest deterrents from parental idleness and dissipation? If we dealt thus with all the children whom the sins of their parents have plunged into want, would we not lose thereby the use of one of our most powerful engines for working on the hearts of these very parents? And would we not, by removing an existing check, multiply around us the class of children whom we sought to rescue and relieve? for all of whom we might indeed, if public benevolence (fickle and insecure as it is) were but to follow us, and expand with the expanding demand upon it—we might provide lessons, and dresses, and well-cooked meals, but for not one of whom could we ever provide the substitute for a well-ordered home, or compensate for the loss of daily parental overseeing. It would please, no doubt, the eye to go and see hundreds of these squalid urchins, washed and drilled, marching and singing, and working and learning, in a well-ordered, well-aired, well-taught Ragged School; but it would please the heart of a wise philanthropist still more to know that the homes where these children dwell had been turned into homes of such cheerful and steady toil, that the father would have a honest pride in being beholden to no charity for the teaching of his children; and the mother a natural pleasure in preparing for them their daily food.

With the cause of Industrial Schools, in their earliest, and as we hope yet innocent condition, the name of Mr. Guthrie will ever be indelibly associated. It is now about two years since he made his first appeal on behalf of our destitute and outcast popula-

tion, when Edinburgh—proud of numbering among her citizens the author of the “PLEA,” which in a few days lighted up the beacon-fires of agitation all over the country, and eager to do honour to one to whom in this, as in many another good work, she had been laid under deep obligations—responded nobly to the call made upon her, and rejoiced the heart of her benevolent philanthropic leader, by enabling him to open a Ragged School. The Edinburgh Ragged Schools have since then been so much before the public, that it is unnecessary here to enter into their history; and we feel that such “Pleas” as the one before us, stand in need of no recommendation of ours to draw to them the attention of the public. We trust such powerful appeals will not be lost on the country, and that Great Britain will soon awake to a due sense of her danger. For of this we are very sure, unless some radical change be effected in our Poor Laws and Criminal Code,—unless greater attention be paid to National Education and Sanitary Reform,—unless more liberality be shown, *not* to our *middle* class, which bids fair to have its own share of class legislation, but to a *still lower* class, which embraces the great mass of England’s population,—our large towns will never be free from hordes of beggars,—our property will never be secure from thieves,—fever and pestilence will reign triumphant,—the expense of the poor and of criminals will yearly increase, until at last,—our wealth all eaten away,—our national credit gone,—this noble empire, “great among the nations, and princess among the provinces,” will, at no distant date, be submerged in the overwhelming tide of anarchy and confusion,—adding one more to the many social systems that are weltering in chaos, and to the mighty kingdoms that are crumbling into dust.

ART. IV.—*A Tour in Sutherlandshire, with Extracts from the Field-books of a Sportsman and Naturalist.* By CHARLES ST. JOHN, Esq., Author of “Wild Sports, and Natural History of the Highlands.” 2 Vols. London, 1849.

THE value of correct local histories of either animals or plants, is far greater and more important than may seem. They form the true and only proper basis for an accurate knowledge of organic geography, or of the laws which regulate the distribution of animal and vegetable life over the earth's surface, and often illustrate, in the most interesting manner, the general characters of soil and climate. It rarely happens that any one individual is able to ascertain and record, from personal observation, the natural conditions of a great extent of country, such as an entire continent, or even island of the largest class; and so it is only by a division of labour, or by a partition of the field over which that labour is exercised, that we can hope for satisfactory, that is, truthful results. There are few studies of a more interesting or important nature than those which enable us to connect the physical characters of a country, in relation to climate, covering, altitude, comparative proportion of land and water, or other features of its constitution, with the animals and plants which it produces; and if we can trace a transition from one state to another, followed by a corresponding change in the natural products, such observations become still more valuable, by opening up, as it were, views which may be wrought out in practice, and by means of which we may hope eventually to alter and ameliorate the features of nature. The geographical distribution of animals has hitherto met with little philosophical illustration in this country; but we are satisfied that the only good groundwork for general views, is a series of correct local contributions, corresponding in character to the work above named.

It seems a curious and somewhat contradictory fact, that the nearer we terrestrial people approach the sun—the admitted source of light and heat—the colder and less animate both ourselves and atmosphere become. But so it is. A man who stands upon the summit of Mont Blanc at 12 o'clock any fine summer day, is just 15,744 feet nearer the said sun than the same or any other man who stands by the sea-shore at a similar hour in a corresponding latitude; yet the former will find, by reference to his extreme points both of feet and fingers, that there is a far greater increase of cold than caloric. If he makes the experiment during a winter's midnight rather than a summer's noon,

he will probably find the difference still greater, though it may be some consolation to his friends to reflect that he will not endure it long. But it may be mentioned as a very kindly piece of compensation on the part of Dame Nature, that those who cannot climb hills, and yet desire to experience intense cold, may indulge their hardihood, even in summer, merely by proceeding northward towards the Pole, in which direction they will, ere long, find the great sea itself—that image of restlessness and change—lying as still as a sleeping child, and the air which hangs over its fixed and frozen waves as chill as that which encompasses the loftiest peaks of snow-covered Alpine mountains.

In truth, the same phenomena which, in a minor measure, are presented by those rugged wrinkles on our earth's surface which we call vales and mountains, are exhibited on the great scale by the hemispheres of the earth itself, which, in reference to heat and cold, and the complex relationships of animal and vegetable life pertaining thereunto, may be likened to two vast mountain masses, united at their base, the great circle of union being what is commonly called the line of the Equator. If an inhabitant of those more sultry regions is desirous to rejoice in ice and snow, there are thus two modes of procedure open to him. If he wishes to travel all the way by sea, he must make a voyage, it may be of some thousand miles, before he gets to Greenland; but if he prefers a perpendicular to a horizontal movement, then he has only to walk up a hill, (if he has a sufficiently large and lofty one at hand,) to the height of about 16,000 feet above the salt water, and there he will find perpetual snow. This will assuredly be a great saving in those two abstractions, time and space, as well as in money, which is also very liable to become an abstraction; but if there are no hills in the immediate vicinity of this Equatorial investigator, he must proceed elsewhere. If he does so, whether north or south, then the further he has to go in either direction without seeing snow, the nearer it will be to him when he does see it; and if, as we have said, he is decidedly a sea-faring man, and prefers his own mode of life to any other, then, by just going far enough, he may at last leap out upon perpetual ice, even from the gunwale of his boat.

Many sensible people, however, avoid extremes; and so, seeking neither the 16,000 feet and upwards of perpendicular ascent at the Equator, nor the sea-shore ice of the Arctic Circle, they set off to Switzerland,—a country, as most men know, remarkable for its majestic mountains; and there they find that the lower limit of perpetual snow has taken up a kind of medium position, something higher than half-way between the Equatorial and the Polar limits, of about 8700 feet above the sea, while the enduring glaciers shoot down their icy wedges into the very bosom of the

fertile vales. This is clearly a great advantage to all who travel in search of those diversified natural beauties which constitute the domain of the magnificent and picturesque, because they may thus enjoy a vast and variously contrasted region, of about twice the height of the loftiest hills in Britain, abounding in all kinds of leafy luxury, and extending from the palm-crowned shores of the Mediterranean Sea to more than 5000 feet above the village of Chamouni. Within that glorious, and, in summer, snowless zone, what a world of verdurous fields and waving forests, what flower-enamelled meads and pastoral mountains, beautify the surface of this our fair creation, delighting the eye of man with their harmonious splendour, enriching him with their innumerable products, and rendering balmy the very air he breathes by their delicious odours! But far above those gladsome sunny vales and waving woodlands, piercing the deep blue sky, rise up the vast and stainless regions of perpetual snow, themselves a zone of great magnificence, varied by towering cliffs,—the eagle's airy home,—by rugged rocks, and voiceless frost-bound rivers. There the thundering avalanche throws its tumultuous cataracts in dreadful disarray into the stillest regions, and silvery torrents descend from icy walls, and lose themselves in deep mysterious chambers. Even the snow itself, so pure, and apparently unbroken in its clear, continuous coldness, is greatly varied both in form and texture. Its bright fields sparkle in the morning sun, as if their surface were bedewed with glittering diamonds, the calm and cloudless noon looks down with loving eye upon a lustre so serene and radiant, while the close of day invests them in its roseate hue with a still more magnificent, though melancholy splendour.

But the Scottish tourist must be somewhat less aspiring, although he, too, has surely spread before him a wide and beautiful domain, of which custom cannot stale the infinite variety. His "perpetual snow" is indeed to be found but in detached patches, scattered here and there amid cavernous dells, or beneath the northern base of rocky cinctures, near our loftiest summits,

"Where winter lingering chills the lap of May,"

and where even the lengthened summer days, with all their gladsome sunshine, are unable to dissolve those small resistant masses. But how bright and boundless is the glorious purple of the blooming heather—how beautiful the alpine flowers of many mingled hues—how graceful the delicate ferns which clothe the corries of the mountains—how exquisite the various tints of green wherever some rill of water, trickling though unseen, calls into life and beauty those verdurous mossy mounds, of which a closer

view unfolds a world of wonders! And for the chamois of the Alps, has he not a far nobler "antlered monarch" in our native red-deer, while, in the richly-plumaged moor-grouse, he possesses a peculiar species for which he will seek in vain in any continental country. The strong-winged eagle, too, with us, as on the Alps, is often seen in soaring circles, casting its broad shadow over the sides and summits of our loftiest peaks, and lonely headlands; and the variety of birds in general, including those of sea and shore, is much greater in Scotland than can be found in any far inland continental region. Our fishes are no doubt fewer in amount of species than those of the lake countries of the Continent, or the sea-coasts of more southern sunny lands; but as respects both the quality and quantity of such kinds as we do possess, no sane man, not even a philosopher, who ever tasted a Loch-Fyne herring, or a prime cut of new-caught grilse or salmon, would feel otherwise than grateful for the pleasant products of his fatherland. Therefore,

"Scotland, with all thy faults, we love thee still."

Mr. St. John's agreeable and instructive volumes consist of a "Short Tour in Sutherland," a Monthly Kalendar of Observations, or "Field Notes for the year," a brief Essay on "Deer-Stalking," and "Extracts from Note-Books," being miscellaneous memoranda on the natural history of our northern districts, and the most approved methods of sporting therein, interspersed with personal adventures, and occasional notices of agriculture, and the fisheries. Although our author's main object is rural recreation, and the pursuit of wild animals of various kinds, the general reader will not fail to attain a good knowledge of the natural features of the districts visited, in consequence of Mr. St. John's observant character and lively style enabling him to record so agreeably many matters which do not fall within the natural range of his rifle. He says of his present lucubrations, that he offers them to the public such as they are, "trusting that they will receive them as the off-hand thoughts and observations of one who is more accustomed to the hill-side than to the study—to the gun than to the pen." We do not think that he has often missed his aim with either implement, and trust, that while he remains a sojourner among our peaceful hills, he will never, like the Irish repealer, be required to write his despatches with "a musket in one hand, and a sword in the other."

"There is no county in Britain with a greater variety of soil and climate than Sutherlandshire, changing gradually from the rich and highly-cultivated farms on the Dornoch Firth, to the grey rocks and mountains of Assynt and Scowrie. The living productions are also as varied and numerous as can be found in any district of our island.

There are few British birds or quadrupeds that are not to be found in this county. The vegetable productions, cultivated and uncultivated, are as numerous and varied. The first agriculturists in England would delight in the fine farms near Dunrobin, and might perhaps take a lesson or gain a hint from the tenant's management of cattle and wheat, most of which is destined ultimately for the London market. Though no farmer myself, I pulled in my horse for some time to admire the numerous and beautifully kept cattle and crops of Mr. Craig of Kirkton, one of the Duke of Sutherland's most skilful and enterprising tenants. His cows would have gladdened the eyes of any Devonshire or Cheshire dairywoman, as they did mine, a simple admirer as I am of beauty in any living animal from a milk-cow to a field-mouse. There is an air of well-doing and comfort about the farms on the Duke of Sutherland's property, which is delightful to the passer-by, and must be doubly so to the kind and liberal landlord."—(Vol. i. p. 117.)

Among the many intrepid view-hunters and untiring tourists with which Scotland abounds during the summer season, few make their way into this far northern county, and of those few the majority consists of a sprinkling of sportsmen, not altogether heedless of the glories of nature, but chiefly intent on grouse and salmon,—than which it would certainly be by no means easy to name two better things. But when we think of the facilities now afforded by regular and frequent public conveyance along most excellent roads and bridges, of the commodious inns and comfortable "entertainment" in the same, on moderate charges, and of the general civility and accommodating manners and deportment both of high and low, we often wonder that a greater influx of visitors does not take place.* The coast and river scenery, many of the inland glens and gorges, lakes various in kind and countless in number, several mountains of the highest class in size and attributes,—all these present attractions to the artist and traveller, which are not yet known and relished as they ought, while to the sportsman and naturalist the field is ample, if not inexhaustible.

* "Being under a good and liberal landlord," says Mr. St. John, expressing a sentiment in which all may sincerely join, "is like being under a good and liberal government; and this we found to be the case at Inchnadamff, which is held under the Duke of Sutherland or (as he is equally well known here) the "Good Duke,"—a title, by the way, his Grace may be prouder of than any other that could be invented. Throughout the Duke's property here, the innkeepers hold their houses (and capital ones they are) rent-free, and have certain other advantages in hiring their land, and in having every encouragement that the most kind and judicious liberality of the proprietor can give them, on (I believe) the express condition that the inns should be decently kept, and the charges moderate: the consequence of which arrangement is, that strangers can travel through this otherwise wild and lonely country with every facility and comfort, and without the disagreeable feeling of being doubly overcharged because they are strangers."—(Vol. i. p. 18.)

"The agriculturist and improver of land would be interested by seeing the different stages of husbandry in the county, from the perfectly cultivated farms and cattle of the southern parts, to the rude and primitive method of raising small crops of oats amongst the rocks of the north and north-west, where the ground is turned up by ancient and quaintly-shaped substitutes for spades—ploughing being quite impracticable in many places; at the same time, that about Tongue, near as it is to the extreme northern point of Britain, both the mode of cultivation and the crops would do credit to many a southern county of England. The sheep, black cattle, ponies, &c., in many parts of the county, are not to be surpassed in Britain. The naturalist, whether his tastes belong to botany, ornithology, or any other line of this interesting pursuit, will find ample means of enriching his cabinets; while I can safely promise the lover of fine and varied scenery a treat that would repay him for a far more difficult and weary journey."—(Vol. i. p. 159.)

The easiest way to reach Sutherland, at least from the "Modern Athens," is by steam from Granton Pier to Invergordon, leaving the former about six in the morning, and, after a passing call at Aberdeen (where of course a fresh supply of finnan-haddocks is indispensable), and other intermediate ports, arriving at Invergordon, in the Cromarty Firth, in the afternoon of the ensuing day, generally in quite sufficient time to gain (by the hill-road) the well-appointed inn at Ardgay, near Bonar-Bridge, in the course of the evening. A distance of four or five miles next morning takes the traveller to Inveran, a small but very clean and comfortable place of reception for man and beast, close to the Bridge of Shin, and within a few yards of an excellent salmon-cast, which extends from the said bridge to the cruives below. He may then proceed northwards, along the banks of the Shin, through the centre of the county from Lairg to Alt-na-harrow, at the head of Loch Naver, and thence by the side of Loch Loyal to Tongue; or journeying westwards through the Kyle of Sutherland, and by the banks of the Oikel he may make his way to Oikel-Bridge, almost adjoining which there is a small inn, where, however, the good intentions of "mine host" are more praiseworthy than his power of execution.* The road here enters Ross-shire, which somewhat arbitrarily interposes a lengthened tongue of land, projecting northwards, and Sutherland is again come upon, after crossing the southern base of this peculiar tongue, at a small station which rejoices in the name of Alt-na-galcach, close upon the northern shore of Loch

* We understand that this Inn, which stands not upon the Duke of Sutherland's property, but on that of Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart., has recently been repaired and ameliorated. It is a most convenient station for a grilse-fisher on the Oikel.

Borrolan or Bardan.* Then trending northwards over the heights of Assynt, the traveller descends by Loch Awe, (trout good, rather numerous, by no means large,) along a stream called Loanan, near the mouth of which, after wheeling round a little to the right, he beholds a tall, grey, rather ghostly-looking hostelrie, called Inch-na-damff, standing at the head of Loch Assynt, and at the mouth of a wild valley which leads upwards to the huge Bonmore (3213 feet), the loftiest of the mountains of Sutherland. At the said hostel he will find himself in no want of any creature-comforts, and a boat can be obtained for the exploration of the loch. The scenery around is striking, from its wild seclusion; and the finely-formed mountain of Quenaig shoots up into the western sky, and on many a summer's eve seems one mass of green and purple, emblazoned in the golden sunset, all reflected in the placid lake. The course then lies either westerly, along the pleasant shore of Loch Assynt, fragrant with birch-trees towards its lower extremity, and down a fine rapid river to the village of Loch Inver, on the sea, or northwards, through a wild region, by the salt-water Ferry at Kyle-Sku to Scowrie.† In many places all is barrenness; but,

* *Alt-na-galcanaich* is said to signify the "burn of the deceiver," and refers to a tradition, that when the disputed boundaries of Ross and Sutherland were on some occasion to be determined by parole testimony, an old retainer of the southern county, who had previously filled his shoes with "mother-earth," pointed out a false boundary-line, and established it, by making oath that he still stood on Ross-shire ground. When we ourselves were young, we hoped, as youth is apt to hope, that the term bore some relation to the deceptive art of the angler, and were thereby induced to sleep, that is, to remain all night, in a blackened bothie, more allied to a peat-stack than a human-dwelling. But *Alt-na-galcanaich*, whatever else it may be, is a burn to which no angler need return. The station, however, is now a convenient one (new and more commodious) from which to explore a series of singular lochs which stretch westwards, the more distant ones forming the feeders of a fine rock-bound river called the Kirkaig, where the salmon, though not numerous, are large and strong. There is no road westwards further than a few miles to Elphin, after which, the tourist must prove pedestrian, and explore the *Cama-Loch*, *Loch Veyatie*, *Loch Fewn*, and the Falls of the Kirkaig, by making his own way along those wild unpeopled shores and mountain slopes, for a distance of some ten miles, till he descends on Inverkirkaig; after which, a good road and an hour's walking will take him to Loch Inver, where he may remain in comfort all his days. In passing along the line of the above-named lochs, one of the great and pervading features is the singular *Suilven*, or sugar-loaf mountain, so called from its peculiar form. It is seen at a considerable distance by those travelling westwards from the inner country, and also forms a well-known and conspicuous land-mark from the sea. From its summit there is a fine view of fresh-water lochs, numerous "as leaves in Vallumbrosa."

† We do not here indicate distances, which are easily ascertained upon the spot, the Sutherland roads according with accurately measured miles, and no mistake. But when Mr. St. John notes, that "*Loch Inver, four miles from Inch-na-damff*," has also an excellent inn, and is well worth going to see," we cordially agree in the laudation, but cannot help calling to remembrance that, as the traveller from one station to the other has first six or seven miles along the shores of Loch Assynt, and then not less than four miles by the banks of the river Inver, making in all at least eleven miles, we think his *four mile* calculation is by no means to be depended on, especially before breakfast or after supper.

under favourable weather, the lovers of nature will be charmed by many fine and various features. Rocky ravines, and desolate moorlands, mountains far and near, fresh-water lakes of every shape and size, and one long dark desolate gorge-like valley, filled up for ever by the murmuring sea, which branches away far inland, expanding into the deep encompassed basins of Glencul and Glendhu. So land-locked seem the imprisoned waters of these "great twin-brethren," that no stranger-sportsman, viewing them from the side of any neighbouring mountain, would surmise their forming any portion of the injurious sea. In calm weather they present the reposing aspect of sweet inland waters, though with certainly something of a sterner aspect than befits a lake; and then, in what fresh waters will any fisherman, from either east or west, ever capture and cure £30,000 worth of herrings in a single autumn, as is reported to have been here accomplished during the season of 1829.* At Scowrie there is, as usual, excellent accommodation for either man or beast, and a good road for both, stretching eastwards and northerly, to the head of Loch Laxford, a little above which a substantial stone-bridge takes the traveller across what Mr. St. John somewhat inadequately designates as "a very good-looking river, called the Laxford." A very good-looking river! Why, a man might as well talk of the Apollo Belvidere, as a very good-looking fellow, or of the Venus de Medicis being, all things considered, a very good-looking girl, though rather thick about the ankles. The Laxford is not only at all times an excessively good-looking river, but is actually, when in proper trim, about the very best in Britain of its size, for abundance of salmon, grilse, and sea-trout; and does it not flow from Loch Stack, the desolate but fin-abounding, where it is often far easier to kill fish than to carry them away, for the river-side is wild and rocky, the footing consequently insecure, and the pannier very apt to be tilted over head and shoulder by insidious snags of birch and hazel.

From Laxford Bridge the road sweeps round the eastern end of Loch Laxford, and then stretches northwards through a country by no means like the Lothians, being very bare, and rocky as Edom, to Rhiconnich (where there is a small inn) at the head of Loch Inchard, and so onwards through "the Gualen" and across the river Dinart to Durness, where there is now excellent accommodation recently constructed. From this station, the tourist, by crossing the Kyle of Durness, (a narrow sea-loch,) may visit Cape Wrath and its forlorn lighthouse, and enjoy a wild view of precipitous cliffs, and treacherous rocks, and surging waves,

* *New Statistical Account of Scotland, Sutherlandshire*, p. 122.

far pleasanter to look upon from *terra firma* than the faithless main. From Durness a few miles lead to the shores of Loch Eribol, across which, between Port-na-coin and Ardnachy, there is a ferry, which shortens the journey to those whose chief desire it is to save time and space; but the tourist will be amply repaid by continuing his onward route along the western shore of Loch Eribol, all round its desolate head, the wild grandeur of which is immortalized by the "Great Minstrel," and so round to Heilum Inn upon the afore-named Ardnachy, a peninsular projection on the eastern shore. When ready to depart from that peninsula, he must then mount a steepish slope, and proceeding a short way eastwards, the road ere long descends upon the foot of Loch Hope, a few hundred yards below where the river Hope debouches from the lake, and which river is crossed by means of a boat-bridge worked by chain and windlass. The scenery, looking southwards, is here very beautiful, as the view from any neighbouring height includes almost the entire extent of Loch Hope, with its graceful birch trees, their silvery stems and slightly-drooping foliage reflected in still waters, and softening the austerity of that somewhat stony and unpeopled shore, while the finely formed and lofty mountain of Ben-Hope* crowns and closes in the distant view. The river Hope pursues a course of scarcely a couple of miles into the sea; and its pools and reaches afford excellent salmon and sea-trout fishing.

From the boat-bridge just mentioned the road conducts due eastward, over a solitary and somewhat desolate wilderness called "The Moin," and eventually leads down upon another long, narrow, salt-water loch, known as the "Kyle of Tongue," across which there is a ferry *convenient* to the Duke of Sutherland's residence of Tongue House, and also conducting to the comfortable and picturesquely-placed Inn of Kirkaboll, little more than a mile onwards, from which very charming views may be obtained of the magnificent Ben-Loyal, with its embattled front and triple crown, while on the lower ground stands the ruined keep of Castle Varrick. Here, of course, the same road formerly indicated as leading through the centre of the country northwards from Lairg to Tongue, will now take the traveller through that central region southwards from Tongue to Lairg. The middle station of that line is Alt-na-harrow, which may be regarded as in the heart or centre of the county, and there the road is crossed at right angles by another central line forming a large segment of a circle, which curves away on the one hand

* Ben Hope in respect to elevation is the third mountain in Sutherland, being 2061 feet high.

northwestwards by Loch Maddie and the head of Loch Hope, to Loch Eribol; on the other, northeastwards along Loch Naver, and down the lengthened strath and river of that name, to Bettyhill, and other north-coast districts. But from Tongue there is also a direct line eastwards, crossing the river Borgie, and, descending the northern portion of the Naver to Bettyhill, and so onwards by Strathy towards that eastern boundary of the county which is conterminous with Caithness. To complete the circuit of Sutherland is then easy, by taking the road which ascends Strath Halladale, crosses the water-shed of that part of the country by "The Balloch" district, and descends into Helmsdale, following the course of the river of that name, which ere long debouches on the eastern coast, a little southwards of the great mountain promontory called the Ord. Thence the shore-road trends south-westwards through the richest and most highly cultivated parts of Sutherland, by Brora, Golspie, (where it throws off inland branches to Lairg and Bonar Bridge,) Dornoch, and the Meikle Ferry, to Tain and Invergordon, our original point of departure.*

The barren outlines which we have now sketched, are filled up and formed into many pleasant pictures in Mr. St. John's pages. We have said that his principal object was the observance of wild creatures in their native haunts, and in this he is singularly successful. One would almost imagine, while reading his work, that there was not a spot in all the country side untenanted by some mysterious beast or bird. Wherever he goes, he gains, through himself or canine companion, either sight or scent of some peculiar creature, often the very one he was in want of. Not an animal of any kind, however wary and swift of foot, or powerful on rapid wing, which he does not contrive in some way to circumvent and destroy, now and then almost

* The usual mode of travel in Sutherland is by the mail-conveyance, a strong four-wheeled double-seated open car, capable of carrying four or five persons, besides driver, and which passes to and fro along all the main lines every other day. Gigs or dog-carts can also be hired from station to station, at several of the principal inns.

We may here note that a new line of road has been recently surveyed and marked out for formation, along the northern side of Loch Shin to its head, and thence by the banks of Loch Griaam, Loch Merkland, and Loch More, to Scowrie. It will conduct within a couple of miles of the head of Loch Stack, and throughout its entire course will give easy access to a great extent of wild and interesting country, as yet unknown save to solitary shepherd or rambling sportsman. At present there is no road in the same direction further than Shiness, some six or seven miles beyond Lairg. We rejoice to know that the Duke of Sutherland having accomplished so much for the comfort of his people, and the accommodation of the public, is now doing something for himself and family. Dunrobin, the ancient seat of the Earls of Sutherland, has been of late largely added to in the castellated style, and is being fitted up in a manner so becoming its noble occupants, as to render it one of the most commodious and magnificent residences in the kingdom.

unwillingly, for he has a touch of sentiment about him,—just enough to prevent his doing what is butcherly, but not so strong as altogether to restrain the trigger. The following extract will illustrate both his skill in action, and his sympathy for such as die in battle :

“ We were loath to leave our comfortable hotel at Scowrie, particularly without visiting the Island of Handa, a great breeding-place of sea-fowl ; but being pressed for time, we got again under weigh for Durness. Our landlord having told us that he had heard that the osprey was building on an island in a loch about a mile from our road, we left the horse and boat-carriage under the charge of a bare-legged boy at the place he mentioned, (a small bridge about three miles from Scowrie,) and went to a point of rock from which we could command a view of the loch in question. We immediately, through a glass, discovered the nest of the osprey, built in exactly a similar situation to the last—that is, on the summit of a rock about eight feet high, shaped like a truncated cone, and standing exposed and alone in the loch. On coming nearer, we could distinguish the white head of the female osprey on the nest. The male bird was not in view. It was determined that I should remain concealed near the loch, while my two companions went for the boat. This plan was adopted for the double reason that I might be at hand to shoot any hooded crow who might attempt to take the eggs while the osprey was off, she having left the nest on our approach, and also that I might have a chance of shooting the old osprey herself, in case she came within shot. I must say, that I would rather she had escaped this fate : *but as her skin was wanted, I agreed to kill her.*

“ For some time after the departure of my companions, she flew round and round at a great height, occasionally drifting away with the high wind, and then returning to the loch. She passed two or three times not very far from me before I shot her. But at last I fired, and the poor bird, after wheeling blindly about for a few moments, fell far to leeward of me, and down amongst the most precipitous and rocky part of the mountain, quite dead. She was scarcely down behind the cliffs, when I heard the cry of an osprey in quite a different direction ; and on looking that way I saw the male bird flying up from a great distance. As he came nearer, I could distinguish plainly with my glass that he was carrying a fish in his claws. On approaching, he redoubled his cries, probably expecting the well known answer, or signal of gratitude, from his mate : but not hearing her, he flew on till he came immediately over the nest. I could plainly see him turning his head to the right and left, as if looking for her, and as if in astonishment at her unwonted absence. He came lower and lower still, holding the fish in his feet, which were stretched out full length from his body. Not seeing her, he again ascended, and flew to the other end of the lake, the rocks echoing his shrill cry. The poor bird, after making one or two circuits of the lake, then flew away far out of sight, still keeping possession of the fish. He probably went to look for the female at some known and frequented haunt, as

he flew rapidly off in a direct line. He soon, however, came over the lake again, and continued his flight to and fro and his loud cries for above an hour, still keeping the fish ready for his mate. I at length heard the voices of my friends; and we soon launched the boat. The osprey became much agitated as we neared the rock where the nest was, and dropped the fish he held into the water. We found two beautiful eggs in the nest, of a roundish shape; the colour white, with numerous spots and marks of a fine rich red brown. As we came away, we still observed the male bird unceasingly calling and seeking for his hen. *I was really sorry that I had shot her.*"—(Vol. i. p. 29.)

This is really an affecting, almost an afflicting episode, and makes us rejoice more and more that we prefer the rod to the gun. We never knew till now where that once happy, now inconsolable osprey bred, although we have oftentimes seen him sailing over the neighbouring Laxford's translucent pools, ever and anon plunging like a cannon-shot, without the *ricochet*, and rising up again on spray-besprinkling wings, bearing in grip less tender than tenacious, a silvery sea-trout, and away with it we knew not where. Did we say inconsolable? We were wrong. Frailty, thy name is *Falco haliaetus*.

"Two miles from Scowrie, on the Rhiconnich road, or near it, is a loch where the ospreys build, and where in May I shot the old hen, taking at the same time two eggs. Mr. Dunbar, with his usual perseverance, went to this nest immediately on our return from Handa (in June), and found that the male bird had got another mate, and that she was already busily employed in sitting on a single egg."—P. 105.

Now the osprey is really a rare bird in Britain, although probably more frequent in Sutherland than elsewhere, especially in the districts of Assynt and Edderachillis. Extensive tracts of country almost untrod by human foot, consisting mainly of crags and rocks, and almost every intermediate hollow filled with water containing trout, and numerous rivers abounding in the same, each tall and insular stone amid the lochs and tarns offering a tower of strength whereon to build an eyrie; these characters all favour its existence and increase, and yet how few occur throughout the country. How comes it, then, that if one out of a pair of birds so rare is killed, the survivor is observed to have provided him or herself with a mate not many days thereafter? Where he or she go to, what intelligence one or other conveys to some far distant region, or how the vacant situation becomes known to youth and loneliness in other lands, we cannot say, but we know that the vacant post is speedily filled up. The great country for this species (which is elsewhere also very widely distributed) is

North America. On an island near New York, 300 nests have been counted, their owners rearing their young at no great distance from each other, and all living as peaceably as rooks. But we cannot look to America as the mother country of any of our Scottish ospreys, because the bird is almost entirely unknown in Ireland, which it would scarcely be if it ever migrated hitherwards from the Western world.

"As the osprey," says Mr. St. John, "in no way interferes with the sportsman or others, it is a great pity that it should ever be destroyed;" and to prove the depth and endurance of his pity, he compasses sea and land to have a shot at it, and even encourages an aquatic acquaintance to swim across most sullen waters to secure its eggs. We should have supposed that shooting the old birds, blowing their eggs, and capturing the young, were by no means likely modes of increasing the breed. Thus, on reaching Rhiconnich, our tourist hears of another osprey's nest, and immediately starts across a continuous range of rocky country, so broken that there is scarcely a flat space the size of a man's foot, and far too steep to admit the conveyance of the boat-carriage. "So we only took my swimming-belt, as Dunbar offered to swim out to the nest, if not too far from shore." They at last came upon a large sheet of water, in which, about two hundred yards from shore, they observed one of those conical-shaped rocks of which the osprey is so fond. On examining this with a glass, they instantly perceived the nest, and the pale head of the bird in the midst of it; and as they came down upon the shore, her continued unwillingness to leave her eyrie, convinced them she had young.

"While Dunbar prepared to take the water," (let us here note parenthetically, that Dunbar was not a Newfoundland dog, as most of our readers may suppose, but a well-known exciseman of Bonar Bridge, noted for his adventurous love of ornithology,) "I went round to watch for a shot at the old bird. I presently saw nothing but my fellow-traveller's head, as he swam gallantly out to the rock; the old osprey flew in wide circles round and round, at a considerable height, screaming loudly at the unexpected intrusion on her domain; sometimes she swooped half-way down to the water, but still cautiously keeping at a safe distance. Before many minutes had elapsed, we saw the male bird sailing high in the air, straight to the loch; on hearing the cries of his mate he seemed to quicken his flight, and soon joined her, carrying a trout in his talons. The two birds then sailed round and round the water with loud cries. When they saw Dunbar perched on their hitherto unassailed rock, and looking like a statue on a pedestal, their excitement became greater and greater; the male dropt his trout, and they both dashed wildly to and fro, sometimes at a great height, and sometimes taking a rapid circuit of the lake, within half a gun-shot of the water. The next thing I saw was my adventurous

companion striking out for the shore, with his cap in his teeth. In the nest he found a half-grown young bird and an unhatched egg, both of which he brought safely to land."—P. 89.

After returning to Rhiconnich, and resting for an hour, they heard of another osprey's nest, and started in pursuit. Their information was rather vague, but at last, through the intervention of an old woman, who mentioned a loch at some distance off among the hills, as being "Loch n'allan-yasker," (so it seemed to sound, although Gaelic is a tongue which few can speak, and none can spell,) or the "Loch of the Eagle-Fisher," they persevered as usual, and at last came within view of a sheet of water, in which they soon descried "the peculiar shaped rock on which the osprey builds." On a nearer approach over a wild piece of crag and swamp, they could see that one bird was on the nest, while her mate was soaring above her.

"Dunbar again swam off to the rock, which was about the same distance from the shore as the last one was, and found three young birds in the nest, which he brought to land in his cap. I saw that the male osprey had perched on a rock on the opposite side of the loch, where he sat lazily, and apparently not inclined to join the female in her rapid flight round Dunbar's head; on looking at him attentively through the glass, I saw, or fancied that I saw, his crop much distended with food. Knowing that if this was the case, he would probably remain on his perch for some time, I started off round the loch, taking a long circuit, in order to approach him from behind, and above. At last I came to a point from which I could obtain a look at the bird; and with as much care as if he had been a stag, I crept to a convenient place, and, looking over, saw him still perched on his pinnacle, but out of reach. I found that I must still make another long circuit, or that I could not get unperceived within reach of him.

"This time, on looking carefully over, I saw that he must be within shot of me, but the place I was perched on was so high and steep that it almost made me giddy to look down from it. I was completely out of breath too; so, lying down on my back, I waited a minute or two, and then scrambled down to within forty yards of the bird, and immediately above him. As my gun was loaded with a cartridge, I knew that he could scarcely escape; so standing up, I took a good look at him, expecting that he would see me and fly off the stone, and intending to shoot him flying. Whether from the earnestness with which he was watching the movements of Dunbar, who was far below him, or from the manner in which his head-feathers projected, he did not appear to see me at all. After waiting a short time without his moving, *I am sorry to say that I shot him deliberately in cold blood as he sat.* He fell down the face of the rock, and lay at the bottom perfectly dead."—P. 91.

We have dwelt longer on this fishing-eagle than may become

its due proportion ; but we were desirous to illustrate not only the haunts and habits of a rare species, but also the indomitable perseverance and sagacity of our sportsman. There are probably not more than half a dozen haunts of this bird in the whole county, and yet Mr. St. John seems to have ascertained them all in a wonderfully short time, and almost as easily as if they had been congregated rooks or chattering magpies. The other breeding places are, the summit of the old castle of Ardvrack, at the head of Loch Assynt, and an island of Loch Maedie, (betwixt Ben Hope and Alt-na-harrow,) where, on a stunted birch, there is built up a huge intermingled mass of twigs and branches,

“Itself a burden for the tallest tree.”*

Although the osprey in America almost always builds in trees, this latter nest forms a rare exception to the usual Scotch practice. It consists of about a cart-load of sticks, and twigs of birch and heather, with an inner lining of coarse grass. It is of considerable depth, and measures nearly eight feet in length, and about four in breadth. Great portion of it is bleached and weather-worn. It has, no doubt, wintered many a storm, being, we presume, only repaired from time to time, as a new nest every year would be extravagant in a country where wood is rather scarce. The osprey is a late breeder, and, after pairing in spring, seems in Sutherland usually to seek out either an ancient stronghold, or lowlier crag amid the lonely waters.

“Trusting,” says our author, “to their isolated situation for safety, these interesting birds hold undisputed sway over their watery kingdom. I could not help being reminded of a couple of lines which I fell in with, that seem *à propos* to this instinct of the osprey, which leads her to find out and take possession of all the rocks of this particular shape that are to be found in the lochs of Sutherland,—

* The old castle of Ardvrack above named, of which the osprey is now the sole occupant, is interesting to the political historian, as well as to the naturalist. The great Marquis of Montrose, who had been treacherously misdirected to seek security within its then tenacious walls, was there betrayed by the wife of Neil Macleod, laird of Assynt. This was two days after the fatal battle of Drumcarbidale, in which Montrose was defeated by Colonel Strachan, who lay in an ambuscade for him and his followers on the Ross-shire side of the Oikel, nearly opposite the mouth of the Cassley. Lord Mahon, in his recent essay on the life and times of the great royalist, records this final fray as having occurred “on the river Kyle.” The river itself is named the Oikel (and an excellent river it is). For a portion of its course it flows through the lengthened, narrow district called the “Kyle of Sutherland.” The term *Kyle* is of frequent application in the Highlands, generally to straights or narrows, as Kyle-Akin, between Skye and the mainland of Inverness-shire, Kyle-Sku, on the western coast of Sutherland, and the Kyles of Tongue and Durness on the northern.

Ni fallat fatum *Scoti* quocunque locatum
Invenient Lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

I cannot recollect from whom I quote."

The lines are from old Boethius, and refer to the famous "Stone of Scone," on which the ancient kings of Scotland received the crown. It was used for that royal purpose till the time of John Baliol, when it was seized by Edward Longshanks, who conveyed it to Westminster Abbey, where it may now be seen in no very imposing position, forming the seat of an old chair in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. The prophecy is supposed to have been fulfilled by our James VI. succeeding to the throne of England.

When we state that Mr. St. John gives a list of no less than 156 birds, observed, with one or two exceptions, by himself in Sutherland, it is clear that we cannot follow him in his accounts of one and all. That number exhibits a considerable increase to our knowledge of the distribution of north-western British species.* We have elsewhere† an interesting catalogue of Caithness birds by Mr. Eric Sinclair, surgeon, which, along with Mr. St. John's enumeration, affords materials for an accurate comparison between the eastern and western portions of the extreme north of Scotland. For the still more remote Isles of Orkney and Shetland, we have, besides Mr. Dunn's "Ornithologist's Guide" to those insular regions, the more recent and complete catalogue of birds by Dr. Baikie and Mr. Robert Heddle, forming the first part of their "Historia Naturalis Orcadensis," printed (for private circulation) in 1848; but we dare not enlarge our borders at this time.‡

We believe that there are thousands of people who, though in no way fit inmates of an asylum for the blind, never see anything. If they were to come within a few yards of a fox some fine day on the outskirts of a field or forest, they would probably take it for the last wolf of Badenoch, or other most ferocious beast, and raise such a hue and cry throughout the country as might waken a sheriff; and yet there is no doubt that there are just as many creatures, wild and tame, in the neighbourhood of an unobserving man as in that of the more curious and quick-sighted inquirer, and so we infer that as Mr. St. John is always seeing rare birds and beasts, without going much out of his way to look

* Mr. Selby's List of Birds observed in Sutherlandshire in the summer of 1834, — (*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, vol. xx., p. 286.) contains 96 species.

† *New Statistical Account of Caithness.*

‡ An interesting comparison between the ornithology of Great Britain and the Sister Isle may ere long be instituted, on the completion of the "Birds of Ireland," by that highly instructed naturalist, William Thomson, Esq., of Belfast. We have read his first volume with equal pleasure and advantage.

for them, they might be also seen by other people if they were equally to practise the art of observation, and must be therefore not so rare as some suppose. We say this in the way of encouragement to the young collector, who must not think that nature is easily exhausted.

Our author commences the predatory part of his excursion on Loch Urigil, which lies on the southern side of a hilly range, opposite Alt-na-galcanach. He no sooner launches his boat than he encounters two species highly prized by ornithologists, and one of which probably breeds nowhere else in Britain than amid these northern lakes.

“There were three of these beautiful birds, the black-throated diver, on the loch, but no eggs. On some of the other islands were a number of wild geese, (*Anser ferus*,) the original kind from which our common domestic goose is derived. They had two or three nests on one island, but no eggs. Their nests were large, and quite exposed, consisting of a large mass of down, kept together by coarse grass and herbage. The old birds, when disturbed, flew off the island, some of them alighting on the loch, and others on the short, green grass about the edge of the water, where they commenced grazing after the manner of tame geese. Having procured one or two specimens of the black-throated diver, I landed, and sat down to enjoy the magnificent scenery, and all its accompaniments. The peewit, redshank, curlew, and golden plover, kept up a constant warfare of clamour against me for some time, till finding that I did not molest them, they gradually returned to their domestic occupations. All these birds had probably eggs near the spot. After a short time, they ran and walked about fearlessly, quite regardless of my being so near them; while the lively and restless little dunlin ran almost over my feet without fear, as I sat near the edge of the loch.

“Occasionally a curlew would come wheeling over my head, uttering its loud cry of alarm and warning, something between a whistle and a scream; but he soon sailed back to his mate on the sloping moss that covered the hill-side near the lake. A beautiful cock-grouse came down within a few yards of me, and picked about amongst the stones at the edge of the water, occasionally stopping, as if to exhibit himself, as he stood erect with his bright-red comb raised to its utmost height. When at last he saw me, instead of seeming alarmed, he rose and alighted again on a small hillock only a few feet farther off, and stood there some minutes watching me closely, and then flew off, crowing, a short distance up the heather. The grey geese seemed in constant motion, sometimes feeding, and sometimes flying after each other in pairs, with loud cries.”—P. 10.

The black-throated diver (*Colymbus arcticus*) is a bird of large size and singular beauty. It almost invariably builds on the small, low islands of inland lakes, preferring those with flat, or somewhat

open shores, to such as are precipitous or rock-bound. The first time we ever encountered the species in its natural state was while examining the shores of Loch Craggie, a famous angling loch of Mr. Matheson's of Lewis, lying in the uplands north-east of Ben Doula, near Lairg. A small, stony point, (an island when the waters are full,) not unadorned by tufts of grass and rushes, projected from the lower end of the loch; and seeing the parent birds swimming somewhat anxiously near it, and not, as usual, seeking to escape by diving, we made our inquiring way by wading across the water, and soon discovered two little cowering existences, covered with black down. They lay in a shallow, trampled hollow, which seemed to serve as, though it could scarcely be called, a nest. We took them up, treating them very tenderly, and then placed them close to the water's edge, where they waddled a little, for the first time in their lives, and then striking out with both feet and winglets, were instantly joined by their parents, who met them more than half-way,—the whole forming a family group of great beauty. Next morning, having occasion to angle in the loch, we paid it another visit, accompanied by two ornithological friends, who, alas! in addition to their rods, were each armed with an unfailing fowling-piece; but being ourselves in a minority, there was no help for it. We approached the "beaked promontory," and soon saw the fair creatures, full of parental fondness, also bearing gallantly towards it, uttering a warning cry. They were met by their sooty little offspring, who seemed to have improved upon the lesson in swimming which we had given them the preceding day, and then wheeling round, with many serpent-like motions of the head and neck, were making rapid way into the deeper portion of the loch, when a couple of almost simultaneous shots laid both parents, and a single young one, dead upon the waves. The wind soon drifted them within our reach. The other young one could be nowhere seen. When the lifeless bodies, "beautiful exceedingly," were laid upon the bank, we (the angling minority) could not help thinking mournfully of the many lustrous days and peaceful nights during which they had fearlessly breasted those wild waters, or reposed along their barren shores, in undisturbed tranquillity. How many calm sunsets had gilded that sedgy home—how many bright moonlights had thrown a cloudless radiance over the mirror of that lonely lake—and how often the summits of Ben Doula had reddened, as if rejoicing in the morning rays, since the "unoffending creatures" had first looked upon these waters as their own! But as Mr. St. John averred of the osprey—"their skins were wanted;" and such ornithologists as Sir William Jardine and Mr. Selby were made of sterner stuff than to bewail their own success,

"Unluckily," adds our author, "the very great beauty of its plumage, and the rarity and difficulty of procuring it, make this interesting bird an object of pursuit among bird-stuffers and collectors, and this, combined with the price offered for its eggs, will soon entirely extirpate it from all its present breeding-places."

In regard to the wild geese of Sutherland, Mr. St. John is of opinion that the two kinds which breed there, are the grey-legged, or lag goose, (the supposed origin of our domesticated kind,) and the bean-goose—*Anser segetum*. We have seen through a telescope, without the power of approaching nearer, certain wild geese on an island of Loch Naver, which, from the peculiar colour of their legs, differing from the grey of the one, and the orange of the other, of those just named, we considered as a distinct species, the pink-footed goose—*Anser phænicopus* of Mr. Bartlett.* It has not been hitherto known as a summer or breeding bird on the mainland of Scotland, although not unfrequent in our markets during the winter season. We recommend the ascertainment of this point to the ornithological sportsman.

Our author, of course, by no means confines himself to the consideration of the feathered tribes, but has an eye to the antlered glories of the beasts of chase. He considers the Sutherland deer as the finest in Scotland, and the majority of the old stags' heads as being the handsomest he has ever handled, both in the way the horns are set upon the head, and in the shape of the horns themselves. The large old heads present a widely-stretched circle, the tops of the antlers arching inwards towards each other. These noble creatures may be met with more or less in most of the wilder parts of the county; but we believe that the sterile region of the Diri-more, in the parish of Edderachillis, northwards of Ben-Hee, is now the chief forest.† It formed a portion of the old Reay country; and a peculiar variety of deer by which it was characterized, and which it is asserted still exists, is thus noticed in Sir Robert Gordon's History of the Earldom, written in 1630:—

"The halfe of the Diri-more, which lyes towards the north and north-west, doth appertein of late to Macky, by the Erle of Southerland his gift and disposition. In the Diri-more, there is a hill called Arkill; all the deir that are bred therein, or hant within the bounds of that hill, have forked tails, thrie inches long, whereby they are easailie known and decerned from all other deir." "All these forests," he adds, "and schases are verie profitable for feiding of bestiall, and

* *Proceedings of Zool. Society*, 1839, p. 3.

† The extent of territory now laid off in the Duke of Sutherland's property exclusively for deer, is estimated at not less than 60,000 acres.

delectable for hunting. They are full of reid-deir and roes, *woulffs*, foxes, wyld-catts, brocks, skuyrells, whittrets, weasels, otters, mastrixes, hares, and fumarts."

In his list of birds, Sir Robert Gordon makes mention of a kind called lair-ighs, or knags, "which is a foull lyke unto a paroket, or parret, which maks place for her nest with her beek in the oak trie." We suppose this must mean a woodpecker, although none of the tribe is now ever seen in Sutherland. As respects *woulffs*—which themselves show respect to few—a tradition still prevails in the country, that these savage creatures so abounded once in Sutherland, that to avoid their inconsiderate ravages in excavating dead bodies from the grave, the inhabitants were obliged to have recourse to the sea-girt island of Handa as the only secure place of sepulture.

Mr. St. John does not give us much information regarding the fishes of Sutherland. On returning from a wild-geese chace, not so unsuccessful in its object as those generally so called, he lifted a line, which he had previously baited and set in the loch which borders the road-side at Alt-na-galcanach, and found he had caught a young *salmo ferox*, weighing above two pounds.

"While taking in this line, a monster trout ran at the fish already caught, and, notwithstanding its size, nearly swallowed it, leaving the marks of his teeth, in the shape of deep cuts, across the middle of the two-pound trout. I should like to have seen the fish at closer quarters who made an attack on such a goodly-sized bait, as he must have been a perfect fresh-water shark."

On another occasion, in the course of a drive between Rhiconich and Scowrie, he passes over what, as already noted, he is pleased to call "a very good-looking stream, the Laxford." The following judgment befalls him for talking so lightly of that prince of rivers:—

"Thinking to catch a couple of trout for breakfast, I put my rod together, and leaving the horse and boat standing by the road-side, I determined to take a quarter of an hour's fishing, and if the trout did not rise, to continue our journey. At the very first cast that I made, however, a large salmon took the fly, rather to my annoyance, knowing, as I did, that no salmon were allowed to be killed in the Sutherland rivers this season; but being once hooked, he might as well be killed: so the fight commenced by the fish running clear out of the stream in which he was first hooked, and going down like a stone to the bottom of a deep, black-looking pool. Having only single line and trout-tackle, I could not force him much; but after waiting patiently, with a gentle but constant strain on the fish, in order that he might feel some weight upon his jaws, I at last, in despair, gave him such a tug, that he was dislodged from his resting-place in spite

of himself. Off he went, sometimes across the stream, with nearly the whole of my line out, the next moment right under my feet in the deep pool under the rock on which I was standing. There I could see him shaking his head, and trying to rub the hook out against the gravel; at another time, he would take a sudden dart to the right and left, and again shake his head, like a dog worrying a rat; but knowing that he was well hooked, and, indeed, not caring much whether I lost him or not, I kept so tight a rein on him as prevented his either slacking the line or rubbing off the hook. Suddenly a new idea seemed to seize him, and, shooting straight upwards, he leaped several times out of the water immediately below me. But this would not do. So finding that he could not get rid of the hook, he again rushed across the river, making the handle of the reel to spin at a railway pace. He then made down the stream as fast as he could. I had scarcely any line left on my reel, so had to take a leap off the rock, and follow him along the bank of the river. Presently we came to a rather rapid, but not high fall, full of broken stones, and altogether a place where he would be sure to break my line if he once got into it, which he seemed determined to do; so here I halted, and made a stand against all his pulling. The fish began to feel beat, and ran in again almost under my feet; but not succeeding in slacking the line, he again rushed right across, and took the fall, in spite of all I could do to prevent him. He did not cut my line as I expected, but it gave way close to the end, within a few inches of the reel; and, before I could catch hold of it, I had the pleasure of seeing the line floating away, but gradually sinking as the fish carried it off towards the wider pools near the sea."—P. 96.

Our author's faithful coadjutor, Dunbar, here dashed gallantly into the water; but what is an excise officer out of his element to a salmon in his own? * He was distanced instantaneously; and the silvery-sided creature disappeared like a flash of fire, carrying away with him whatever belonged to himself, and a couple of sea-trout flies, and about forty yards of line, into the bargain. The truth is, it was the year of jubilee, in which the Duke of Sutherland had desired that no salmon should be killed by any angler in his rivers, and of course the fish knew, and obeyed, as they were bound to do, his Grace's orders.

In the course of his tour, Mr. St. John pays a visit to Mr. Andrew Young at Invershin, the Duke's intelligent and communicative manager of the salmon fisheries.

"Mr. Young has made such good use of the opportunities which his position has afforded him, that he has thrown considerable light

* We understand that an Act recently passed, dispenses with the somewhat obnoxious term *Exciseman*. Individuals of that calling are to be henceforward designated as "*Inland Revenue Officers*." We believe the same title—we know not whether for the better or the worse—is to be likewise applied to the gentlemen of the "*Stamps and Taxes*."

on the history of the inhabitants of an element in which we cannot follow them. His patience in trying experiments with the spawn and young of the salmon, has enabled him to explain many parts of their history which had hitherto been obscure, or at best but imperfectly understood. The encouragement, too, which he has always met with from the Duke, has still further enabled him to bring a naturally acute and inquiring mind to bear on the point in question. For some years he managed (by forming artificial spawning-beds or ponds) to have the ova under his immediate observation from the hour of their being deposited to the time that, in the shape of 'smolts,' (I think that is the local name,) of four to six inches in length, the young salmon go down to their mysterious feeding-nurseries in the depths of the ocean. Mr. Young kindly showed me numerous specimens, preserved in spirits of wine, of the gradual development and growth of the fish, from its egg state, when it looks like a small pea, to its full maturity."—P. 51.

Here Mr. St. John makes no reference to Mr. Shaw's signal and conclusive experiments, of several years' anterior date, which assuredly had left nothing obscure or imperfectly understood in the early history of the juvenile salmon; and he misses Mr. Young's own strongest points, which were neither the hatching of the ova, nor the observance of the growth of smolts, but the marking of the latter just when they were about to descend the rivers seaward in spring, and their capture and comparison when they returned as grilse in summer. In this way, he skilfully and successfully demonstrated the extraordinary rapid growth of smolts into grilse in salt water, the stationary, or rather declining condition of the latter after their return to the rivers, and their equally rapid conversion into salmon, properly so called, during their second sojourn in the sea.

"I asked Mr. Young," continues our author, "if he could explain why, at the mouths of rivers, when angling, one always catches such a variety of trout—a variety which does not exist at some distance from the sea, each and every stream having its own peculiar species. His opinion, founded on practical experiment and long experience, coincided much with mine, founded on mere casual, unscientific observation, namely, that the sea-trout and river-trout sometimes bred with each other, thus forming a great variety of shade and colour."—P. 53.

We confess not to understand this passage, and are, moreover, doubtful whether the interlocutors themselves understood each other. As neither sea-trout nor common trout breed at the *mouths of rivers*, the latter not caring for salt water, and the former always pushing upwards to the higher spawning grounds as soon and fast as they are able, a hybrid kind is in no way likely to result from the fact of the two sorts meeting together for the

first time in the debatable waters of the estuary, or under any other tidal influence. The sea-trout, notwithstanding its name, lingers with no "reluctant amorous delay" at the mouths of rivers, and so any peculiar variety found there (of which we never heard till now) cannot result from this alleged intermixture. If the cross-breeding takes place at all, it must do so in the ordinary river courses further up, where the variety would be found intermingled with its relations on both sides of the house, but in no way confined to or characteristic of the river's mouth. In that locality there is an unavoidable mixture of fresh and salt water, but a very slight and never more than accidental mixture of river and sea-trout, because the one kind do not come down to enter the sea, although the other kind must go up to enter the river. They thus eventually meet in all the upland streams and pools, where the migratory marine species may pay court to the stationary fresh-water one, if it so incline. But this we doubt.

"The process of preparing the spawning beds," Mr. St. John says of salmon, "is curious. The two fish come up together to a convenient place, shallow and gravelly. There they commence digging a trench *across the stream*, sometimes making it several inches deep. In this the female deposits her eggs, or ova." "When the male has performed his share of the work, they both make a fresh trench immediately above the former one, thus covering up the spawn in the first trench with the gravel taken out of the second: the same process is repeated till the whole of their spawn is deposited, when the fish gradually work their way down to the salt water, to recruit their lost strength and energy."—P. 55.

A trench "across the stream"? This will never do. The breeding salmon keeps its head directly up the stream, and by an equilateral movement of the tail holds itself suspended over the same spot,—what would be otherwise its upward movement being exactly counterbalanced by the downward current. It then forms its hollow in the gravel, in the line of that current, not at right angles with it. Were the fish to lie across the stream, broadside on, how could it keep itself suspended over the trough? But whether it could or not is theoretically of little consequence, seeing the actual and undoubted fact to be, that it never attempts it, but always works parallel with the stream.*

* An accurate knowledge of the mechanical process pursued by salmon in the formation of their spawning-beds, is not only desirable in itself, but of great importance in all those cases in which it is proposed to convey spawn from one stream to another, as, of course, it should be placed as much as possible in its natural and ordinary position. This it assuredly would not be, if deep furrows were drawn for its reception across the stream. Mr. St. John is right in stating

Although a very zealous, and for the most part an extremely accurate observer, Mr. St. John is neither a collector nor a naturalist, notwithstanding that he is somewhat fond of quoting Latin. He does not profess to any book knowledge of the subjects which he handles, and his handling is thereby rendered all the more fresh and free. He usually calls things by their common names, seldom venturing on scientific nomenclature—a great saving of trouble to his compositor in particular, and no disadvantage to the general reader. We have often felt while exploring Sutherland, how important, if not peculiar, were the features of ornithological life, as almost determining the impressions derived from the general observance of external nature. We have walked or driven through some of the central districts for the greater part of a day, without meeting with one human being. It is in such wild solitudes that any shew of life, even of the lowlier creatures, is accepted as a kind of companionship in room of closer kindred; and the crossing of a stag, an eagle's onward flight, or the sudden uprising of a flock of wild fowl, are received and recorded as the chief events of the day. This feeling is often clearly reflected by Mr. St. John's simple and well-expressed pictures of feathered life.

“The first few miles of the drive from Lairg to Alt-na-harrow we skirt the edge of Loch Shin, passing through a beautiful wood of birch, at this season (June) full of singing birds, wood-pigeons, &c. Beyond this, we pass for many miles through a desolate and dreary-looking range of hill ground—the more desolate looking, too, from the surface being covered with a kind of coarse grass, instead of the rich brown

that the male and female salmon select the proper spot for the deposition of the ova. This they invariably do, and they also unite in excavating the gravel. The depth of the trough varies with the nature of the bottom. If the bed is very coarse, with an intermixture of large stones, they cannot work so deep as they do in finer gravel. But the depth may be stated as never less than *nine inches*, even with the coarsest materials, while it is not unfrequently *eighteen inches*, when the bed of gravel is small and fine. As the opinion of an anonymous reviewer on a disputed point may go for nothing in the minds of those who have conflicting evidence laid before them, we shall here fortify the statement of our own experience regarding the direction of the bed by the written rather than the reported opinion of Mr. Young himself, as contained in a letter now before us, dated 19th March 1849. He first describes the general nature of the work, as we have just stated it, and then proceeds to say—“*But they never attempt to make a trench across the stream; that would be against nature; for when they dig a hole deep enough to satisfy themselves, the female begins to spawn, and is immediately followed by the male, and as soon as a portion of the spawn is deposited, they both commence the process of covering. This they do by working up against the stream, and as they dig, the water operates advantageously in covering up the already spawned ova with the moving gravel, and by the time this portion is covered, the extended trench is deep enough for another portion of the spawn which they lay in; and thus they continue the same process of alternate spawning and covering up, until all the spawn be exhausted,—still proceeding upwards against the stream, but never across it.*”

red of the heather. The number of curlews and golden plovers is very great all along this grassy tract of country. The plovers are very tame, running along the road in front of the horse, and at last only flying a few yards to some higher hillock or stone, where they stop watching us till they pass. These birds have their nests rather high up on the hills; their eggs are peculiarly large and beautifully marked, the prevailing colour being a brown, shaded and spotted with darker markings of a brownish-green colour. It is very difficult, however, to describe the eggs of many of these birds, no two of them being exactly alike. The curlews are far more shy and wary; and as long as they are within sight, they keep up a loud, unceasing cry of alarm, whirling round and round, but generally at a tolerably respectful distance. I saw some young curlews on the ground, and got out to examine them; they are curious, long-legged, top-heavy little fellows, and when pursued seemed to trip themselves up in their hurry, and to tumble head foremost into every hole in their way. The bill of the young bird is as short as that of the golden plover. When I held it in my hand to examine the curious plumage, or rather down, which covered it, the little bird looked up at me with its great dark prominent eye with such an expression of confidence and curiosity, that had I been the most determined collector of specimens of birds, I could not have refrained from putting him carefully down on the ground again. When I did so, he ran up to the top of a little grassy hillock, and looked round for his screaming parents, who at a safe distance were wheeling with a most wonderful outcry round my terrier."—P. 59.

In the low, swampy ground between the inn of Alt-na-harrow and the west end of Loch Naver, a vast number of aquatic birds and waders are found breeding. We may here note a rare thing, that there is fair angling for salmon at this end of Loch Naver; the two best places being either on the north side from the mouth of the river Mudale, eastwards for a mile or so, or in the bay at the more southern head of the loch, between the aforesaid marsh and the small stream which descends from Strath Bagastie. The fish lie close in shore, and may be reached by wading, or, if a boat is used, by casting from the boat shorewards. They rise best when the loch is rather low, and the wind from the south-east, although, if the angler is wading, a west wind is better adapted to the easy casting of the fly.

Mr. St. John no sooner nears Loch Naver than his usual ornithological luck attends him.

"While I was fishing, Mr. Dunbar called my attention to two beautiful little birds near the edge of the water, which he pronounced to be the red-necked phalarope. Not having any specimens in his collection, he went to the inn for a gun, while I sat down to watch them. The red-necked phalarope is certainly the most beautiful wader of my acquaintance. There were a pair of them, male and

female, feeding near the loch, in a little pool which was covered with weeds of different kinds. Nothing could be more graceful than the movements of these two little birds, as they swam about in search of insects, &c. Sometimes they ran lightly on the broad leaves of the water-lily, which served them for a raft, and entirely kept them out of the water. Though not exactly web-footed, the phalarope swims with the greatest ease. The attachment of these two birds to each other seemed very great: whenever, in their search for food, they wandered so far apart as to be hidden by the intervening weeds, the male bird stopped feeding suddenly, and looking round, uttered a low and musical call of inquiry, which was immediately answered by the female in a different note, but perfectly expressive of her answer, which one might suppose to be to the purport that she was at hand and quite safe. On hearing her, the male immediately recommenced feeding, but at the same time making his way towards her; she also flew to meet him: they then joined company for a moment or two, and after a few little notes of endearment, turned off again in different directions. This scene was repeated a dozen times while I was watching them. They seemed to have not the slightest fear of me, for frequently they came within a yard of me where I was sitting, and after looking up, they continued catching small water insects, &c., on the weeds, without minding my presence in the least."—P. 61.

Meanwhile, during this considerate and apparently by no means hostile *reconnaissance* on the author's part, what has become of Mr. Dunbar, who had gone up to the inn for a gun? Whether conscience smote them, and their proceedings were deemed too dark for publication, we cannot say, but we may infer what happened from the following passage:—

"Though we could not discover their nest, I have no doubt that they had eggs very near the spot where we saw them. Indeed, *on dissecting the female*, we found two eggs in her, nearly full-sized; so that probably she had already deposited the other two, which would have made her number complete. I find no account of this bird breeding on the mainland of Scotland."

We are not aware of its having been previously observed breeding further south than Orkney, where it is not uncommon in Sanday, Westray, and at Sandwick, in Pomona. It is also well known in Iceland during the summer season, and along all the Arctic coasts of America.

But we fear we cannot further follow the details of the Sutherland portion of Mr. St. John's work. His "Field-Notes for the Year," which conclude the first and commence the second volume, contain a kalendar of monthly observations, in which the sportsman may suit himself in the selection of much and varied useful information, according to his natural temperament as a lover of heat or cold. Thus, in a clear frosty afternoon in

January, our author takes up his position, just before sunset, in the midst of two or three furze bushes, within easy shot of where a small stream runs into a lake, (we presume in Morayshire,) keeping the water always open.

"Having given my retriever the biscuit which I always carry for him on these cold days, I light my pipe, (the great comfort of the patient wild-fowl shooter,) and look out towards the bay for mallards. The bay is nearly half a mile off; but I can see the ducks between me and the sky almost as soon as they leave it. At first, a solitary pair or two come, quietly and swiftly, probably making their way to some favourite spring farther inland. However, with the help of a cartridge, I bring down a brace from a great height, as they pass over; sometimes tumbling on the ice of the loch behind me, they are nearly split in two; sometimes, when winged, they fall in the rushy stream, and give the retriever no small trouble and cold before he gets them; however, he always succeeds, and having brought the bird, and received his reward of biscuit, he lies down again, but with eyes and ears all intent on what is going on. The sea-gull, or heron, may pass, and he takes no notice of them; but the moment that a wild-duck's quack, or the whistle of his wings, is heard, the dog's ears erect themselves, and he watches my face with a look of most enquiring eagerness. I hear the wild-swans' 'trumpeting' on the sea, but know that they are not very likely to come where I am placed. Presently, however, a brace of teal pitch suddenly and unexpectedly within a few yards of me, having flitted in from behind. I kill the drake, but cannot get a shot at the duck, as she flies low, and the smoke, hanging heavily in the calm evening, prevents me from seeing her. However, all at once the mallards begin to fly from the sea, and for half an hour or less I have to load and fire as fast as I can, as they fly over. I prefer shooting them on the wing; for if I let them pitch in the water, my dog has a swim every time I kill one, and gets half dead with ice and frozen snow.

"The mallards generally fly in from the sea rapidly, and at no great height; but it requires some practice to kill them, as their flight is much quicker than it appears, and they require a hard blow to kill them dead. If wounded only, they fly off, and, dropping at a distance, I can seldom get them that night, owing to the approaching darkness. Sometimes my retriever marks the direction of a wounded duck, and gets it, but generally they are lost, and serve only to feed the foxes, who seem to hunt for maimed birds regularly round the lakes.

"Having killed ten mallards and a teal, it becomes too dark to shoot any more, although I still hear their wings as they fly over my head. Besides which, I have nearly three miles to walk; and my keeper, who has also killed two or three, had, before we commenced duck-shooting, sundry other animals to carry, the produce of my day's wanderings. So, after I have refilled my pipe, and the old fellow has recharged his nose with a spoonful of snuff, we shoulder our game and set off."—P. 173.

Although February is, in many parts of the north, the most snowy month in the year, it has no effect in the way of keeping our author within doors; and, as usual, shooting and sympathy go hand in hand.

"Feb. 8.—I shot a female pochard to-day, one out of a large flock: the rest, of course, all flew away. But presently a male bird, probably the mate of the one I had killed, came flying back from the lake to which the flock had gone; and after passing once or twice low over the place where I had shot her, he pitched on the water, and swam about, searching eagerly for his lost companion. He then went off to the flock again; but soon returned a second time to look for the hen. Three times did he go and return in the same manner, till at last he seemed to give it up as hopeless. I have observed the same attachment to their mates in common wild-ducks, teals, swans, &c., as well as in many other birds. I remember an instance of a hen grouse being caught by the leg in a common vermin-trap, which had been set for ravens. It happened that the trap was not looked at till late the following day, when we found that the cock grouse had brought and laid down to his unfortunate mate a quantity of young heather shoots: they were enough to have filled a hat, and the poor bird must have been employed many hours in collecting them. I cannot express how grieved I was at the hen having been caught."—P. 186.

This kalendar of nature is continued in a very agreeable and instructive manner through all the other seasons of the year, each bringing to our observant sportsman materials manifold for the exercise of his peculiar powers. We have numerous notices of the wild-swan, that most magnificent of all the feathered tribes of Britain. Thus, on a certain occasion, he is watching a flock on a sunny day in March. With a glass he sees his boy and a retriever go round towards them, the appearance of the swans floating quietly on the water being most picturesque, their snowy forms clearly defined on the dark-blue waters, and their shadows gleaming thereon almost as distinctly as themselves upon the surface. We may note, for a moment, that the shadow of the swan, or at least the mode made use of by the greatest of our modern poets to express that fair image, has been subject of controversy—quite an unnecessary one, in as far as Wordsworth's writings are, fortunately for the intellectual enjoyment of innumerable human beings, by no means confined to the Bodleian Library, or that of the British Museum. Who knows not now, whether angler or ordinary tourist, of St. Mary's Lake, embosomed amid the pastoral hills of our southern borders? But what says the great poet regarding this most lustrous and immaculate creature?

"Fair is the swan, whose majesty prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on, while proudly sailing,
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve—
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs,
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
Behold! as with a gushing impulse, heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill and shadowy wood,
And pendant rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute creature without visible mate
Or rival, save the queen of night,
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite."

This exquisite quotation is scarcely fair to Mr. St. John; and while indulging in it, we have ourselves almost forgotten the subject of dispute, which we think related, in the pages of a periodical, to the expression of—

"The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double—swan and shadow!"

But we daresay it was of no consequence to the swan itself, and still less to the shadow.

Our author, we have just said, was watching a flock of swans, which, in spite of the *ruse* he had practised, were so little inclined to rise towards him, that he struck a light, and began to smoke—not so far as they were concerned the calumet of peace,—but rather, on his own account, the pipe of patience and resignation. But when his Latakia was only one-half puffed away, he heard their well-known warning cry, and instantly looking round he saw them flapping majestically along the water, preparatory to their onward flight. At first they made a detour, but he soon saw them coming, three and three together, as is their custom, straight towards him. In a few minutes they were exactly over his head, at a good height, but still within his range, flying with their long necks stretched straight out, and their ebon feet tucked up beneath them. He stood up, and took deliberate aim at the largest, just as he swerved higher into the air on suddenly beholding his insidious foe. The first barrel seemed to have little effect on him, though the shot was distinctly heard to rattle on his quills. The second, however, which was loaded with larger pellets, was more effective; and while his two companions continued crying,

he remained silent. Still he kept up with the troop, the whole making off for the bay, while three smaller swans passed within twenty yards of the sportsman, trumpeting and calling loudly.

"With the glass," says our not yet relenting author, "I watched the bird I had fired at, as I knew he was hard hit. He still, however, held his way with the rest, and they were gradually getting indistinct, when I suddenly saw him rise straight up into the air, his snowy plumage shining as it caught the rays of the sun. I saw him a second time rise perpendicularly to a great height: he then suddenly turned backwards in the air, and tumbled headlong to the ground perfectly dead."—P. 198.

This is good, not very unlike the way in which Mr. Macaulay sometimes serves his ancients, knocking them down without delay, not seldom right and left. The swan had fallen among the benty sand-hills, half a mile off, and the precise spot, from the uniformity of feature, was by no means an easy one to mark. Large and conspicuous as the bird might be, the sportsman had a long, and, for some time, fruitless search. At last he hit upon his victim, by finding its blood upon the sand, and following the drops which had fallen almost in a stream,—the track of blood, though descending from such a height, being as conspicuous as that of a wounded hare upon the snow.

"At length I came to the swan, who was lying stretched out upon the sand, and a noble bird he was. I shouldered him as well as his great length would enable me to do, and carried him back to where the boy was waiting for me. I found him, too, no slight burden; he weighed above 27 lbs.; the breadth between his wings 8 feet, and his length 5 feet. Of all the swans I ever killed, he was by far the largest, the usual weight being from 15 to 18 lbs."—P. 199.

Wild swans usually show themselves in this country during the month of October, in returning from their breeding places in the Arctic regions. A large flight—they sometimes appear among us in congregated groups of from one hundred to two hundred individuals—seen circling round a lonely fresh-water loch, on their first arrival, is certainly one of the most striking ornithological sights in Nature. There is a wild harmony in their bugle-cry as they wheel round and round, their snowy cloud-like companies now breaking into separate wreaths of five or six, and again all joining in one lengthened undulating line, waiting for a word of assurance from some old accustomed leader, whose long acquaintance with the country and its dangers makes him a swan of note. At last the ancient one alights, and in a few moments each after each descending slantingly into radiant contact with the sparkling surface, the entire flock settles down most lovingly upon the bosom of the loch. After a brief

interval, spent as it were in mutual assurance, and in looking around with erected heads, they commence to sip the water, turning their flexile necks into a thousand graceful forms. Ere long, they divide into small family groups, and sailing shorewards, begin to pasture upon the water-grass and other aquatic plants, which their great Creator, who careth for all his creatures, has spread so bountifully along those barren shores.

The combat with a wounded swan is sometimes doubtful. Our author was one evening waiting at a pool for ducks. Just as it got dark, a rushing noise was heard, and a pair of swans flew rapidly over his old keeper's head, and pitched into the water, making a monstrous wave. As the light was failing, the old man, unwilling to forego a chance, got up from his place of concealment, and running quickly to the water's edge, fired both barrels at the largest bird as it was making off. Both birds flew for some distance, until suddenly the wing of one gave way, and down it came into a considerable sized but shallow pool. There was no retriever at hand, but in dashed the veteran keeper, and then commenced a *chasse* seldom seen equalled. Although the water was shallow, the bottom was very uneven, and every minute Donald went down headforemost.

"I called to him to let me shoot the bird, and leave it to drift ashore, but all in vain. On he went, tumbling over and over, and the swan swimming and struggling in the water close to him, making an immense splashing and noise. They got quite away from me; and I had nothing left but to sit down and watch the chase as well as I could through the approaching darkness. At last he hemmed the bird into a rushy corner of the loch, and caught her; but this was no sooner done, than the swan, by her flapping and struggling, tripped him up, and got away again, leaving her antagonist flat in the water. Then, and not till then, he began to load his gun, which he had, to my great astonishment, contrived to carry all the time high over his head; but, of course, notwithstanding all his care, it had got quite wet and would not go off, and the conflict ended at last by a lucky blow from the barrels which stunned the swan."—P. 190.

In the concluding portion of the second volume, entitled, "Extracts from Note-books," we have a great variety of miscellaneous observations, all bearing more or less on living things. The notice of a mountain trip in search of ptarmigan may be taken as a sample of the perils which sometimes beset the adventurous sportsman. The plan arranged was to sleep at a shepherd's hut among the hills, so as to be as near as possible to the intended scene of action on the following morning; so they left home at daybreak, accompanied by Donald, already named, and a single quiet sagacious dog. As soon as they emerged upwards from the woods, a beautiful scene opened before them,—the

morning sun, although not yet visible, tinging the mountain-tops to the westward, their snow-covered summits shining with all the varied colours of the rainbow. Quickly, however, the bright sun of a frosty winter day rose behind them, "making the old birch-trees which grew on the slopes above the river, throw out their dark shadows on the snow." Here and there a roebuck or two vaulted gracefully over the turf-wall into the shelter of the fir woods; grouse-cocks were crowing on the juniper-covered hillocks, which showed their lively green above the mantling snow; while black-game launched themselves from off the bending birch-trees, where they seemed to have been awaiting the first enlivening rays of the rising sun. Everything around was full of beauty and grandeur,—for there is nothing more magnificent than a mountainous country covered with snow, varied as it so often is, by lichen-covered crags, and woods, and waters, and numerous living things, all in the genial enjoyment of their innocent happy lives, and frequently as gladsome in the sunshine of that glittering radiance as if it were the merry month of May. Opposite to a strip of birch trees, a very large otter seemed to have left the river, and made for a well-known cairn. Having reached the cairn, Donald commenced moving the stones, when speedily the dog made a headlong dive amid them and the snow, but drew back as quickly, with a sharp and sudden cry. Then in he went again, his blood being up, but the otter's black head shewed itself at another aperture, "and now dog and man were dancing and tumbling about amongst the snow and stones like lunatics,—the otter darting from place to place, and shewing face first in one corner and then in another." The wily beast next tried to escape by working like a gigantic mole beneath a covered way of snow and heather, and then emerging, crept furtively towards a well-known place of refuge. But, alas! this move had been foreseen, and checked.

"On finding the hole completely stopped up, the countenance of the poor animal assumed a most bewildered expression of astonishment and fear; and lifting himself up on his hind legs, he looked round to ascertain what had happened. On seeing me, he made off towards the river, with as long leaps as the snow would allow him; and as it was tolerably hard, he got on pretty quickly till my charge of shot put an end to his journey."—Vol. ii. p. 223.

The report of the gun started two fine stags, (many another man might live a month in the Highlands, and notice neither bird nor beast,) which had been feeding along the course of a small rill opening into the greater stream on which the sportsmen stood, and they were astonished to see the power with which these two great animals galloped up the hill, although they sank

deep at every stride. "When half-way up they halted to look at us, and stood beautifully defined on the white snow: they then trotted quietly off, till we lost sight of them over the summit of the hill." Herons were seen standing in their usual attitude in the running portions of the streams, (most of the lakes and still waters being frozen over,) waiting patiently till some unwary trout should come within reach of their unerring bills; while here and there one of these birds might be observed, (he had probably already made his morning meal,) standing fixed and motionless on one leg, upon a stone. A golden-eye or two were diving earnestly and quickly in a more open reach of the river, taking wing only when closely approached, and after flying some distance up the stream, "coming back again over my head, making with their rapid pinions the peculiar clanging noise which distinguishes their flight from that of any other duck."

On leaving the region of the birch woods, the country became very wild and dreary, and they had frequently no small difficulty in making their way along the trackless snow. The otters had turned off from the river, and their footsteps were no longer seen. "A wild cat had been hunting at one part of the banks, but had crossed where some stones raised above the water had enabled her to do so tolerably dry-footed." They advanced cautiously towards a spring, where wild fowl were known to haunt in frosty weather, and Donald wormed himself on a little, after the manner of the otter, not minding much though he thereby filled his pockets with snow. "There are six bonny grey dukes feeding about the well, sir; three drakes and three dukes." "Take care, then, Donald, and get two or three in a line before you fire." After waiting a little with his gun pointed towards the place, Donald fired one barrel, and, as they rose, the other. The latter killed none, "*ut mos fuit*," but as only four rose, (two of which, both mallards, immediately fell to Mr. St. John's barrels,) it was presumed that his first shot had done some execution, and it was found that he had riddled a brace most effectually.

"The place where the ducks had been feeding was a bright green spot in the midst of the snow, caused by the spreading of the waters of a fine, unfreezing spring. Around it, also, were the tracks of several deer, who had been cropping the green herbage, and had evidently sunk to their knees at every step which they made in the soft ground. Two snipes also rose while we were picking up our ducks. As we ascended still higher, the river grew more rapid, and was the only object in our view which was not perfectly white. Having finished our frugal luncheon, and swallowed a modicum of whisky, we again 'took to the road,' as Donald was pleased to call it, although road there was none."—P. 227.

The grouse had entirely disappeared, and they now saw no

living creature, except some grey crows, a species at which our author's feelings are always most abhorrent, as the ruthless destroyer of the eggs of all other birds. Creeping cautiously towards them, a kind of family shot is taken at the group, and seven fall at the joint discharge. But the next moment, to the ornithological sportsman's bitter mortification, up rose a magnificent white-tailed eagle out of the bed of the river, where he had been feeding on a drowned sheep, not twenty yards from their then empty barrels. He was so gorged that he could scarcely fly, but after a few laborious wheels, he got well under weigh, and was soon seen wending towards the cliffs of the mountain. As they approached the shepherd's hut, their resting-place for the night, the hill-sides, which were covered with fine old weeping birch trees, presented a most beautiful appearance; and then they saw a great many black-cocks, either perched upon the leafless branches, or trying to make a scanty meal of the juniper berries, which they contrived to get at in places where the snow was not so deep. "I shot a couple of fine old birds as they flew over our heads from one side of the river to the other; and Donald missed several more, as shooting flying is decidedly not his forte." From what has just been said of ducks and black game, it may be presumed that when the party reached the shepherd's shieling, and its peat-stack, they would be in no way wanting in the materials of a good substantial supper, both for man and beast.

Mine host was pretty confident that they would manage to obtain a few ptarmigan next morning, if they started early, although he added, "But, for a' that, it'll be no easy travellin'." They were up before day-light, making their toilet by the ghastly light of a splinter of bog-fir. The "gudewife" had prepared a somewhat elaborate breakfast, consisting of porridge, tea, barley-scones, oat-cakes, eggs, and the substantial remains of the preceding night's supper. Why not milk and honey, and Athole brose to boot? Although the sun soon began to gild the mountain-tops with his enlivening rays, and ere long shone bright on the travellers' backs as they toiled up the steep ascents, the weather-wise shepherd deemed that the day was characterized by some ominous features. Their object was to reach a certain shoulder of the hill, not far from the summit, from which the snow had drifted when it first fell, leaving a sufficient region of bare stones where-among to find the ptarmigan basking in the bright winter sun. They at last attained the wished-for spot, and almost immediately found a pack of these birds, of which they managed to kill four brace before they finally winged their way around a distant shoulder of the hill, where they could not be followed. "An eagle dashed down at the flock of birds as

they were just going out of sight, but as we saw him rise upwards again empty handed, he must have missed his aim."

"By this time," says our quick-sighted surveyor, "it was near mid-day, and the clouds were gathering on the mountain top, and gradually approaching us. We had taken little note of the weather during our pursuit of the birds, but it was now forced on our attention by a keen blast of wind which suddenly swept along the shoulder of the mountain, here and there lifting up the dry snow in clouds. 'We must make our way home at once,' said I. 'Deed, ay! it will no be a canny nicht,' was the shepherd's answer. Just as we were leaving the bare stones, a brace of ptarmigan rose, one of which I knocked down. The bird fell on a part of the snow which sloped downwards towards a nearly perpendicular cliff of great height. The slope of the snow was not very great, so I ran to secure the bird, which was fluttering towards the precipice. The shepherd was some little distance behind me, lighting his everlasting pipe; but when he saw me in pursuit of the ptarmigan, he shouted to me to stop. Not exactly understanding him, I still ran after the bird, when suddenly I found the snow giving way with me, and sliding *en masse* towards the precipice. There was no time to hesitate, so, springing back with a power that only the emergency of the case could have given me, I struggled upwards again towards my companion. How I managed to escape I cannot tell, but in less time than I take to write the words, I had retraced my steps several yards, making use of my gun as a stick to keep myself from sliding back again towards the edge of the cliff. The shepherd was too much alarmed to move, but stood for a moment speechless; then recollecting himself, he rushed forward to help me, holding out his long gun for me to take hold of. For my own part, I had no time to be afraid, and in a few moments was on *terra firma*, while a vast mass of snow which I had set in motion rolled like an avalanche over the precipice, carrying with it the unfortunate ptarmigan. I cannot describe my sensations on seeing the danger which I had so narrowly escaped."—P. 232.

From the preceding commentary and extracts, we trust that our readers will have been enabled to form an opinion regarding the general character and particular merits of Mr. St. John's work. The ongoings of nature are ever in his eye; and although he modestly disclaims all scientific knowledge, he really conveys to us much essential information in a pleasant and familiar form. He wisely eschews all vexed questions concerning Church and State, although he—

"Remembers a roebuck, belonging to a clergyman of the Established Church in Scotland, which one day attacked and hurt a woman who was a zealous supporter of the Free Church. The good lady uttered the most bitter maledictions against the clerical owner of the roe, vowing that he kept his Satanic Majesty 'in the shape of a horned beast,' for the sole purpose of attacking and destroying Free Church people."—P. 183.

And again, while discussing the instincts of the canine race, he relates the following anecdote:—

“A minister in a parish in this neighbourhood having died, his favourite dog followed his body to the grave, and no inducement could persuade the faithful animal to leave the place. Night and day, bad weather and good, did the dog remain stretched on the grave. The people of the neighbourhood, finding all their endeavours to entice him away fruitless, and respecting his fidelity, fed and protected him. This continued for weeks,—indeed until some time after the manse was tenanted by the new minister, whose wife, from some wretched feeling of superstition, caused the dog to be killed. May the mourners over her own grave be better treated!”—P. 208.

This is indeed a sad story, and we know not how the cruelty can now be punished, or in what form the matter might be brought before the General Assembly of either Church. But “conscience makes cowards of us all,” and we doubt not the offending fair one,—we use a term of courtesy, although inwardly satisfied that the cruel culprit was not among the comeliest of her sex,—still hears, ever and anon, in murky midnight hours, wild melancholy howlings from that grassy grave, which no gruff logical assurance from her sulky sleeping partner can dispel.

Towards the conclusion of the work, we have a Chapter on the introduction of sheep into the Highlands, and on the antipathy entertained towards them, their shepherds, shepherds’ dogs, and tarry smell, by deer. Of course our author takes rather a sporting than an economical view of the subject.

“Watchful to a degree, they are a constant annoyance to the deer-stalker, who loses many a shot by the object of his long and weary crawl and scramble being suddenly warned of its danger by the cry of the sheep,—*a loud sound between a hiss and a whistle*. No sooner does the red-deer hear a sheep utter this warning cry than he starts to his feet as if he had heard a rifle-shot, and is off in an instant. Nor does the red-deer ever mistake the direction from which the danger is to be feared. Guided by the appearance of the sheep, he sees at once which way to go to avoid his unseen enemy.”—P. 244.

It is curious that this warning whistle of the leading sheep, which we have heard a hundred times, passes unnoticed by the mass of pedestrians. We have met with many otherwise observant people, some of whom had dwelt almost for a lifetime within the shadow of great pastoral mountains, who declare that any cry of sheep different from the ordinary and admitted bleating never met their ears.

Mr. St. John’s work winds up with a Chapter on the Herring and other Fisheries of the Scotch coasts,—a subject so broad and

deep as to require, as it deserves, a dissertation by itself. We shall therefore not enter on such a "*Mare magnum*" at this time, but may at an early period bring the matter before our readers on its own unmingled merits. Meanwhile, we quite agree with our author, (vol. ii. p. 271,) that neither herring, salmon, nor other so-called migratory fish, leave our coasts during those seasons in which they seem to disappear for a time from mortal sight. We doubt not they continue at no great distance from our shores, sinking down into quiet waters for shelter and resuscitation, according to their own views of the fitness of things, being no doubt themselves the best judges of the course they should pursue. Our author's account of our fishermen is excellent:—

"He loves them for the dangers they have seen,
And they love him because he pities them."

He indeed draws a vivid picture of the desolations of the deep—how waves arise and winds lift up their voices, and the sweeping hurricane dismantles and destroys the dark array of nets; and how the heavy laden boats—the glittering treasures of the sea being for the time a gift as fatal as the miser's gold—are swamped amid the wilderness of waters, or lost in the raging turmoil of the surf along our unprotected shores. But we are unwilling to part with anything in a state of contention, and so prefer a more peaceful portrait of what admits of being exhibited under an infinite variety of aspects.

"A different mode of pursuing this fish (the herring) is resorted to when the shoals take to the lochs or salt-water inlets on the western coast. The scene is then one of singular interest and beauty. The fishing is carried on in what looks like a calm fresh-water lake, winding far up into the mountains, which, overhanging the water, echo back with startling distinctness every sound which is uttered on its smooth surface. The picturesque rocks, dotted with noble old birch trees, with their weeping branches hanging like ladies' tresses over the deep water of the bay, and the grey mountain slopes above these, add a beauty to the scene which is so unexpected and unusual an accompaniment to sea-fishing, that to be understood it must be seen. Hundreds of boats are actively employed in every direction; whilst larger vessels lie waiting to get their cargo of fish complete, and then stand out of the bay, winding round its numerous headlands, until they can take advantage of a steady wind, blowing from some one certain point, instead of from two or three at once, as mountain winds always do. In addition to these vessels, there is the Government cruiser, distinguishable at once by its symmetry and neatness, lying near the mouth of the loch, with its tall masts and long yards, keeping order amongst the thousands of men who are rivals in the same pursuit, and all eager for the best places, or what they consider as such.

When she fires the morning and evening gun, or makes any other signal, the echo is repeated again and again, loud and distinct, and then dies away with a rumbling noise like far off thunder, as the sound penetrates up some distant glen. The deer feeding on the grassy burns of the corry hear it, and lifting up their heads, listen intently for some minutes to the strange sound, until having made up their mind that it is not a matter that concerns them, they resume their grazing, only listening with increased watchfulness to every noise."—Vol. ii. p. 281.

In regard to our fisheries, Mr. St. John agrees with the world in general, that through a careful attention on the part of Government, and a very moderate outlay of public money, they might be made the source of sustenance and occupation to many thousands more of our suffering population than are at present supported by them.

"The seas which surround our coasts contain an inexhaustible supply of wholesome and nutritious food, and nothing is required to render it largely available to all but an efficient, systematic, and well-regulated mode of procuring it."—*Ib.*, p. 288.

- ART. V.—1. *Of Man, Six Monograms*: By DAVID SCOTT, S.A. Edinburgh, London, Hamburg, Leipsic: 1831.
 2. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*: illustrated, &c., by DAVID SCOTT, Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting. Edinburgh and London: 1837.

ANOTHER potent and beautiful spirit has passed away. David Scott has completed the high-aiming curve of his brief career. The sudden-seeming decease of a man so young and vivid, a painter so aspiring and energetic, and a man of genius so characteristic, has not only overwhelmed his friends and lovers with dismay, but it has also saddened the heart of his native city. It is not to be denied that Edinburgh demeaned herself towards this, one of the noblest of her sons, with more of the severity of a stepmother than the tenderness of maternal solicitude: But now that he has been withdrawn from her embrace for ever, she appreciates her loss. She did not understand him living, but bewails him dead.

In the course of the last fifteen or twenty years Scott had steadily become one of the most noteworthy of native artists. Without fortune, without office, without professional success commensurate with his undisputed superiority, and living in a state of seclusion if not alienation from society, he exhibited a wonderful series of pictures from year to year; recognised, by all but the most frivolous spectators, to be the manifestations of a powerful and exalted soul. The superficial observer was frequently so much startled as to find no suitable expression for his perplexity except in the sneer of presumptuous folly; the technical critic was often confounded by the careless pride with which his rules were set at defiance and superseded; the deeper judge of painting, considered as one of the forms of art, might occasionally descry some reason to question the principles of the artist's procedure: but the thoughtful were always sure of the striking and original utterance of some new insight into the nature of man, or into the resources of art. Everybody, capable of forming and pronouncing such a judgment, was aware that only genius of the most personal and lofty order could have even endeavoured to give itself expression in the large majority of those singular pieces of work. Even those who may have been the most inflexibly disposed, upon well-considered æsthetical grounds, to dispute the painter's whole idea of art, both in its scope and in its materials, were also free to confess that he could be nothing less than a gifted and self-reliant poet at heart. All men felt that they stood before the works of a mind grandly en-

dowed with 'the faculty divine,' if they were likewise of opinion that he had not completely achieved 'the accomplishment of verse.' Nor can there be any doubt, but that the mass of discerning people did invariably assign him a far higher rank in the hierarchy of intellect than all his competitors in the race of fame, even while they honestly refused to his intensely idiosyncratic productions an equal meed of praise and more substantial encouragement.

In fact, the large and solemn studio, in which he painted and preserved his picture-poems, had gradually become one of the most curious and significant features of Edinburgh and its School of Art; and its master-spirit, one of the most individual of Scottish characters belonging to the age in which we live. It was there that men of eminence in the Church, in politics and law, in science, in literature and in life, discovered what manner of man he was; and left him with surprise, seldom unmingled with pain, and always ennobled by admiration. It was there that intellectual strangers, of all the more elevated classes of mental character, found another 'wise man in a little city,' not without astonishment that they had scarcely heard of him before. It was there that many a tender-hearted lover of whatsoever is great and good was at once melted and uplifted by the spectacle of so much cool self-possession, such unquenchable perseverance, such intrepid independence, and such height of contemplation; displayed in circumstances which were evidently the reverse of propitious. It was there that enamoured students of poetry, in its essence rather than in its manifold embodiment, stood with reverence by his side and, perhaps as proudly indifferent to particulars as he sometimes was himself, penetrated by means of imaginative sympathy to the soul of truth and beauty, that stirred under the surface of all his happier efforts. It was there that congenial poets took his cold hand in theirs, and bade him God-speed, with tears threatening in their eyes. It was there also, still more than at the household hearth, that his friends descried the heart of unflaming fire, which glowed within the distant quietude of his manners. It was there, alas! it may almost literally be said, that he died.

The sympathetic reader, who has not enjoyed the benefit of acquaintance with the works of this high-minded artist, will yet confess that the man, of whom all these things are recorded without a tittle of exaggeration, must be worthy of some enduring literary monument to his name. Such a mausoleum could not be raised within the narrow enclosure of a Review; even supposing that it were, as it is not, our province and our ambition to undertake the task. In the meantime, however, it can be neither unprofitable nor yet without its pleasures of melancholy, to trace his

progress in life and art, to glance over the varied results of his unsurpassable industry, to inquire a little into his mode of being, and to eliminate something like a life-like image of what he was. So peculiar and dignified a figure must not be suffered to stalk away into the night of time, without a bloodwarm portraiture being sketched by one of his contemporaries, how slight and feeble soever it may be. Such an estimate of the man, of his genius, and of his doings, will necessarily be imperfect, probably not impartial, and certainly enthusiastic, conceived and executed as it is upon the untrodden pathway of the departed. But the future biographer will take this circumstance into account; and, avoiding the tear-irradiated colours of the mourner, he may find some lines and lineaments for his severer picture in these faithful particulars. In truth, it is this reference to the future that lends somewhat of importance to the present attempt: for it is the profound and long-lived conviction of not a few retired and thoughtful judges that the name of David Scott is henceforward historical, and is destined to become much more interesting to the critics of the next century than it has yet been in this. Even were their fond surmise doomed to disappointment, a thing we do not fear, it cannot but be good to consider the lustrous and severe Ideal, which a man of genius and virtue has been pursuing these twenty years and more in the very midst of us;—until the beautiful but terrible Apparition turned round on her creator, and hunted him to an early grave.

Scott would have been forty-three if he had lived till the 10th of next October. He was born in 1806, in Parliament-close, where his father both resided and carried on an extensive business as an engraver. To judge from a grim portrait of him by his son, and from the reminiscences of some who knew him, Robert Scott seems to have been a man of energy and mark. Eminent in his profession, he was more than fifty years its leading representative in Edinburgh. Not without skill himself, he was the master of a number of successful pupils. Amongst others both Burnet and Horsburgh were once his apprentices. He must have been a man of inquiring, fervid and self-determining spirit; for he left the communion of the Kirk of Scotland, and identified himself, heart and hand, with the Scottish Baptists; and that after having become a little advanced in life. He did not take this decisive and important step, however, till some two years after the birth of David: and it is curious that the son never sympathized even in boyhood with this honest movement of the father's, but retained a vigorous feeling of preference for the National Church till the very last, although he never belonged to her communion.

Our painter was the fourth child of the family, but the three older ones died within a few weeks of each other, not long after his birth. This melancholy circumstance was not unlikely connected with that deepening and darkening of the religious sentiment, which was coincident with the family's going over to the Baptist community. About the same time, however, they escaped the gloom of those old purlieus of St. Giles', and removed to a house in the Meadows. It was consequently in a free and almost rural neighbourhood that this child of fear and hope was allowed to open the eye of his mind; for he was only two years old at the time of the change. A younger brother, who followed the avocations of their father, died some nine years ago. A sister also fell before her time, just as she was entering into womanhood. Another brother still survives, not unknown either as a painter or as a poet, it is almost unnecessary to observe.

It is clear that, notwithstanding the longevity of the parents, the vital stamina of the family constitution must have been somewhat feeble. The sudden and simultaneous disappearance of those three children, and the premature dissolution of these two young people, sufficiently exemplify the fact. It was visible in David from the beginning. His schoolfellows remember him as a slender boy, of an elegant make, not playful but gentle, retiring, spirit-like and peculiar. They are unanimous in saying, that the uniqueness of his character and manner was as noticeable in these early days as at any time in later life. Attending the High School, he was not without eagerness, and even mastery, in the pursuit of classical studies, although rather weakly in health. Never at any time, however, did he make very considerable proficiency in Greek and Roman literature. Neither languages nor literary forms, as such, had ever attractive enough charms for his mind to carry him through any large amount of labour in order to their attainment; while he was possessed of no rapidity or specific facility in these directions. It was the allegories and the tautologies of the Greek mythology, and the heroic characters and situations of Greek poetry, that fascinated his imagination: and that imagination was so reproductive that the merest hints were sufficient for his purposes. Accordingly he did certainly attain to a genuine feeling for the ancient classics, but never to a true and intimate knowledge of them.

It is also related how he played with the Italian tongue while yet a boy, animated by the young hope of one day reaching Rome; for he had already conceived, and begun to nourish, the love of the great and beautiful in art. In truth it was impossible for him to escape the perilous, though not unblessed touch of that mighty spirit. Living in a home not only overshadowed

by the august verities of Christian faith, perhaps sombre with accidental peculiarities ; but also regulated by an earnest man in the closest connexion with the art of painting ; and literally strewn with prints and sketches, the child of sensibility could hardly avoid the destiny by which he was solicited on every side.

Not rushing profanely and without hesitation into the enchanted arena, he submissively learned the art of the engraver from his father, and became one of the assistants in the paternal establishment. That occupation, intermediate as it is between the honest laboriousness of the tradesman and the ennobling toils of the artist, is a most appropriate initiation for the future painter. When a young creature, unprovided with hereditary fortune, appears to put forth the buddings of a genius for painting or for sculpture, his guardians should always insist on his acquisition of the trade of the house-painter, the lithographer, the marble-cutter, the wood-carver, or else the more liberal art of the engraver, in the first instance. If the neophyte think that any of these manly callings is beneath him, it only proves that he is hopelessly beneath the glorious art to which he aspires. If he be wise he will learn much, that is worth the knowing, in the humbler pursuit ; and his tools shall win him the sweet bread of independence, until he may become able to take wing for more elevated regions, with the ordinary securities against want on one hand and servility on the other.

Scott was many years engaged in this laborious way. He always showed a strong predilection, at the same time, for the exercises of invention and original thought ; and many a design he drew. While no more than a lad, he not only engraved, but also composed the illustrations of several books. *The Casket of Literary Gems*, a work which once enjoyed its share of popularity, contains a number of his early conceptions. Amongst other things, he engraved a set of prints from Stothard's designs, for the illustration of Thomson's *Scottish Melodies* : and they demonstrate him to have been proficient in the art. Nor did he ever lose his skill ; for he subsequently etched the monograms and the illustrations of the *Ancient Mariner*, referred to in the heading of the present Article, with his own hand ; and they are cut with singular freedom and precision of touch. It may also be mentioned that, just shortly before his demise, he had completed an arrangement to etch a series of wonderful designs, expressive of the emotions produced by the contemplations of sidereal astronomy.

He was not long, however, of turning his devout attention to the art of painting ; and that during the precious bye-hours of the busy workman. Nor can there be a sight more touching

and inspiring than that of a high-spirited young man, industriously engaged in the harder day-work of the world, devoting those hours of morning or of night, which souls of less ethereal temperament are glad to bestow upon rest or relaxation, to the solicitous development of that which is highest within him ; whether his personal tendency spring towards philosophy, art or science. If such sacred times were always regulated by the considerations of prudence, not embittered by pecuniary dependencies, and unfevered by the greed of applause, they would never be the harbingers of wo. If the ingenuous youth could only be content to discover the true, or to re-create the beautiful, and remain as indifferent as nature to what mortal man may think of either his beauty or his truth, such hours were indeed the glory of his life and the joy of the world.

Scott had not yet, however, attained to the serenities of spiritual life. He was ambitious of distinction, as well as enamoured of untold beauty. Strong in aversion and ardent in choice, he conceived an antipathy to his first profession. Everything shared the dislike of this quiet but impassioned votary, which stood in the way of his entry into the upper spheres of art. The burine was consequently abandoned, and the young engraver became an eager competitor with the 'lords of fame' for the honours of historical painting. There has been found, amongst the chaos of artistical debris he has left behind him, a very characteristic sketch bearing the date of 1828, and referring to this crisis of his career. It represents himself, seated at his graving table indeed, but hurling the implements of the craft away from him ; and that with irrevocable decision, if not with disgust. A certain disdain, in truth, not only for whatsoever is absolutely mean, but also for whatever might seem to partake of that quality relatively to himself, was unquestionably a prominent feature of his character.

It was in this twofold spirit that at twenty-two he undertook to lead the life of art, and that in its most exalted round ; athirst for greatness, not only in substance, but also in name. It was a brave and proudly taken step ; but in so far as his future comfort in the world was concerned, not a prudent one. Without assuming the profession of portraiture, with a view to the securing of physical wellbeing, and as a means towards freedom for loftier aims ; this still, but fervid youth, plunged amid the sea-deep perils of a purely ideal existence. Were it right to consider the life of the artist only from the terrestrial point of view, one might here exclaim—'Ah that some sagacious voice had reminded thee, O generous boy, that money and money's-worth are the inexorable, although the inferior limitations of man's grandest possibilities in this epoch of society !' It is more than likely indeed that he

had to listen to many an affectionate caution of that sort : But we refuse to look upon the question exclusively in such a light. The case is simply this : David Scott early laboured under the quickest sense of having a specific function to attempt, if not to perform ; and he did well to tread down every impediment. The adventure he had resolved upon could not be complicated with other avocations, without danger to its success. The very endeavour to realize the noble object, which he had set before himself, presupposed the unreserved dedication of all his years and all his energies to its prosecution. To have executed portraits indiscriminately would have fretted his imperious sense of selection, frittered his time into shreds, and weakened his native and distinguishing impulse to the painting of man instead of men and women. On the other hand, if he had been able to produce those agreeable pictures of personal, household, local or national interest, which are usually painted and sold in this country now, he would certainly have been wholly incompetent to the more dignified labour of making immortal works, possessed of and by those qualities which are universal and humane. It is not at present asserted that he has accomplished a destiny so glorious ; but such was the continuous object of all his efforts, during these twenty years of uncompromising toil. It behoved him, then, to leave all and follow the Pharos, whose fiery light had smitten and baptized his young brow. He had really no right to hesitate or question ; for the path of duty lay bright and clear before him, although both narrow and hard to climb. Being of a deeply religious and unworldly nature, he accordingly went forth with his life in his hand ; and he never repented the venture, even after he discovered he had been summoned to a festival, but a festival of sacrifice as well as triumph. Nor does the event not warrant his procedure, even when taken in connexion with the lowest considerations. Thanks to the industry of his father, the ever-ready hearts and hands of a few devoutly admiring friends, and to the good prices brought by such of his pictures as did sell, he never wanted money for either the necessary or the desirable purposes of common life. He always lived in the midst of modest plenty. ‘Wisdom is justified of her children.’

Besides, it is surely a doctrine strange and new to Christianity, the religion of the cross, that pains and privations are to be by all means avoided ; come what may over that immortal essence, which can flourish without the dews of sensuous comfort, and defy the stings of outward suffering. Doubtless those penalties and compensations, which were paid by Scott for the privilege of twenty years’ habitual dwelling with the highest of thoughts and feelings, were good for him. They corrected certain evil biases of his original nature ; they purified and heated his aspi-

rations; they deepened his trust in goodness; they opened new worlds of insight into the relationship of God and man; and they had brought him nearer home, when the hour of loosing from his work arrived ere it was yet noon. It is moreover our mature opinion that they were instrumental to his peculiar development as an artist; but of that hereafter. In the meantime, let the lighter-hearted children of success, applause and propriety not be too sure that they have fallen on the better way; for perhaps this son of sorrow has long been 'there sitting where they durst not soar.'

It was in these circumstances that Scott began his career as a painter. Self-willed yet sensitive, ambitious but despising the arts of rising, impulsive and industrious, well-informed but imaginative, studious yet imperiously original, he commenced as he has ended. The unbroken unity of his course, indeed, is as remarkable as its integrity and self-reliance. On the very threshold of his enterprise, he knew the absolute necessity of both the knowledge of anatomy and the use of models. He not only studied that science with care in the university; but he likewise united with John Steell and a little band of young artists, in the establishment of a sort of life-academy. This was in 1827; he is reported by his companions to have been the soul and secretary of the movement; and they were not long in drawing from the model in a room in Infirmary Street. It appears that Woolford had made a similar attempt some twenty years before; but this spontaneous and decisive effort of Scott's must always be regarded as the origination of studies from the life in Edinburgh.

The first picture he brought before the public was entitled *The Hopes of early Genius dispelled by Death*; or, *The Vision of the Youth of Genius dispelled by Death*. Although its merits as a pictorial work are necessarily small, it certainly gave assurance of the future man. The young poet lies upon an open book, his head pressed to the ground by the left hand of Death, a lurid, three-horned, fire-eyed figure with lightning in his left. He is supported against the fateful pressure of disease by the arm of an old man, the representative of vitality or time. The visions of his precocious prime withdraw into the ascending distance, in the semblance of a pair of sister-nymphs. This crude, but thoughtful work has already been regarded, by the eye of affectionate criticism,* as not only indicative of his future excellence in conception and execution, but also as presentimental, or at least unconsciously prophetic of his own fate. But the application does not hold. Scott's was too assuredly an early

* *The Scotsman* : March 7th.

genius, but it reached its full maturity. He lived and laboured seven years after he had touched the Dantean zenith of human life, the age of five-and-thirty: and his circle was completed. Ill in body, and sombre in the disposition of his mind, he was frequently despondent and always anxious; but neither the hopes nor the visions of his youth have been dispelled. They remain, let us hope, with him to-day, as the motives to everlasting progress in the celestial life: and they remain with us, for many a score of years to come, in a numerous array of pictures and designs. The truth is that, at the time of painting his first-exhibited picture, he was very unwell; as he has recorded in a note, 'from groping aspiration.' Bearing the date of November, 1827, these significant lines are still visible in his scrap-book:—

This quickly must be past, this struggle cease,
And in the cold clay quiet I shall lie,
Where anxious Care corrodes no aching breast.
I've only lived to feel, and then to die:
To die, and sink away from the bright sun,
To die, and fall from off the cheerful earth,
To die without the race of glory run,
To die while yet exulting in the birth
Of Hope and Joy! Can this be? Yes! I feel
Death clasp me round, like a great hand of steel.

In fact he was seized by the spirit of melancholy at his very starting for the goal. Carefulness about his future destiny oppressed him from the first. He was too delicate of build, and too solitary of soul, for the rough adventures of the world. Long before any real or supposed neglect by the public, or misunderstanding of his very aims by the press, or disappointment in friendship and in love, had vainly endeavoured to chill his spirit, he was the victim of care and apprehension. Years before he would have dared exclaim with Coreggio, 'I too am a painter,' he had muttered in the solitude of his diary:—

From off my brow, O raise thy chilling hand,
Anxiety, slow digger of the tomb!

It was his nature to be sad. Of a feeble constitution, and conscious of the possibilities of art, he could not be otherwise. It was his portion in life; and it was only somewhat confirmed, not by any means produced by the disappointments and worse health of his adult experience. He was too great a man to be beaten down by misfortune; and still more, to be cheated of his joys by the mere privation of what he scarcely sought. Both the relenting public and his embittered admirers may rest assured, once for all, that the want of neither general appreciation nor ample

revenues, had anything to do with the sorrowful seclusion of his character, nor the comparative earliness of his death. As for the latter, it was the foregone conclusion of a radically feeble temperament of body, united with a total incapability of husbanding his scanty forces with skill. If he had passed his days in the hot flush of prosperity and delight, like the sybarite of Urbino, he would only have lived the faster and died the sooner. Like Burns, Shelley, Byron, Raffaele, and many an humbler name, his constitution was prefigured unto a brief duration. His everlasting dissatisfaction, on the other hand, was the natural resultant of that short-wound bodily mechanism and a soul awake, on every side, to the mystery of life. That feeling for the infinitude of being in all perceptible directions, which is to us perhaps no better than a thing to be criticized, was to him an unrepenting passion. His sense of personal limitation, of every kind, was a fiercer shirt than ever Nessus wore around his soul. Travelling constantly between these extremes, and never finding the secret of their reconciliation, he was a melancholy man. One morning in the July of 1844, he sat under the fragrant shadow of a walnut-tree in his garden, and a cheerful friend was by his side. It was Saturn and Mercury; but, alas, they had wandered far from Olympus! The sun was undimmed, the sky was of a languid blue, the air was swarming with light and heat; and the trees were all as quiet as if they listened to the cool and liquid song of a blackbird, which began to pour from the dome-like top of one of them. Is not that melancholy? whispered the saturnine painter. I declare, exclaimed the more mercurial spirit, you will defame the very sun, and swear it is a melancholy sight! So it is, was his response; that unending solitude, always giving and never receiving, is surely sad.

On another occasion he suddenly broke silence and said, How is it that I do not, that I can not enter into these flowers? I am forever outside of them. I cannot hear what they would say: is it my blame?

This was his vivid and shy way of expressing an unremitting sense of the fall of man from his original communion with nature; a feeling of utter dissatisfaction with the poor degree in which he was able to lead a higher life than that of the senses; and an inextinguishable longing for paradise regained. It was one of the forms in which that reserved soul expressed to the ear of friendship his manifold sense of error. He lived as habitually in this sacred mood, perhaps, as any man of equal mundane culture in his day. The same homesickness of the immortal spirit is also uttered through some passionate lines in his journal; which are here transcribed solely for the sake of impressing the reader with this rare and noble feature of the man.

O beautiful Sun,
How shall I meet thee, see thee, know thee enough?
I grasp, but hold not; I see, but perceive not;
I feel, but touch not:—Ever beyond lies all joy.
Ever, away flitting, escapes the good of good.
It is named, it is thought present; but it is far.
Good, beauty, light! we are lovers ever unwed:
We love, yet cannot be one, cannot!
O Spirit, what art thou then? And I, what am I?
Are thought, sense, and nature one?
Or, my soul, art thou not soul enough to throw thyself
Into their full embrace?
Can I not drink thy brightness, light!
Can I not bathe in thy serenity, blue of heaven!
I have not enough, bright Sun, of thee.

Such was the spirit and such the circumstances in which Scott espoused the profession of the painter. Instructed by the instinct of genius that in order to the creative representation of humanity the dimensions of nature must be used, although the artistic imitation or reproduction of men and things derives an additional charm from the smaller scale on which it may be effected with propriety, he stretched his canvass as large as life at the very outset of his career; and he would never have done otherwise but for the necessities of circumstance. Lot fleeing from the Cities of the Plain, Sarpedon carried away by Death and Sleep, and Nimrod the mighty Hunter were among the earliest results of this expansive energy; and they certainly evinced remarkable grandeur of composition, not a little knowledge of drawing, much power of expression, some command of colour, and a rare degree of poetical feeling for the central and organic idea of their several subjects. The last of these was, however, the most wonderful and distinguishing feature of those early works, as well as of all his subsequent efforts. Not only to have an idea and always a great one, but to have been seized, mastered, penetrated and overflowed by that idea, was his peculiar quality as an artist; and he certainly stands alone in the history of British art in this deep respect. It was visible in those early productions, at all events, that a strong, subtle, titanic, curiously caparisoned, if not an 'erring and extravagant spirit,' had entered the lists. Standing before those young works, one can understand the rapturous admiration and the daring with which their mounting author exclaimed—'I could do something in this style,' after thoughtfully inspecting an outline of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the portfolio of a well-beloved fellow-student who had just returned from Rome! There is no avoiding the observation, in fact, that in the predominant intellectuality of his inward life, and also in his oppressive sense

of the afflicted Will of Humanity in war with things, he belonged essentially to the order, though by no means to the very class of Buonarrotti, the most vatic of all Christian painters. But we are warned not to indulge in anything like criticism, either of his characteristics as a painter specifically so called, or of his particular works. Our business is much more with the man and the artist than with the painter, else there were no hope of doing him justice within the necessary limits of an Article like this; and in such a case it is better to say nothing at all than to say too little.

Suffice it then that in 1832 Scott went to Paris, lingered with delight in the gallery of the Louvre, and examined that of the Luxembourg not without satisfaction; that he proceeded by way of Geneva to Milan, studying the Cathedral, the remains of Da Vinci's Last Supper, the Academical Gallery, and the 'well-drawn, thin-painted, tinlike pictures' of the modern Milanese; that he passed, with a mind awake and open to all kindred impressions, through Bergamo, Verona and Padua to Venice; where he remained some time, painting busily in the Palace all morning, spending his evenings among the works of the Academia, and otherwise striving to apprehend the nature of Titian and his school; and that not with most satisfying of results. It is at this point of a journal of his travels in quest of culture and inspiration that he exclaims:—

'But, oh! what is to be seen here to fulfil the idea of what one should and can perform? Nothing. Titian is an old man without imagination in all his works; Tintoretto a blind Polyphemus; Veronese a Doge's page.'

Before advancing to Rome he visited Parma, 'the place of Coreggio;' Bologna, with its sombre churches, pictures and air; Florence, the tomb of Dante, Buonarrotti, Alfieri, Machiavelli and Aretino, not to mention many others 'who *really are* dead;' and Sienna. At last he arrived in the Eternal City. He dwelt there more than a year; searching its multitudinous works of art with a free and speculative eye; writing down the results of his investigations in an ample, terse and most instructive notebook; inditing a world of lawless poetry; and painting with un-failing industry. It was in the midst of the magnificent influences of the Capitol of old Christendom that he began the colossal picture of Family Discord; a daring undertaking, which he afterwards finished at home; and which he never ceased to regard as the most individual and the greatest of all his works.

The scene is laid in the porch of a doom-laden home; and the imagination of the spectator is transported into some Pelasgic or other primaeval epoch of the world. The son has risen up

against the sire ; the patriarchal giant, closing his eyes and bowing his head under the mighty sorrow of such a conflict, has left his native seat between the pillars of the house, and he struggles impotently forward ; the house-mother and a daughter hang upon his arms, dragging him down with their very efforts to sustain him against the glorious rebel. Trailing on the ground before them, yet erecting his head and trunk like a young lion, the first-born lifts up the right hand of an accusing child with a passion of energy which is truly grand. There is a cincture round his temples, and a sword under the pressure of his brawny left hand ; his scanty raiment is partly of lions' skins and partly of crimson-purple : for he is predestinated to the ascendancy, as Saturn superseded Chaos and was overthrown by Jove ; the latest being still the best. Beside him lies a fallen tripod and an image of stone, a household god, broken in pieces. The father had made unto them gods that were no gods ; but the son had been with the Assyrian on the tops of the mountains, seen the stars, subdued their adorers, and could no longer worship before the paternal idol !

The patriarch himself, however, is the principal and the greatest figure in this representation of the eternal strife and tragedy of the progress of Humanity from generation to generation ; and that whether considered dramatically, symbolically or anatomically. Blind and helpless fury, pain never to be assuaged, and a certain consciousness of the dutiful necessity to succumb, are all presented to the eye with irresistible force. Of the artistic properties of this sublime production we refrain from speaking at large ; as well as from the attempt to describe the other figures of the group. The treatment of the colour and shadow of this work is the very best exemplification of Scott's maturer ideas concerning the sensuous portion of pictorial art. The whole canvas is as dark as necessity and fate could render it ; the breadths of colour are small when compared with the deep, dead shadows of the piece ; and most assuredly no bright hues are employed for the purpose of relieving the mind, as some critics would express it, that is to say for the spurious purpose of conveying a pleasure in discord with the essential sentiment of the work. The handling is thick, solid and massive.

Such was the first-fruits of his studies in Italy and his previous independent, almost solitary growth at home. It was well for him that he had been unable to enter that museum of the noble arts before his individual character had organized itself into a distinct and manly form. This circumstance placed him far above the customary weakness of making elaborate copies from particular pictures ; and left him time to enrich his portfolio with a vast number of sketches, indicative of the ideal intention of the

pictures he admired. It was impossible, however, to devote himself exclusively to works so large as that which has just been described. The number of spectators, capable of seeing the thing signified in symbolical representations, whether in picture or in poem, is by no means large : while corporate bodies are always behind the progress of individual culture ; and only public halls can either contain, or harmonize with colossal orphic paintings, such as the Family Discord of our advancing race. Scott had accordingly to paint a numerous array of smaller works in the succession of years. He has produced a series of pictures of historical character ; Mary Queen of Scots receiving her death-warrant, Jane Shore found dead in the street, Richard receiving his Nephews, Gloster conveyed to prison at Calais, the Merry Wives of Windsor rehearsed before Queen Elizabeth, and others ; and they are all pre-eminently graphic in expression. There is also a number of presentations of generic character ; Paracelsus the Alchemist, the Triumph of Love, Peter the Hermit, Hope passing over the horizon of Despair, and the like ; and these belong to a department in which he greatly excelled. Then there is likewise a charming string of emblematic or allegorical pieces ; Love and Time, Ariel and Caliban, Puck fleeing before the Dawn, Beauty wounded by Love, Ariel and the Mermaid, Children in the Chase of Pleasure, and some more ; almost all of them distinguished by considerable delicacy of touch and exquisite, though severe and very simple harmony of colouring. Nor must his illustrations of the divine history of Christ be forgotten ; the Taking down from the Cross, the altarpiece of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Chapel at Edinburgh, the Dead rising at the Crucifixion, and the Ascension of our Lord. But it must be confessed by all that, notwithstanding the profound thoughtfulness and feeling of every one of these things, David Scott was never completely himself within the confines of the smaller canvas. Carrying down the colossal mode of treatment, which was necessary to the purposes of grand tautegorical or symbolical painting, into little pictures of incident, character, or allegory, he marred the perfection of these minor productions.* The consequence is that there is scarcely one of them that does not bear the marks of self-inflicted wrong. This is especially observable in the anatomy of the limbs, in the character of the expression, and in the colour of the pictures in question. They

* To allegorize is to horizon or define one thing by another thing : to tautegorize is to define a thing by that which is a part of itself, by a symbol or something which is *cast along with it*, or is coincident with it ; as etymologists are aware. To represent humanity by a man is to exemplify the tautegorical method of poetry ; to do it with success is to be a poet of a very high order.

are the noble, but over-pronounced productions of a giant compelled to work in little. Accordingly, with the exception of Achilles mourning over the body of Patroclus, and of Orestes pursued by the Furies, Scott never did his peculiar genius and accumulated powers anything like justice after the completion of his Roman and climacteric work, until he spread the ample canvas for Vasco de Gama passing the Cape of Good Hope.

The incident and mere body of this imperishable work are taken from Camoens' description of a sudden storm which threatened to overwhelm the ship and annihilate the enterprise of the hero of Portugal, when endeavouring to double the Cabo Tormentoso; a description in which the poet evokes the Genius of the then solitary seas of that tempestuous region. Adamastor gathers himself up from the weltering waters over which he reigns, and rises gigantic above the surge. Ashy pale, his head bristling with hairs of withered red, livid-eyed and loud, this potent monster opposes the advancement of the gallant explorers with all his armoury of terror and of tempest in vain.

In the picture it is a thick night-scene. The good ship is caught and entangled in a wild chain of lightning, dashed from the hand of the fiend; which not only furnishes the rapid light and shadow of the circle, but signifies the thunder-crash of the moment we are permitted to gaze upon the hero and his companions: And what a ship-board it displays! In the centre is rooted the figure of De Gama, full in the blinding but momentary light, his right hand tightening the helmet on his head and shading his eyes, his left hand pressing his cross-hilted sword upon his faithful heart, his manly countenance full of concentrated purpose, his feet planted immovably upon the reeling deck, and his whole frame and attitude expressive of the imperturbable trust and courage of genius and of virtue. He searches the thickest of the storm with his unquailing glance, and questions the disclosing lineaments of the apparition.

The spirit is ahead of the labouring vessel; a vast, vague, half-visible and fearful Colossus, conjured out of the palpable darkness of the distance.

Such are the circumference and the middle of the work. It is in the antagonism of these principal elements, and in the equipoise of these opposing forces, that the painter has most signally displayed his poetical insight. Around and against the hero are arrayed the treacherous night, the lightning with its angry roar, the enraged billows, the exulting demon of that lonely zone, the distracted ship and her more or less self-abandoned crew, and the impending ruin of the great undertaking for which he had prayed and toiled his whole life long; but he is steadfast, self-contained, and equal to them all. It is a heroic man, filling his sphere,

sufficient for his circumstances, and a match for fate. It is a universal text. It stands for Homer, St. Paul, Dante, Michael Angelo, Luther, Shakspeare, Cromwell, Kepler, Luis de Camoens, or for Scott himself, as truly as for De Gama. Nor is any man alive who may not, and ought not to see the perfection and express image of himself in this self-sufficing Vasco, with his faith in the Cross, his confidence in himself, and his ready-handed use of means. This is one of the great and beautiful lessons of this noble epic.

The area of the piece is filled with concentrical rounds of an imaginary crew, the whole picture being remarkably circular and self-fulfilling in its nature. The various figures which crowd around the pillared hero of the scene, present the diverse effects of the same circumstances on a number of the different characters humanity takes on; and they help to insinuate the moral purpose of the artist more effectually into the heart and imagination of the docile spectator. In order to satisfy the historical demands of the incidental subject, the personages are drawn from the time of the voyage; but its poetical or universal nature has permitted the painter to depart from literality of detail with the strongest effects. The bitterness and cursing, even in the hour of trial, of a couple of sensual mutineers, bound to the capstan at the feet of the discoverer; two pairs of mariners, deriving the diminution of their terror from clinging to one another; the dependent, but chivalrous audacity of a young nobleman drawing his sword behind the commander, and a group of mailed knights bristling forward with their spears beyond the noble youth; an old pilot on all fours at his captain's feet; an athletic soldier daring the demon with the cross upheld before the mast; a monk paralyzed with horror; a Moor upbraiding him for the impotence of his creed; and a dog howling to the winds, are some of the features which are scattered with equal prodigality and skill between the hero and the surrounding night.

The technical merits of this grand work are very great. Not only is the drawing true, powerful and expressive, but its vigour is supported by an equal strength and virility of touch. The colour is remarkable for its predominant unity of tone over the whole canvas; while it is clear, distinct and satisfactory in the details. The management of the light and shadow is excellent; being steady, unaffected and without exaggeration, yet not toned down so as to weaken its force. When you go near the painting, you are struck by the massive body of colour which has been used in the production of a surface so homogeneous. In addition to these things, and far above them when intellectually considered, is that unity of character pervading the style of the whole multitude of figures, which gives a genuinely epic

feeling to the work. It is our opinion, however, after years of acquaintance with it, that this crowning creation of the genius and industry of David Scott is more than epic. It is also a symbolical picture, representative of Humanity in the progress of its august and perilous voyage; the painter worked at it under this idea also; and it is from such a point of view alone that all its significance can be drunk into. But we must not insist on it at present; and it would be impertinent to discuss any less important production of our author's, after having paused so long before his master-piece.

This sketch would be imperfect, however, without particular reference to the literary exertions of its subject. He appears to have early found some vent for his opinions and emotions in writing. His journal and copied letters, written during his sojourn on the Continent, have already been alluded to. A vast quantity of poetry has been found among his manuscripts; lyrics, odes, dithyrambs, orphics, and especially an epic in six books, entitled *British Deed*. It will be time enough to discuss the qualities of these productions when they shall have been given to the world. Not to speak of any earlier and cruder essays, the most decided attempt he ever made to give a permanent literary expression to his ideas, concerning the theory and practice of plastic art, was published some nine years ago in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.* It consisted of a series of curious dissertations on the distinguishing characteristics of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian, Coreggio, the Caracci, Caravaggio; and of the schools of art, as well as the kinds of men and circumstance, they severally represent. It needs scarcely be mentioned that the differentiating qualities of those great representatives are not sought in the external properties of their works; but in principles holding directly on the generic constitution of the human mind, the modifying influences of time, place and personal idiosyncrasy not being overlooked. The differing creations of the masters are considered as the natural and necessary, though the plastic and variable, exponents of the differing ideas by which they were severally possessed. They habitually looked upon nature and man from totally diverse points of view, and therefore their representations of the ideal of human life were wholly dissimilar; circumstances which obligated modes of treatment equally dissimilar and diverse. Those classifications, for example, which designate the Venetians as the school of colour, or as the ornamentalists, are shown to be as shallow as they are specious. Our author penetrates to the secret of Venetian life, and finds it sensuous to the core; he seizes the theory of Titian and his

* Numbers for February and June 1839, and for January and March 1840.

subordinates, and discovers that it is essentially material : and then he tries to deduce all the characteristics of their colour, their light and shade, their ornament and their composition from these premises, with what success the student must judge for himself. But the central and deepest idea of the remarkable pieces of critical literature, now described, is the proposition that the sole purpose of art is the sustaining of humanity in man : a simple, obvious, yet profound principle which never forsakes him in these essays, and which was never forsaken by him in life.

This way of criticising works of art from within is certainly far from peculiar to this professional critic. In truth, the existence of any other mode of investigating such subjects will hardly be credited by the more secluded student of modern æsthetics. Yet it is equally true that neither the artists nor the public are much accustomed to consider those things from this exalted point of view ; although it is the only one which is tenable to-day. Those dissertations, then, are not without their every-day value, as well as their intrinsic worth. The studious reader will find them surcharged with thought and plentiful in illustration. They glitter with quaint allusions, and they are sprinkled over with many a felicitous image. They sometimes soar into the neighbourhood of eloquence ; and quite as frequently they dive towards unknown metaphysical depths, which they never reach. In a word, they are so crowded with information, knowledge, fancy, reasonableness, imagination and poetical, if not philosophic insight, that they should unquestionably be republished in a separate volume, in spite of their literary defects.

In respect of mere style, they are surely the oddest incarnations of good thought one ever perused. At the very first glance, you perceive that page after page is spotted all over with eccentric, pedantic, and even altogether questionable phraseology. The Latinism of Isaac Taylor, the rugged word-coinage of Chalmers, or the gigantic Teutonism of Carlyle, seems the quintessence of purity when compared with the wanton vocabulary of these otherwise excellent pieces. As to their syntax, it must just be confessed at once that never were there composed such sentences for length, involution and confusion. The grammatical forms, the punctuation and the paragraphing are all defective. The style reminds one of old Beccher the phlogistician, who professed to write in Latin, but thrust in a German word or two whenever he was in distress, and that was every other comma. Yet if all these knotted and intertwined heaps of rich and radiant speculation were combed out with care, they would deserve the grateful acceptance of the commonwealth of letters. The qualities by which they are obscured, or offuscated as their writer

would have said, were the result neither of pedantry nor of affectation, but of a mind containing far more knowledge than it could put in order ; and, in fact, of a habit of soul which was always more or less inarticulate. It must be remembered that the art of writing with lucidity is a very difficult one ; and it is proportionably more so, the more complicated the thoughts which one endeavours to put forth. It is an accomplishment to be achieved only by the combination of natural facility with energetic perseverance ; and few are so happy as prevail. So very rarely, also, has one and the same man ever attained to the satisfactory expression of himself in more kinds of utterance than one, that it would have been truly wonderful if Scott had approved himself a master in literature as well as in art. Some one once remarked with surprise that the illustrious Thorwaldsen had no conversation : You forget, said the Chevalier Bunsen, that Thorwaldsen speaks in stone. Scott was an exemplification of the same fragmentary nature of the individual, in contradistinction to the universal faculty of the race ; and everybody must be content to be the same. The mute poetry of picture was the native language of his expressive soul ; and his aptitude for the acquisition of other modes of speech was neither strong nor fine.

His conversation was just like his prose writing ; elevated, thoughtful and original ; but also dim, circumvolved and half-spoken. Yet there was every now and then a vivid phrase or two ; and occasionally a point as bright and sharp as a rapier. His more exalted talk, such as he held with Wilson, Haydon, De Quincey, Chalmers, Moir, Steell, Emerson, Gilfillan and such as belong to the levels which are indicated by names like these, was like the hurtling movement of overcharged clouds ; and a fork of unmistakable lightning sprang from the cumulus at intervals. In general society, he was accordingly slow and unintelligible. One required to meet him among congenial friends to descry the wealth he owned ; but even in such propitious circumstances he was the least articulate of thinkers.

The English Opium-Eater visited him one day a few years ago for the first time. After having left him, that great conversationist exclaimed, ' Is it possible ! when I met him the other evening, I thought him the dullest of men ; but now I have been an hour with him among the tombs, I find him quick with thought and the most interesting of men ! ' The terror-loving imagination of the great dreamer had been instantaneously fascinated and held down by the picture of the Resurrection on the day of the Crucifixion ; and he had scarcely examined the other works around him. Emerson was strangely impressed with a sense of the greatness of Scott's character ; but noticed the in-

adequacy of his verbal communications in ordinary circumstances, and said, 'How rich I find him in the studio!' There one was alone with him, in the midst of his natural sphere; and whosoever was equal to the conference was sure to be entertained with many a genuine gleam of intellect and feeling. It was there and then that he glowed. 'They told me he was cold,' was the remark of Margaret Fuller after a morning in the studio; 'but he is as ardent as man can be!' If, however, he was in the presence of such as were not in unison with him and his ways of thinking, he was either dumb or singularly inexpressive of his protest. There was a gulf between him and the numerous disciples of certain schools in philosophy and art which he had no skill to bridge; a thing which any one may do with the help of courtesy and the open recognition of those broad humanities which are common to all the systems in the world. It was his cue to hold his peace, not without contempt; or else to try assault and battery upon his enemies without skill, without understanding either their positions or their method of fence, and without any success, for nobody understood a word he said! Even in the most favourable circumstances, indeed, he was far from fluent or clear. Nor was he unacquainted with the fact. Shortly before his last illness, he said to one of his friends, 'I have just been thinking how you always seem to say exactly what you wish to say. Now, I have never been able to do that.' It was quite true, but not to be lamented, for it is not every man's duty to talk; and those are certainly the greatest and the happiest of mortals to whom the task, not of criticism, but of creation is assigned.

It will be readily understood, that this secluded mystic was not calculated to shine in society. Even in the social circle of friends, he was never gay nor sprightly; and in society, formally so called, he was both rigid and impedimental. Without any talent for the easy interchange of common thoughts and ordinary sentiments, he could not understand that the superficial may be elegant, and the obvious humane. Accordingly, he visited the hero of a hundred drawing-rooms with more contempt than the creature deserves; and even treated the man of equal culture with himself, who also relished the pleasures of society, with undue severity. Standing with his customary solemnity one night in the thick of a brilliant and crowded conversazione, he bent down and whispered in the ear of a recluse as hostile to the life of fashion as himself, 'How do you like this sort of thing?' The question having been retorted on himself, he muttered, 'I think it's miserable trifling.' Yet it appears that he did once perpetrate a witticism, and a witticism not without its humour and point. It has long been traditional amongst his brother

academicians, that once upon a time, probably about the year '28, a little fellow pestered him with irrelevant inquiries concerning some projected picture. Are the figures to be actually the size of life? said Master Malaprop. No, was the Sardonic reply, they're to be the size of you.

In this connexion should be mentioned a minor feature in the character of Scott, which is not only curious in itself, but which could not have been easily deduced from the phenomena of his higher life. It consisted in the most condensed detestation of all lubricity as to matters of fact in others. If the grave will pardon the phrase, he was too conscientious, and was apt to be troublesome in the affairs of business. In anything like complicated negotiation, he was rather a 'discomfortable cousin' on this account. He was as punctual as a clock to his engagements, and you could calculate him like a planet. Those slippery people, whom you cannot count upon, were the objects of his unmitigable aversion, for he could scarcely separate the culprit from the crime. He put a summary close in several instances to the closest amities he was accustomed to admit of, on account of single broken appointments. The pain was greater to him than to the frivolous truce-breaker of course, but he was inexorable. He reminds one of Beethoven, who relentlessly and at once dissolved every friendship which began to be incomplete. Scott, perhaps, carried this high temper to excess; but the principle of it is sound, if applied with charity and moderation. It is to this intense antagonism that his want through life of those humbler, warmer, more nestling and enduring relationships of affection, may have been partly owing. It was one day asserted by Emerson, that there was little or no essential poetry in Bailey's *Festus*. Scott contested the point. He was requested to quote a single verse, to which Tennyson's definition could be applied with propriety,—'those jewels five-words-long, which sparkle on the forefinger of time.' He accepted the challenge, and repeated these words, with his peculiar and melancholy cadence:—

Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea.

There now remains to be considered, the most important thing of all, his relation to Christianity. A man's religion is the central force of his whole being, and it imparts the shape to all that he does and becomes. To judge solely from his labours in the spheres of painting, design and criticism, Scott might be hastily set down as the fond disciple of an altogether abstract faith; a faith inclusive of monotheism, pantheism, Christianity, and even polytheism, in one unheard-of and ideal scheme. Considered more thoughtfully, they show him to have been the harbinger and representative in the region of art, of that wide-spread and

yearning aspiration, which is everywhere craving an enunciation of Christianity less self-exclusive, more Catholic, and less scientific or dogmatic than those which are predominant in Roman, Genevan or Anglican christendom. Deducing his religion, on the other hand, from the spotless purity of his moral life, the rigour and chastity of his words, the unobtrusive loving-kindness of his demeanour to his relatives and friends, the grim but knightly courtesy of his bearing toward the stranger, and from the high spirit in which he did his daily work, one might have concluded him to be a lingering instance of the Scottish Covenanter, who happened to be likewise a man of travel and cultivation. The few and simple facts of the case appear to have been the following, at least as nearly as such things can ever be seized and recorded; and it is not our province either to condemn or to approve, but only to state and explain.

He early became a sceptic as to the main points of what may be called, for the sake of being at once inclusive and specific, the popular Christianity; but never one of those defiant unbelievers, so numerous among the young men of his day, and of that which preceded it. That is to say, he never rejected the Scriptures as mere priestcraft and old wives' fables; nor despised either the scholastic or the lay theology of his countrymen as little better than superstition and ignorance; nor smiled at the institute of the Church as one of the puerilities of the Race, to be superseded by the manhood of the wise. His power of imagination, his depth of sympathy, and his trust in the heaven-directed tendencies of humanity, all preserved him from the beggarly pride of that kind of disbelief. The lowest thought he ever entertained of Christianity is contained in the theory that the Church, its creed and its ceremonial are the variable, necessarily faulty, but inherently sound embodiments of the spirit pervasive of the Old and New Testaments. Nor were these sacred writings at any time regarded by him as less than the truly inspired literature of a peculiar people, incomparably more intuitive of spiritual truth than any other, and therefore the leader of the world in that sphere of life. Even in this early epoch of his adult life, he was no rationalizer upon those points; reducing Jesus Christ to a moralist, his doctrine to an ethical code, and his apotheosis to a senseless fable. His tendency was to the opposite extreme; he idealized the whole fabric into a mythology, big with otherwise unspeakable significance; in a word, he was a christianizing mystic. It is deducible, in fact, from the Six Monograms, his Essays on the Italian Painters, and his manuscripts, that, by the time he had risen to the nadir of his ascent at Rome, Christianity had become resolved by this devout theosophist into a scheme of sublime and beautiful symbolism.

After his return from the Continent, he met with many dis-

appointments, lived much alone, and began to crumble in constitution. In these circumstances, he appears to have come by degrees into a more particular and exclusive relation to Christianity. At all events, religion became a more personal thing with him. He learned at last that self-renunciation is the very first beginning of the spiritual life; attained it in a rare degree; and desried in the story of the Cross both the substance and the symbol of practical godliness. During that development of his course, which found its point of culmination in the painting of De Gama, he may be described as a proselyte of the gate. The elders might have said of him, as they honourably reported of the centurion of Capernaum, *He loveth our nation*; and gladly would he have built them a synagogue, so Christian was the charity of his soul. Deeply grateful to the Roman Church for the mighty services she has rendered to the world through means of his art, he had far too much sturdy good sense ever to dream of pouring his new wine into her old bottles. In truth, he had much of the same feeling towards the Protestant Church in its various forms. Recognising the obligations of Europe both to Geneva and to Rome, he did not find it in his heart to take up his abode in either of them, during the years of which we speak.

It is possible, if not very probable, that his religious affections became more specific in their preferences before he died. It is certain, that during the long and sorrowful indisposition which went before his last illness, his mind grew more familiar with the entertainment of such topics of reflection. The Bible was his secret and close companion through that long valley and shadow of death.

His final malady was connected with the heart, but other equally vital organs were implicated in the ruin of this early old age. It deepened that poetic and not unpleasing melancholy, which had always characterized him, into gloom. He actually forgot at times the signal triumphs in art he had achieved, the fervent admiration and reverence in which he was held by the only men whose applause he valued, the succession of glorious joys which had been secured to him by the very nature and consecration of his life; and complained a little, but that not bitterly, of the usage of the world! 'This has been a miserable winter,' he murmured in a letter to a clergyman a few weeks before his end: 'This has been a miserable winter. They say the dampness of the study has hurt me; but I suspect it is the moral drizzle I have been so long exposed to that has done the damage.'

The drizzle was soon to cease, the night to come, and a new morning to arise. About the beginning of last February there

supervened upon his chronic diseases an acute and inflammatory attack, for he was to be spared the sufferings of a protracted breaking down. It soon laid him low, and he put his house in order. It was on the 5th of March, about an hour after noon, that he suddenly exclaimed, and that with a feeble expression of surprise,—‘The world’s growing dim;’ stretched out his eyes to see if it really were so; and got himself in readiness for the last struggle. His aged mother inquired with maternal solicitude into the ground of his hope beyond the grave in that solemn hour. ‘Mother,’ said he slowly, ‘I wish everything for myself that you wish, let that suffice:’ and he never spoke again.

Our melancholy task is done. We have said comparatively little about the labours of this ‘great Achilles whom we knew’ in the department of painting; and that little without pretending to anything like an adequate knowledge of the subject. It has been the main object of these insufficient observations, in truth, to insist that it is as a true poet that he is to be approached and discussed, in the first instance at least: a poet, working in more than one of the highest spheres of the sacred art; and a poet, concerning whose endeavours to array the ideas with which he was overfilled in suitable symbols, future critics will decide at length. We are too close upon his shining track to pronounce an impartial sentence on so great a point, even if our personal culture were large and specific enough for the purpose. The great heart of the world is just: and we leave him to its final impulses without alarm.

The person of David Scott was unusually expressive of what was within the mask. The inner man had fashioned its bodily semblance with extraordinary power and precision. Those who knew him only in the sore decay of his latter end cannot form any conception of the uncommon beauty of his face and form. His fellow-student, Steell the sculptor, carved a somewhat idealized bust of him at twenty-five; in the reproduction of which that skilful artist is now engaged, with the intention of placing it in the possession of the Scottish Academy as his presentation-work; a work of genius and of love. Scott painted a severe and simple portrait of himself about the same age. It is in these that the look of his prime is to be seen.

He was a little above the middle size; slender, but not emaciated; lean and stript for the contest, but full of vigour tempered by nervous irritability; spare, but energetic. His shape was handsome, and his hands remarkable for their approach to sculpturesque perfection. His countenance was pale and thin, but lighted up with poetical intelligence. The chin was of that fine mould which usually denotes sensibility, not

blunted by the animal passions of our nature. The eye came forward, and was somewhat conical in form : its colour was a peculiar blue, the blue of night rather than of day. The brows were ample, and they projected over the outlooking eyes. His forehead retired, without sinking, under a loose and copious mass of brown-black hair, which it was his way to toss about his temples with a degree of carelessness, perhaps not unmindful of effect. His head was not very large, especially behind. But the most noticeable feature of all was his exquisitely chiselled lips. The lower one was full and round : the upper one wavered ; and, in later years, it seemed to curl with something not unlike the shadow of disdain. There was an air about him, which forbade the too near approach of any other man. There was a singular unearthliness and spirituality, in fine, in the total expression of his physiognomy. It was the suitable apparel of so purged and exalted a spirit.

PURE as a maiden, simpler than a child ;
Wilful as both, in life as well as art ;
Still as a priest, in manner, not in heart ;
Prouder than any chief, yet more than mild,
Yea, very meek and humble when he smiled,
With awful joy, before the shrine of duty ;
That shrine which was to him the home of beauty,
Beauty, austere indeed, but undefiled.
So walkt and workt and worshipt through the world
Our painter true. His crescent brow half seen,
His shadowy night of hair, his star-blue eyne,
His melancholy lip, which sadly curled
In chill contempt of everything below it,
Expressed the man he was, and that was POET.

- ART. VI.—1. *Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino.*
Ecrits par lui-même. Londres, 1836.
2. *Le Duc de Reichstadt ; notice sur la vie et la mort de ce Prince.*
Par M. de MONTBEL, ancien Ministre du Roi Charles X.
Paris, 1832.
3. *Histoire de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.* Par AMEDEV HEN-
NEQUIN. Paris, 1848.
4. *Œuvres de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris, 1849.
5. *History of the year 1848.* By W. K. KELLY. London,
1849.

IN the year 1785, there died at Montpellier, in the prime of life, a Corsican lawyer, who, in his early youth, had fought by the side of Paoli in the war of Corsican independence, but had afterwards submitted to the fortune that attached him, together with about 150,000 persons, his fellow-islanders, all of Italian origin, as subjects to the Crown of France. His place of residence was the town of Ajaccio, in his native island, where he held the post of assessor to the judicial court ; but business obliged him occasionally to visit France, and it was during one of those visits that he died. He left a widow, still a young and beautiful woman, and eight children, of whom the eldest was but seventeen years, and the youngest only three months old. Left in somewhat straitened circumstances, the chief reliance of the family was in a rich old uncle, an ecclesiastic in the Corsican Church. Two of the children, indeed, had already, in a manner, been provided for. The eldest, a son, had begun the study of the law. The second, a youth of sixteen, had completed his education at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, and had just received, or was on the point of receiving, a sub-lieutenancy of artillery in the French king's army. It was on this young soldier, rather than on his elder brother, that the hopes of the family were fixed. Even the poor father's ravings on his deathbed, it is said, were all about this absent boy, Napoleon, and a "great sword" that he was to bequeath to him.

Sixty-four years have elapsed since then—two generations and a part of a third—and what changes have they not seen in the fortunes of that Corsican family ! In the first, issuing from their native island, like some band of old Heracleidæ, and pushing, with their military brother at their head, into the midst of a Revolution that was then convulsing Europe, these half-Italian orphans, whose dialect no one could recognise, cut their way to the centre of the tumult, seize the administration, and are distributed as kings and princes among the western nations. In

the second, shattered and thrown down as by a stroke of Apocalyptic vengeance, they are dispersed as wanderers over the civilized world, to increase their numbers, and form connexions everywhere. And now, again, at the beginning of a third, there seems to be a gathering of them towards the old centre, as if for a new function in regard to the future. Let us glance for a little at these successive chapters of a most extraordinary family-history, not yet ended.

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789-90 found the Bonapartes all living together at Ajaccio—the eldest, Giuseppe or Joseph, in his twenty-third year, a lawyer entering into practice; the second, Napolione or Napoleon, now twenty-one years of age, a lieutenant of artillery on leave of absence; the third, Luciano or Lucien, a hot-headed young man, five years younger than Napoleon, (one or two intermediate children having died,) and fresh from the College of Autun; the fourth a daughter, Mariana-Anna, afterwards called Eliza, then in her fifteenth year; next to her, Luigi or Louis, a boy of twelve or thirteen; and lastly, the three youngest, still mere infants, Maria-Annonciada, afterwards called Pauline, Maria-Carolina or Caroline, and Gierolamo or Jerome. In the same house with the Bonapartes, and about three years older than Joseph, lived the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of Madame Bonaparte. All the family, as indeed almost all the Corsicans at that time, were admirers of the Revolution; but the most fervid Revolutionist of all was Lucien, who was the juvenile prodigy of the family, and whose speeches, delivered at the meetings of a popular society that had been established at Ajaccio, were the delight of the town. Joseph, older and steadier, took his part, too, in the general bustle; while the lieutenant amused his idleness by long walks about the island, and by writing various essays and sketches, among which is mentioned a History of the Revolutions of Corsica, a manuscript copy of which was forwarded to Mirabeau.

At the second great epoch of the Revolution (1792-3) the Bonapartes were again assembled at Ajaccio, Napoleon having just returned from that memorable visit to Paris, during which he and Bourrienne, sauntering through the streets, saw the mob attack the Tuileries. At this time the Corsicans were in a fever of excitement, having just received back among them their long-lost idol Paoli, whom the course of events had permitted to return from his exile in England, and whom the French King and National Assembly had invested with the supreme authority in his native island. To the Bonapartes the return of the old friend of their father was particularly welcome; and Joseph and Napoleon willingly gave him their help in the government of the island, while young Lucien, who was his chief favourite, went to live

with him as an adopted son. But the progress of the Revolution had stirred strange thoughts in the heart of the veteran. Disgusted with the conduct of the Parisian leaders, he was secretly planning a revolt under the patronage of England, the result of which should be the permanent emancipation, as he hoped, of his darling island from all foreign thralldom. Accordingly, in January 1793, the Corsicans under Paoli again unfurled their old flag of independence. But a movement like this, though it might carry away the rude peasantry of the island, could not draw with it educated young men like the Bonapartes, accustomed to see the future of Corsica only in that of France. Exposed, therefore, to the vengeance of Paoli and his adherents, they were obliged hurriedly to escape from the island altogether, and to cast themselves, as refugees of the Revolution, on the hospitality of their adopted country. What a waif was then cast ashore on France in that Corsican lady and her eight children!

Marseilles became the head-quarters of the Bonaparte family during the Reign of Terror. Here, from 1793 to 1796, they were severally to be either seen or heard of,—Joseph, employed as a commissary of war, living in the town, wooing and at last (1794) marrying a Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, another of whose daughters became the wife of a young officer, named Bernadotte; Napoleon, occasionally at Marseilles, but usually absent in Paris or elsewhere, already a general of brigade, having been raised to that rank for his services at the siege of Toulon, yet grumbling at his poverty and inactivity, and thinking his brother Joseph “a lucky rogue” in having made so good a match; Lucien, a young firebrand, known over the whole district as ‘Brutus Bonaparte,’ and extremely popular as a Republican orator, first at Marseilles itself, and afterwards at the small town of Saint-Maximin, some leagues distant, where he held a civil commission under the Convention, and where, in 1795, he married Mademoiselle Boyer, the sister of an innkeeper; and lastly, the five younger members of the family living under the same roof with their mother and the Abbé Fesch, and supported jointly by Napoleon and Joseph.

The fall of Robespierre and his party (July 1794) was a temporary blow to the fortunes of the Bonapartes, connected as they were on the whole with that side of the Revolution. General Bonaparte, arrested, and, though almost immediately liberated, still suspected and degraded, thought of quitting France to seek employment in the Turkish service. His brothers Joseph and Lucien lost their appointments and shared the same disgrace. It was not till after the famous 13th Vendemiaire, (4th October 1795,) when Napoleon blew the insurgent mob to pieces with

grapeshot, and thus established the government of the Directory, that the fortunes of the Bonapartes were decided. Appointed in consequence to the supreme command of the army of Italy, Napoleon was able instantly to provide for three of his brothers. Joseph and Lucien received important civil appointments in connexion with the army; and young Louis, after a short training at the artillery school of Chalons, was to go to serve under his brother in Italy. To these members of his family, General Bonaparte, before his departure for Italy in March 1796, was able to introduce, in the character of relatives, three other persons, whose names were thenceforward to be conspicuous in his history—his bride Josephine, the widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais, then in her thirty-third year, and consequently six years his senior; and that lady's two children by her former marriage—a boy, Eugene, aged about sixteen, and a girl, Hortense, aged thirteen years.

By the splendid successes of Bonaparte in Italy and in Egypt, (1796-9,) a still higher position was earned for his family in the public regard. Corsica, abandoned by the English in 1796, and immediately recovered by the French, was proud to claim as her sons men of such note in Paris as the Bonapartes. In the Council of Five Hundred, both Joseph and Lucien sat as deputies from their native island. Here, partly from their own activity, and partly from their connexion with the great General of the Republic, they became at once important men; and Joseph, on his return from an embassy to the Papal States in 1798, was elected to the Secretaryship of the Assembly. The same year (1797) that saw the two brothers in the Council of Five Hundred, saw two of their sisters married—the eldest, Eliza, to Felix Bacchioni, a Corsican of good family, but then only a captain of infantry, and, as Bonaparte thought, not a suitable match for his sister; and the second, Pauline, who was the sprightliest and most beautiful of the three, to General Leclerc, an excellent officer of humble origin, who had become enamoured of her during a military mission to Marseilles, and who carried her off from hundreds of despairing lovers. Eliza and Pauline being thus married, and Louis being absent in Italy, where he served along with young Eugene Beauharnais on the staff of his brother, there remained under their mother's roof at Marseilles only Caroline and Jerome, the former about seventeen, and the latter about fifteen years of age.

After the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, (9th October 1799,) the various members of the Bonaparte family were all reunited in Paris round the person of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte, with Caroline and Jerome, came up from Marseilles in the winter; and with them, or about the same time, came,

infinitely to the annoyance of the First Consul, hosts of unknown relations by marriage—Bacchiochis, Boyers, Clarys, Leclercs, and other odd people from the country—all building high hopes on their connexion with the great man that had become the head of the State.

The position of the Bonapartes during the Consulate was that of the first family in France. Joseph, performing the functions of Councillor of State and Tribune, was intrusted by his brother with various important diplomatic commissions, and, among them, with the business of arranging the Concordat with the Pope in 1801. The publication in 1799 of a romance called "*Moina*," had already made him known as an author. Lucien, who had also just made his first literary attempt in a romance called "*Stellina*," published in the same year, was appointed Minister of the Interior, superseding in that office the celebrated mathematician, Laplace. As Minister of the Interior he displayed very great talent and activity; and discourses delivered by him on various public occasions during his brother's Consulate may yet be read with interest. To his two brothers-in-law, Bacchiochi and Leclerc, the First Consul also behaved handsomely. Bacchiochi was raised to a colonelcy, and marked out for farther promotion, more for his wife's sake than his own; and Leclerc was first appointed to the command of the army of Portugal, and afterwards (1801) sent out as Governor of the West Indian island of Hayti or St. Domingo, which had been in a state of insurrection since the emancipation of the blacks in 1794. In this expedition Leclerc was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, accounts of whose fêtes, balls *al fresco*, and magnificent gracefulness, mingle, in the French narratives of the expedition, with the horrors of the yellow fever and the massacres of negro warfare. Meanwhile, Pauline's younger sister, Caroline, was given in marriage at home to a dashing cavalry officer in her brother's army, named Joachim Murat, the son of an innkeeper at Perigord. The history of Louis Bonaparte under the Consulship of his brother was a singular one. Sent by his brother from Italy with despatches to the Directory, in 1796, he had (being then in his nineteenth year) met at Paris Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, the daughter of an *émigré* Marquis, a relative of Josephine's first husband, and had fallen violently in love with her. Informed of the circumstance by an old friend of the family, who feared that a marriage relationship with a Royalist house might prove injurious to the interests of the Republican general, Bonaparte, to break off the connexion, had hastily removed Louis from Paris on a pretended military mission to Lyons. Neither this absence, however, nor the subsequent campaign in Egypt, could remove the impression

that had been made on the young man's heart; and Made-moiselle de Beauharnais having been shortly afterwards married to M. de Lavalette, frustrated passion resulted, in a character naturally pensive and affectionate, in a settled and unconquerable melancholy. The entire subsequent conduct of Louis towards his brother was a silent reproach for that one act of fraternal cruelty; and Napoleon, on his side, conscious of the wrong he had done, tried to atone for it by the peculiar kindness with which he ever afterwards treated the unfortunate Louis. After having served as a dragoon officer against the Chouan insurgents of La Vendée, Louis was recalled to Paris. Here Josephine, who had long desired a counterpoise in her husband's family against the influence of his brothers Joseph and Lucien, which she knew to be hostile to her, worked hard to bring about a marriage between him and her daughter Hortense. The young man, still full of his first love, avoided all advances; nor was Hortense more willing, her heart having been already given to the handsome Duroc, the favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon. The manœuvres of Josephine, however, prevailed over all obstacles; a ball at Malmaison brought affairs to a point; and on the 4th of January 1802, was celebrated, amid the rejoicings of the Court, this marriage of state-arrangement—a marriage, on both sides, of reluctance and tears. Hortense's brother, Eugene Beauharnais, had, in the meantime, notwithstanding his youth, been raised by his all-powerful step-father, to the rank of general; while Jerome Bonaparte, a young scapegrace of sixteen, had entered the naval service, and having gone out, as ship's lieutenant, in the expedition to St. Domingo under his brother-in-law Leclerc, had, on his return, been sent back, as captain of a frigate, to cruise between Martinique and Tobago. Meanwhile Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonapartes, was living in Paris, enjoying the success of so many that were dear to her. Even her half-brother, the Abbé Fesch of Ajaccio, had not been forgotten; ecclesiastical forms having been restored in France, Napoleon took advantage of having a relative in holy orders, and, through his influence with the Pope, had him created first (1802) a Bishop, and afterwards (1803) a Cardinal.

The accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, (18th May 1804,) opened a new era in the history of the Bonaparte family. Civil titles and decorations having been restored, the relatives of the Emperor naturally formed the nucleus of the new aristocracy that was created in France. Joseph, now thirty-seven years of age, and who was already senator, and grand-officer of the Legion of Honour, was named Prince of France, and Grand Elector of the Empire. Lucien, who was also grand-officer of the Legion of Honour, would have had the same honours as Joseph;

had he not about this time incurred the displeasure of his peremptory brother. Napoleon had never been satisfied with the marriage that Lucien had contracted in his youth with Made-moiselle Boyer, the innkeeper's sister of Saint-Maximin, and when, after that lady's death, Lucien again frustrated the scheme of a high alliance, by marrying (1803) the beautiful Madame Jourbertain, a young widow whose husband had died at Saint Domingo of yellow fever, the rage of the Emperor knew no bounds. Lucien, who was moreover sufficiently high-spirited to differ from his brother occasionally in matters of policy, quitted France altogether, and (1804) took up his residence in Rome, where he was kindly received by Pope Pius VII., who had previously contracted a personal regard for him. In Rome or its neighbourhood, accordingly, Lucien Bonaparte continued to reside during the first years of the Empire, a man of Republican sentiments and liberal tastes, patronizing the arts in a munificent way, talking somewhat freely of his brother, and known to be engaged on a great epic poem in the French language, the subject of which was the Life of Charlemagne, and, in particular, the connexion of that hero with the early Papacy. More obedient to his imperial brother than the literary and Republican Lucien, Louis Bonaparte was created Prince and Constable of France; Cardinal Fesch received the Archbishopric of Lyons; Eugene Beauharnais was made a prince; Murat also became a prince, and a marshal of the Empire; Bacchioni shared his wife's dignity as a French princess; and Pauline Bonaparte, who had returned a widow from Saint Domingo, where the yellow fever had carried off Leclerc, and who had been given in second marriage (Nov. 1803) to the Italian Prince Camille de Borghese, became also a French princess in her own right, and continued to reside in Paris, the delight of the salons, and the pride of her imperial brother, whom she alternately pleased and provoked by her haughty sisterly ways. A separate establishment, with secretaries, chamberlains, &c., was also assigned to the mother of the Emperor, or, as she was now called, **MADAME MERE**; and with this was conjoined, by way of occupation, a special office created expressly for her by the admirable good taste of Napoleon, and designated the Protectress-ship-general of Charitable Institutions. Lucien was not the only one of her sons for whom the poor lady had to intercede with the Emperor. The young sailor, Jerome, the Benjamin of the family, with whose conduct Napoleon had more than once found fault, was again in disgrace. Driven from his cruising station at Martinique by English vessels, he had touched at the North American coast, and had there (1803) married a Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant. When the young

couple came to Europe in 1805, Napoleon would not receive the bride as a member of the imperial family; and, at length, not without opposition on the part of the young sailor, the marriage was annulled after one or two children had been born.

The same *Senatus-Consultum* that raised Napoleon to the Empire, provided for the succession in case of his death. By this decree the imperial crown was settled, *1st*, On Napoleon, and his legitimate male descendants in the order of primogeniture, to the perpetual exclusion of females. *2dly*, Failing these, on any son or grandson of any of his brothers that Napoleon might adopt, and on the heirs-male of such son or grandson. *3dly*, On Napoleon's eldest brother Prince Joseph Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in due order; and, *4thly*, On Napoleon's third brother Prince Louis Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in the same order. The exclusion of Lucien and Jerome shows that they were not in such favour with Napoleon as the other two brothers. When, on the 27th November 1804, the decree was referred for ratification to the French people in their departments, the result was as follows:—Total number of votes registered 3,524,254; affirmative votes 3,521,675; negative votes 2579.

Another stage still was in reserve in the career of the Bonapartes. A succession of victories and conquests (1805-10) made Napoleon master of continental Europe from the Atlantic on the one side to and beyond the Danube on the other. Here again his relatives and friends were of signal assistance to him. So long as he was only Emperor of France, they had formed but the nucleus of a nation's aristocracy; but now, distributed over a wider space, and bulking individually larger, they were to fulfil his designs as vassal kings and princes among foreign populations.

The following was the manner in which the various members of the Bonaparte family were distributed over Europe during the plenitude of the imperial power. To Eugene Beauharnais was assigned the vice-royalty during Napoleon's life, with the subsequent possession in full, of the so-called kingdom of Northern Italy. To Joseph Bonaparte was assigned (1806) the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; but afterwards, (1808,) greatly to the regret of the Neapolitans, to whom he had rendered himself dear by his really efficient and conscientious government, Joseph was transferred to the less stable throne of Spain. He was succeeded on the throne of the Sicilies by his brother-in-law Murat, whom Napoleon had already created Grand Duke of Berg; nor did the Neapolitans suffer from the change, for Murat and his wife Caroline Bonaparte, fulfilled the duties of king and queen better than any royal pair, their predecessors excepted, that had occupied the Neapolitan throne within recollection. In the parts of

Italy that lay between the Northern Kingdom and the kingdom of Naples, territories were assigned to the other sisters of Napoleon—the Duchy of Guastalla to the Princess Borghese, and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, with the principalities of Lucca and Piombino, to the Princess Eliza, who, though conjoined with her husband Bacchiocchi in the sovereignty, so completely set him aside in the actual administration, as to procure for herself the name of “the Semiramis of Lucca.” While Spain and Italy were thus provided for, the more northern and eastern parts of Europe were not overlooked. In May 1806, the inhabitants of Holland received an admirable king in the melancholy and amiable Louis; while Jerome had the kingdom of Westphalia created for him out of certain Prussian and Hessian provinces, and other fragments of the dissolved German empire. As even then the Napoleonic influence in the Germanic parts of Europe might not have been sufficiently strong, care was taken to fortify it by several new alliances arranged by Napoleon between disposable members of his family, and native Germanic houses. Thus for Eugene Beauharnais, who was still unmarried, a wife was found in the Princess Amelia Augusta, the daughter of the King of Bavaria; and in lieu of his former American wife so harshly parted from him, King Jerome of Westphalia received a royal bride in the Princess Katharina, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Upon all these distributions and alliances of her sons and daughters, the venerable Madame Lætitia is said to have looked with a calm and only half-believing eye, living quietly at Paris, and carefully economizing her income. “Who knows,” she is reported to have said, “but I may have to keep all those kings and queens one day?” Her son Lucien was the only one of her family that did not wear a crown. At an interview between the two brothers at Mantua after the peace of Til-sit, Lucien had, indeed, been offered his choice of several thrones, if he would divorce his wife and contract a new alliance agreeable to the Emperor. This offer, however, he had steadily refused, and returning to the Roman dominions, he was glad to retreat into literary leisure at his estate of Canino, near Viterbo, talking somewhat less of politics, and employing himself on the last cantos of his bulky epic, now drawing to a close. The Pope, his constant friend, enrolled him among the Roman nobility with the title of Prince of Canino.

When to the facts just enumerated, we add that Prussia and Austria were servile through defeat, that Sweden was governed by the Frenchman Bernadotte, a relative of the Bonapartes, that Russia was acquiescent, and that only Great Britain was stubborn and irreconcilable, we shall have an idea of the distance that Napoleon had advanced in his path to universal empire.

To secure what had already been attained, to put all else within his grasp, and to give to the work of his life that roundness and finish that he wished it to have in the eyes of posterity, only one thing farther seemed necessary—his own marriage, namely, with a Princess of the House of Austria. By such a measure, it seemed, two things would be accomplished—the East of Europe would be permanently linked with the West, forming a confederacy so vast in the body, that mere extremities like Russia, Sweden, and Great Britain, would be forced to give in to it; and the triumphant work of modern genius would be guaranteed in a manner satisfactory to the spirit of progressive civilisation, by being grafted on the gnarled stock of the whole European past. By such calculations of a moral algebra, did Napoleon reconcile himself to these two important steps in his life,—his divorce from the Empress Josephine, registered the 16th of December 1809; and his marriage with the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, the daughter of Francis II. To consummate all his expectations from this marriage, only one thing remained to be desired—the birth of a son. In this also his wishes were satisfied; and on the 20th of March 1811, the booming of a hundred and one guns over Paris proclaimed the birth of a King of Rome. At his christening, a few days afterwards, the Imperial child received the name of *Napoléon-François*.

But the star of Napoleon had reached its zenith. The disastrous invasion of Russia, followed by the memorable campaigns of 1813-14, laid the work of years in ruins; the entry of the Allied Armies into Paris, 31st March 1814, was the crowning stroke of misfortune; and on the 4th of April was signed the famous act, whereby Napoleon unconditionally abdicated, for himself and his heirs, the empire he had so long held. Retaining the Imperial title, and receiving from France, as a tribute for his past services, an annual revenue of six millions of francs (£240,000), the conqueror was to be shut up for the rest of his days, a splendid European relic, in the little island of Elba. For ten months he endured the captivity, the assembled diplomatists of Europe meanwhile re-arranging at Vienna the chaos that he had left behind him; but at length the old spirit prevailed in him; France again contained the Emperor; Louis XVIII. fled; and the fluttered diplomatists, kicking over the table at which they had been sitting, had to postpone further proceedings till they should again have caged their Imperial bird. But the struggle was short, for the decree had gone forth; the last hopes of Napoleon were crushed on the field of Waterloo; and a few months more saw him confined to the distant and solitary rock where he was to wear out the remainder of his grand existence, and from the peaks of which he was still visible to half the

world ; a figure to be surpassed, in its kind, only by that of the possible man yet to come, who, receiving the planet in the more manageable shape, to which our telegraphs and our engines for locomotion are fast reducing it, shall deal not with a mere portion of it, like Napoleon, but with its whole rotund mass, handling Europes and Australias as his units, instead of Spains and Englands, absorbing reluctant China in his empire, among whose myriads even Napoleon was unheard of, and pioneering the way by some stupendous despotism, for that concluding era of our civilisation, when the human race shall exist but as one self-conscious whole.

At the death of Napoleon in St. Helena, (5th of May 1821,) there were alive of his family the following individuals,—his wife, Maria-Louisa, and her son the ex-king of Rome ; his mother, Madame Lætitia, and her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch ; his four brothers, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, with their respective families ; his youngest sister, Caroline, the widow of Murat, with her family ; and, finally, his step-son, Eugene de Beauharnais, and his step-daughter, Queen Hortense, the wife of his brother Louis. Three of his relatives, therefore, had deceased in the interval,—his first wife, the Empress Josephine, whose death had taken place at Malmaison, on the 19th May 1814, while Napoleon was at Elba ; his second and favourite sister, Pauline, the Princess Borghese, who, abandoned by a timorous husband in 1814, when the fate of the Bonapartes seemed sealed, had gone to cheer her brother's exile at Elba and, returning thence, had died at Rome in 1815, leaving no children ; and his eldest sister, the wife of Bacchiochi, who had died at Trieste on the 6th of August 1820, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. Of the remanent members of the family, scattered, as they were, at the time of Napoleon's death, over all parts of the civilized world, we have now to trace separately the farther fortunes.

And, first, of Maria-Louisa, and her infant son, the King of Rome. Left in Paris by Napoleon, when he set out on the campaign of 1814, the responsibility of protecting them was then entrusted to Joseph Bonaparte, who, having been finally expelled from Spain in June 1813, when the Peninsular war had been brought to a close, had since acted as one of his brother's assistants in the work of retrieving his Russian losses, and had been invested, at this important juncture, with the military command of Paris, in nominal subordination to the Regency of the Empress. The orders of Napoleon on his departure had been, that, in the event of an interruption of communications between his army and the capital, the Empress and her son should by all means be placed out of the way of danger. Accordingly, on the news of the approach of the Allies upon Paris, they removed

from the Tuileries, and went to Rambouillet. Joined at Rambouillet, after a few hours, by Joseph, the fugitives proceeded to Blois; and here it was that they heard of the capitulation of Paris, (20th March 1814,) and of the subsequent abdication at Fontainebleau. One solitary proclamation, dated the 7th of April, and calling on the French people to disregard the proceedings at Paris, and rally round herself and her son, marked the residence of the Regent at Blois. When, however, the day after it had been issued, her advisers, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, wished her to accompany them with her son into the south of France, there to make a last effort, she positively refused. Accordingly, committing herself to the care of the Count Schouvalou, whom the Allied Sovereigns deputed to Blois to wait upon her, she suffered her advisers to consult their own safety by dispersing themselves, and then rejoining her father at Rambouillet, awaited leisurely, like a cold wife and a dutiful daughter, whatever decision the Allies might come to. The provision made for her was sufficiently generous. While her husband was to enjoy in solitude his small sovereignty and large pension at Elba, she and her son, breaking for ever all connexion with him, were to pass under the tutelage of Austria; she receiving the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, in full property and sovereignty; and her son, as heir to these Duchies, renouncing his title of King of Rome, and assuming that of Prince of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla.

It was on the 2d of May 1814, that the son of Napoleon quitted the soil where so great a fortune had awaited him, and which he was never to revisit more. A journey of many days conveyed him and his mother from the Rhine to Schönbrunn; crowds gathering in all the towns on the route to see them pass with their escort. The Imperial palace at Schönbrunn, the beautiful summer retreat of the royal family of Austria, where Maria-Louisa had spent her infant years, and where, ere he had contracted his alliance with her, Napoleon had dictated the disorganization of her father's empire, became the residence of the illustrious exiles. Here the infant received the caresses of his Austrian relatives of the Imperial House, who, examining his features in detail, were delighted to discover in them, as they thought, the true Austrian character. During the sittings of the Congress of Vienna, too, the Sovereigns, and other distinguished strangers that were assembled in the Austrian capital, could ride out to Schönbrunn to pay their respects to the daughter of Francis, and to see her little son. So some months passed, when suddenly the startling news reached both Vienna and Schönbrunn, that Napoleon was again in France. Letters even were received by Maria-Louisa from her husband, requiring her

immediate return to France with her son ; but these, as well as the letters sent to her father, demanding her restoration, remained unanswered. The Sovereigns made their preparations ; Europe was once more in arms ; and the Empress and her infant awaited the issue in the quiet splendours of Schönbrunn. There were some rumours of attempts to carry them off ; at all events, a few victories gained by Napoleon would, certainly, have restored them in triumph to his arms, together with all that he had lost ; but this was not to be ; and the battle that decided so much else, decided that Maria-Louisa and her son were to remain at Schönbrunn. In Napoleon's second abdication, indeed, drawn up three days after the battle of Waterloo, the renunciation was made expressly in favour of his son, whom, accordingly, the document proclaimed Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon II. But, though Fouché and others made a stand for a settlement on these terms, as being both the most legal and the most agreeable to the wishes of the nation, the Allied Powers, including even the Emperor of Austria, refused their consent, and Louis XVIII. was reinstated on the throne.

The life of the young Napoleon makes but a meagre little story, interesting, one might say, only from its very insignificance. As if to sever him completely from all the circumstances that had marked his birth, he had hardly set his foot in Austria when the very name he bore was taken from him. The arrangement has been mentioned whereby the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were assigned to Maria-Louisa, with the reversion to her son. A protest, however, having been lodged against this arrangement by the ex-Queen of Etruria, who demanded the duchy of Parma in behalf of *her* son, the diplomatists were obliged to adjust the matter by a compromise. Maria-Louisa, accordingly, was to possess Parma and the other two duchies during her lifetime ; but the reversion of them at her death was to belong, not to her son, but to the Bourbon claimant, Don Charles Louis. Thus was the young Napoleon stripped even of the small heritage that had been guaranteed to him out of all that was once to have been his. During his mother's life, he was to depend on her ; and only after her death was he to enter on the possession of a property assigned to him by his grandfather—an estate in Bohemia, with a revenue of about £20,000. In the meantime, laying aside his baptismal name of Napoléon-François, he was to assume the name and title of Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, ranking, by virtue of that title, among the nobility of the Austrian Empire, immediately after the princes of the Imperial family, and the Archdukes of Austria.

Only three years of age, when he came with his mother to reside at Schönbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the

whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna ; only on one or two occasions travelling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather, the Emperor, as well as by all the other members of the Royal family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for her Italian States, he was committed to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned : his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which, however, soon became more his own than French ; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole, dull, grave, and mirthless ; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of his connexion with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father ; whose busts and portraits he could still see ; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now living shut up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. This thought of his father became the boy's single passion ; and when he could no longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell him anything about his father he devoured with eagerness ; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. At last, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics ; concealing from him nothing, says M. de Montbel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was to be reprehended. Perplexed by such lessons in history according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very books that his father had liked, such as Tasso and Ossian, became, for that reason, his favourites. His father's campaigns and despatches he made a subject of diligent study,

using them as the texts for his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or his political life, the names of his generals, his chief battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that where, amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world, the unconscious heir of a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the owner of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that, in some way or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe,—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appear to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what in his case would be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation, and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth, the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, *was* the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the meantime, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (his mother's second marriage in 1828 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) doomed to inactivity by the very misfortune of too great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear, by some such feeling, and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of activity that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last, after going through the previous grades, he was permitted by his grand-

father to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him, in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. “I know no one at Paris,” he said to a French officer that was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, “but salute for me the column in the Place Vendôme.” On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown in the city that he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared, when the Revolution of July 1830 came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! Absent as he was, says Louis Blanc, if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, while Lafitte and Guizot were chaffering for the Duc d’Orléans, France might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis-Philippe. Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris, one Bonapartist, who came to a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously locked up in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself. When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested, it is said, in the flutter of the moment, to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis-Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a stair-case in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing-place where she seemed to have been waiting, and taking his hand, pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. “May I not kiss,” she said, “the hand of my sovereign’s son?” and immediately disappeared. For some time the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the

Countess Camerata, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to assume a decided part. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations in which he stood to France. Once only did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother's State of Parma. When the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother's assistance; but neither, on this occasion, could his wish be granted.

From the very first, indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly, though still handsome, young man, the constant care of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831, he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercises and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schönbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to remove him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress that before that time the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-balcony overlooking the gardens of Schönbrunn. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria-Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July 1832, and in the very room that had been occupied by his father on his famous visit to Schönbrunn, that he breathed his last. Some days after, there was a funeral procession through the streets of Vienna; and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults. The people of Vienna showed much feeling on the occasion; cholera had just been thinning their own households.

While the heir of Napoleon was thus living and dying at Vienna, the minor Napoleonidæ were dispersed over the world, gazed at everywhere as relics of a grandeur that had passed away.

Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, who had retired into Switzerland after the catastrophe of 1814, with an income of £20,000 secured him by the Allies, had rejoined his brother on his escape from Elba, and had taken part in the transactions that preceded the battle of Waterloo. After that battle and the subsequent abdication in favour of Napoleon II., he accompanied his brother to Rochefort, with the intention of embarking with him for America. The presence of English cruisers on the coast rendering their joint escape impossible, Napoleon gave himself up to the Captain of the *Bellerophon*; and Joseph was obliged to emigrate alone. Arriving at New York in the month of September 1815, he settled ultimately in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, purchasing land and becoming a practical farmer on a large scale. Here, under the name of the Count de Survilliers, he continued to reside for many years. So popular did he make himself with the Americans that, when he returned to Europe on a temporary visit in 1832, they regretted his loss as that of an important and well-known citizen. In Europe it was imagined that some political design was involved in this return of the eldest Bonaparte from the other side of the Atlantic. It was especially remembered, that, by the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, the succession to the empire was to devolve upon him, in default of any direct male-heir of Napoleon, and hence rumour sought to establish a connexion between his arrival and the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. The more likely supposition was, that this journey, undertaken by an old man of sixty-five, arose simply from a natural desire on his part to see old friends and relatives, and especially his wife and two daughters, who had intended to follow him to America when he went there, but had afterwards seen occasion to remain in Europe. The three years that Joseph was absent from America he spent chiefly in England: in 1835, however, he again crossed the Atlantic; and it was not till 1841, that, obtaining leave to pass the remainder of his chequered life in Italy, he finally quitted his American home. The last years of his life were spent between Genoa and Nice. He died on the 7th of April 1845, at the age of seventy-seven.

The fortunes of Jerome Bonaparte, after the fall of his imperial brother, were somewhat upheld by the rank of his wife, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Retaining nominally the Crown of Westphalia, even after the disastrous result of the Russian campaign, in which he took so conspicuous a part, he was obliged finally to resign it in 1814, receiving from his father-in-

law the title of Prince de Montfort. Flying to his brother's side in 1815, he held a command at Waterloo, and it was to him that Napoleon left the task of collecting the wreck of the French army after the defeat. On his brother's deportation to Saint Helena, Jerome rejoined his wife in Wurtemberg, where, shielded by her affection against the harshness even of her own father, who would willingly have separated her from a man so fallen in fortune, he continued to reside for some years in comparative wealth and comfort, as a German nobleman and land-owner. He was able to purchase property in Italy and in Switzerland, in both of which countries he occasionally resided after 1822. In 1835 he lost his excellent and devoted wife, who died at Lausanne, leaving three children—two sons and a daughter. The daughter was married (1841) to the Russian Count Demidoff; the elder son died in 1847, leaving the title of Prince de Montfort to his brother Napoleon Paul.

Made a widow in 1815 by the execution of her brave and good-hearted husband Murat, Caroline Bonaparte, with four children that remained to her, settled, after various changes of place, at Trieste, where, under the name of Countess of Liponia, (anagram for *Napoli*,) she resided with her sister Eliza. Eliza dying in 1820, Caroline remained at Trieste till 1836, when she returned to Paris. Here she resided for some time, enjoying a pension from Louis-Philippe; but finally she removed to Florence, where she died in May 1839, at the age of fifty-seven. Of her four children, the eldest, Napoléon-Achille-Murat, (born in 1801,) formerly Crown Prince of Naples, went to America to push his fortune in 1820, married there, and resided at New York, practised as an advocate in Georgia, bought land in Florida, came over on a visit to Europe in 1831, but returned to the United States, and wrote a book "on their moral and political condition;" and finally, in 1839, more completely an American than his uncle Joseph, returned to Europe, and died in 1847. His younger brother, Napoléon-Lucien-Charles, once Prince of Ponte-Corvo, went through a similar career—going to America when young, marrying an American wife, entering into practice as a lawyer at New York, and yet, notwithstanding this virtual naturalization, finally brought back to Europe by the ineradicable Napoleonic instinct. His two sisters, likewise born to a royal inheritance, were married, the one to Count Rasponi, the other to the well-known patriotic Italian Count Pepoli, recently resident as a political exile in London, where he held the Professorship of Italian Literature in University College.

Perhaps the most fortunate branch of the Napoleonidæ since the fall of the Emperor, has been that of which Josephine's son Eugene Beauharnais was the head and representative. Uncon-

nected with the final effort in 1815, although he had taken part in the Russian campaign and in all the subsequent transactions of 1813-14—resulting for him in the loss of his Italian vice-royalty—he resided after Napoleon's downfall in the dominions of his father-in-law the King of Bavaria, by whom he was created Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. Dying in 1824, he left his widow with two sons and six daughters. The marriage alliances of these sons and daughters have rivalled even those that have aggrandized the House of Saxe-Coburg. Of the daughters, the eldest married (1823) Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, then Crown-Prince and now King of Sweden; the second married Frederic Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married (1829) the widower Don Pedro I., then Emperor of Brazil, and afterwards Regent of Portugal in name of his daughter Donna-Maria; and the fourth married (1841) Count William of Wurtemberg. Of the two sons, the elder became (1835) the husband of his sister's step-daughter Donna-Maria Queen of Portugal, but died in the same year; the younger (1839) obtained the hand of Maria Nicolajewna, daughter of the Emperor of Russia—strange alliance for the son of one of the heroes of Moscow!

More complex still become the ramifications of the Bonaparte story when we follow the diffusion of the Lucien branch of the family. Our last glimpse of Lucien Bonaparte was when, as Prince of Canino, he lived in the Papal States, at variance with his imperial brother both on political and private grounds, and cultivating an æsthetic leisure amid books and works of art. Led, however, partly by his Republican opinions, and partly by that mysterious tendency towards the other side of the Atlantic that seems to have swayed all the Bonapartes at some time or other during their lives, he had resolved, in 1810, to abandon Italy, and, with it, all the associations of his past life, and to go out to carve for himself and his family a new destiny, where his brother could not come either to harass or to eclipse him. He had actually embarked for the voyage to North America, when, the vessel having been put back by English frigates, he was detained and sent as a prisoner to England. Here he remained for several years, residing at large in Shropshire, although under *surveillance*. Liberated, however, by the peace of 1814, he returned to Italy, where he was again welcomed by his constant friend the Pope. During his brother's exile at Elba he corresponded with him in such a manner that a reconciliation was effected between them; and chancing to be sent on a mission to Paris connected with the Papal affairs, in 1815, he was obliged to act a part in the fatal struggle of that year. For this he would probably have suffered but for the intercession of the Pope, which procured his liberation from arrest at Turin, with permission for him to resume his old residence and status

in the Papal dominions. Accordingly, during the remainder of his life, that is to say, under the successive Pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., Lucien Bonaparte was heard of merely as a Roman nobleman of taste, at once a patron and a practitioner of literature. His great epic of "Charlemagne," on which he had spent so many years, had just seen the light in two ponderous quartos, beautifully printed; and, although (if we may judge from a slight glance at the extremely heavy translation of the work executed for the Prince by two English clergymen) it can hardly have procured him the laurels he coveted, it was probably regarded by those who obtained presentation copies as a very creditable performance. The poem was dedicated to Pope Pius VII.; and the views expressed in it are those of a dutiful son of the Church. Subsequent literary attempts of the Prince of Canino were the "Cyrneide," a poem of Corsican history, published at Rome in 1819; and, in prose, a Defence of Napoleon, published at Paris in 1826, and a volume of his own memoirs, published in 1836. During the last ten or twelve years of his life he found a new and congenial occupation in the collection of Etruscan remains. The estate of Canino being a portion of the extensive tract of country that the Etruscans had once occupied in Italy, it might have been anticipated that it would be found to contain ancient tombs, such as had been already discovered in other parts of the Roman States near the known sites of pristine Etruscan cities. It was not, however, till the year 1828, that, in consequence of the accidental exposure of one such tomb in a field, systematic excavations were commenced on the estate, with a view to exhaust it of its Etruscan antiquities. From that time forward the Prince, and, in his absence, the Princess, zealously prosecuted the work, employing workmen to dig continually in various parts of the estate; and the result was the accumulation at Canino, of a vast number of vases, bronzes, and other relics, forming a museum of Etruscan antiquities superior in some respects to any that existed in Italy. The name of the Prince of Canino became known in all the antiquarian circles of Europe; travellers in Italy used to visit his museum; and at one or two balls in Rome, the Princess created quite a sensation by appearing with a magnificent *parure* of ornaments that had been taken from the ancient tombs on her husband's estate.

Dying at Viterbo in June 1840, at the age of sixty-five, the Prince of Canino left a numerous family of children, of various ages. Two daughters, the issue of his first marriage, had been married, the one to an Italian, the Prince Gabrielli, the other, first to a Swedish Count, and afterwards, in 1824, to an Englishman, Lord Dudley Stuart. Of his children by the second marriage, there survived four sons and four daughters. One of the

daughters, Lætitia, born in 1804, became the wife of an Irish gentleman, and Member of Parliament, Mr. Thomas Wyse. The sons, all of whom are still alive, have distinguished themselves in various ways. The eldest, Charles-Lucien, styled until his father's death Prince de Musignano, and afterwards Prince of Canino and Musignano, was born in 1803, and married, in 1822, his cousin Charlotte, one of the daughters whom Joseph Bonaparte had left in Europe. Selecting a path that had not yet been trodden by any member of his versatile family, he devoted himself from the first to Natural History, in which science he soon attained eminence. Crossing the Atlantic after his marriage, on a visit to his father-in-law, he took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the ornithology of America; and was able after a year or two to produce, as the result of his rifle-practice in the American woods, a description of many new birds not figured by his predecessor Wilson. Devoting himself with similar assiduity after his return to the zoological illustration of Italy, he gave to the world in 1832-41, a magnificent work in three folio volumes, containing under the name of "*Iconografia della Fauna Italica*," perhaps the most detailed and elaborate account of the animals of the Peninsula that has yet been attempted. Meanwhile his three brothers—Louis, born in 1813; Pierre, born in 1815; and Antoine, born in 1816—had been employing themselves differently. Concerned more or less in the political agitations that marked the beginning of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., they became travellers like the rest of their family.

It was in the same country that afforded a refuge to her son Lucien and his family, that the venerable mother of the Bonapartes spent the concluding years of her life. She had come to Rome with her half-brother Cardinal Fesch, after Napoleon's ruin in 1814; and from that time forward she continued to reside in the Papal city with little interruption. Her death, which was preceded by long and severe bodily suffering, took place in February 1836, fifteen years after the decease of her imperial son at Saint Helena, and nearly four after that of his sickly heir at Vienna. Of the eighty-six years that she had lived, fifty had been passed in widowhood—a widowhood how eventful! Ah! could the husband of her youth have lived to see and share her glory, to soothe and solace her age! That Napoleon, what a son he had been!

Of only one branch of the Bonapartes does it remain still to speak, that represented in the amiable and pensive Louis. Quitting the throne of Holland in 1810, rather than yield to his brother in what he considered would be an infraction of the liberties of the people he governed, he resided successively in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, under the name of the Count de Saint

Leu; taking no part in the events of 1814-15. The marriage between him and Queen Hortense never having been one of affection, they separated by mutual consent, as soon as the political necessities that had kept them together ceased to exist. Louis finally settled in Italy, whence he gave to the world in succession various performances of the literary kind—a novel entitled “*Marie, ou les peines de l’Amour*,” in whose style and story one discerns the expression of the author’s own early grief, and still abiding melancholy; a collection of political and historical documents relating to Holland; an essay on versification; a number of poetical pieces; and finally, in 1829, a critique on Sir Walter Scott’s *Life of Napoleon*. Hortense fixed her residence at the castle or mansion of Arenenberg, in the Swiss canton of Thurgau. In this retreat she occupied herself with the education of her two surviving children—Napoléon-Louis, born in 1804, and Charles-Louis-Napoléon, born at Paris on the 20th of April 1808. Her eldest son, the Crown Prince of Holland, had died in infancy at the Hague. All the three children had seen and prattled with their imperial uncle; and, till the birth of the King of Rome, it did not appear unlikely that to one or other of them the imperial dignity might one day belong.

Receiving such a mixed general and military education as was supposed to be suitable for young men in these circumstances, the two sons of the ex-King of Holland attained the age of early manhood, without having often quitted the free valleys of their adopted country. It was in these valleys, and amid young military comrades, that the intelligence of the Revolution of July reached them. In the following year, excited afresh by the news of the revolutionary movements in Italy, they hurried off together to take part in the insurrection that had been planned by the enthusiasts of the Romagna. The fatigues endured in this unfortunate expedition proved fatal to the elder brother, who died at Forlì, leaving a widow—his cousin, the younger daughter of his uncle Joseph, to whom he had only recently been married. The younger brother likewise fell ill at Ancona; and it was not without extreme difficulty that his mother Hortense, who had anxiously followed her sons, to withdraw them if possible from a hopeless enterprise, succeeded in snatching him from the clutches of the Austrians. Escaping from Italy together, they passed through France; came to England; but, after a short stay, returned to Switzerland.

Naturally of a restless, hair-brained character, no one member of the dispersed Bonaparte family seems to have retained in exile such a concentrated amount of the Napoleonic spirit as the young half Swiss son of the melancholy Louis. From his earliest years, he seems to have realized the position in which his birth and name placed him, never forgetting that he was a Bonaparte, and that, as such, he had duties to fulfil, more important

than those of ordinary people. This egotism, however,—this innate conviction of the existence of secret relations between himself and all Europe, was a more healthy thing to be felt among Swiss mountains than in the confined air of an Austrian palace; and hence that, which in the poor Duke of Reichstadt, was but a morbid pining after activity, showed itself in his more fortunate cousin, as a frank, daring self-conceit. Even before the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Louis Napoleon was virtually his senior and superior in all that concerned the active assertion of the family claims; and after the death of the Duke, this virtual precedence was converted into a sense of legal right. By the terms of the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, Louis Napoleon now assumed the first place in the second generation of Bonapartes; the lawful heir, after his uncle Joseph, and his father Louis, to all that could be recovered of the Imperial fortunes. This consideration was not lost on the young exile of Arenenberg. He became, after 1832, the declared imitator and executor of his uncle, the acknowledged chief of the younger *Napoleonidæ*. Yet, in many respects he appeared little fitted for this post of honour. In person he was the least like the Emperor of all the surviving Bonapartes; the Beauharnais features of his mother predominating in his heavy sombre countenance over whatever of the Napoleonic he may have derived from his father. Nor could he claim the precedence on the score of talent, judging at least from such intellectual exhibitions of himself as he has subsequently made,—exhibitions which present him as an exceedingly rambling, incoherent, commonplace person, with hardly a clear idea in his head. But his courage; his half-stupid self-confidence; and a certain soldierly good nature, and kindly sensibility, that people liked him for, made up for these defects, and were, perhaps, the only qualifications necessary in the leader of an enterprise that all the world thought absurd.

After his share in the brief Italian movement of 1831, and an attempt, when it was too late, to take part in the Polish movement of the same year, Louis Napoleon was obliged for five years to lay aside all hope of effecting the opening he desired to make for himself into the sphere of European politics. During this time, however, he was not idle. By the composition and publication of three works, entitled respectively, *Reveres Politiques*, *Considérations Militaires sur la Suisse*, and *Manuel d'Artillerie*, he was able secretly to nurse in himself the Napoleonic ambition, at the same time that he acquired by their means that consequence in the public eye that is always accorded to a man that has used the printing-press, whether for rubbish or sense. One of the results of his book on Switzerland, and his *Manual of Artillery Practice*, was his appointment, in 1834, to a captaincy of artillery in a Swiss regiment at Berne.

It was in the autumn of 1836, during a visit to the baths of Baden, that the half Swiss adventurer, then in his twenty-ninth year, planned the first of those two mad enterprises that, till the other day, were his sole title to historic notice. France, he conceived, was at that time ripe for a new revolution. Disgusted with the reactionary policy of Louis-Philippe, and, in particular, still smarting under the infliction of the laws of September, all the liberal spirits in the country were eager for some decisive change, and all the people, with the exception of the Bourgeoisie, were willing to support them. Knowing, as Louis Blanc says, that in times of uncertainty, revolutions accomplish themselves according to the programme that is laid down for them, and adopt whatever flag is offered, Louis Napoleon did not doubt that a successful rising effected in his favour, in some frontier town, and the neighbouring district, would be the signal for a general explosion, which would result in the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty, and the restoration of the Bonapartes. Secret communications with the Bonapartists in the army had confirmed this impression; and, as regarded the Republicans, it was supposed that they would be sufficiently reconciled to the projected Revolution, in case of its success, by the immediate advantages it would secure them, and by declarations already made in Louis Napoleon's works, to the effect that he approved of a Republic, provided it had an Imperial head. It was accordingly resolved to make an attempt on the frontier town of Strasbourg, the situation of which made it more convenient for the purpose than any other. On the 30th October 1836, at five o'clock, on a cold snowy morning, the men of one of three artillery regiments, which, with three regiments of infantry, and one of engineers, constituted the garrison of the town, found themselves drawn up in the barrack-yard, having been summoned from their beds by the trumpet-call. They stood, wondering what was to take place, when seven or eight persons in the costume of French officers, entered the yard, carrying a standard, surmounted by an eagle. One of them came hastily up to the colonel of the regiment, who forthwith presented him to the men as the nephew of the Emperor, come, as he said, to place himself at their head, and effect a great Revolution in France. The trick was successful; the speech of their colonel, the eagle, the words and look of Louis Napoleon, and especially his cocked-hat, hurried them away; the old Imperial shiver ran through their veins; and a shout of *Vive l'Empereur* rang through the court-yard. Hastily the regiment was set on march through the town with the band playing; windows were opened, and heads popped out all along the streets to see what was the matter; and the citizens unbarring their doors, and tumbling out in twos and threes, followed the column. At head-quarters, the general in command

of the town was arrested by the insurgents. So far all had gone well; but the tide was soon turned. One of the infantry regiments, occupying a barrack apart, acted more coolly than their brothers the artillerymen; wavered a little at first when Louis Napoleon addressed them, but ultimately stood firm, and prepared to give battle. Seeing the cause lost, the Prince and his companions surrendered; and the town was restored to quiet. The Government, on hearing of the affair, lost no time in disposing of the offenders. Louis Napoleon was brought as a prisoner to Paris, but, in two hours after his arrival, was sent off under guard to the coast, to be shipped for America. The persons that had been arrested with him, including the insurgent colonel, were reserved for trial, but were ultimately acquitted by an Alsace jury.

Early in 1837, the hero of Strasbourg, who had only just landed in America and re-embarked, was to be seen in the streets of London. A report had been spread that he had pledged his word to remain in America for ten years; but this report, it appears, had no foundation in truth, and was raised, his adherents said, from malicious motives. Scarcely had he arrived in London, when the news of his mother's illness caused him to return once more to Switzerland. Here, after receiving her last breath, (5th October 1837,) he continued to reside, till, finding that he was likely to be the occasion of a rupture between the French and Swiss governments, he voluntarily returned to London. For more than two years he remained in the British capital, one of the bevy of distinguished foreigners that the Londoners like to point out to each other in the parks or at the opera. Regarding his habits during this period, one of his eulogists has taken care to be sufficiently particular; telling us how the Prince uniformly rose at six o'clock; worked till mid-day; then breakfasted and read the journals, causing notes to be taken of what interested him; at two, received visitors; at four or five, rode out; at seven, dined, &c. &c.—in all respects, it seems, the very nephew of his uncle! One of the fruits of those rather apocryphal laborious mornings was the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, of which everybody must have heard—a sort of pamphlet purporting to be an exposition of the main ideas that had formed the political creed of the Emperor. This production, the most celebrated of the author's writings, is, as our readers may find out on trial, the poorest imaginable series of sententious commonplaces.

The pitiful result of the Strasbourg affair, it might be supposed, would have effectually cured the Prince of all confidence in such sudden strokes for the future. But his impetuosity was incorrigible; and the very ridicule that his former trial had provoked, prompted him to make a new one that might succeed better. Accordingly, when everybody had ceased to think of him, he again flashed into notice. The time chosen for his new

attempt did not seem unpropitious. Still less attached to the dynasty of Louis-Philippe than in 1836, the French nation chanced, in the year 1840, to be under the influence of one of those emotional frenzies to which it is so liable, the cause of the excitement being nothing else than the expected arrival of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena. Availing himself of the Napoleonic fever thus originated, Louis Napoleon resolved to land in France, effect a Revolution, drive out the Orleans family, and as it were prepare the country for his uncle's reception. The means for effecting all this did not appear by any means formidable. On Sunday the 4th of August 1840, a small hired steamer, *The City of Edinburgh*, Captain Crow, commander, dropped down the Thames from London, with what seemed a pleasure-party of foreigners on board. There were about sixty passengers in all, including gentlemen, grooms, lacqueys, &c.; and the place of destination was said to be Hamburg. But when the steamer was out at sea on the 5th, the Prince harangued his companions, told them the object of the voyage, distributed money among them, and caused them all to put on false French uniforms which he had brought with him. Captain Crow received orders to make for Boulogne; and during the rest of the voyage, the cabin was the scene of feasting and uproar. Captain Crow had never seen people drink so much, he afterwards deposed in the witness-box; and poor Hobbs the steward did nothing all night but draw corks. By midnight the steamer was off the French coast, and at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th, the party landed at Vimereux, near Boulogne. Having formed in marching order, they set out for the town, the Prince at their head, after him an officer carrying a gilt eagle, and then the men in uniform. The Prince had with him a sum of 500,000 francs (£20,000) in bank-notes and gold; his companions likewise carried bags of money and bottles of rum. Other parts of the furniture of the expedition were a live eagle, which, however, never made its appearance, and copies of three proclamations privately printed in England, one addressed to the French people, another to the army, and a third to the department of Pas-de-Calais. Passing a custom-house station, where the men would have nothing to do with them, the band, with a crowd of fishermen, children, &c. hallooing in their train, reached Boulogne, the garrison of which consisted of two companies of the 42d line. The soldiers were at breakfast in the barracks when the party entered. Rum was distributed as well as money; the soldiers were ordered to cry *Vive l'Empereur*; and Louis Napoleon, addressing them, promised them promotion if they would join him. Totally confused and bewildered, and seeing one of their own lieutenants in the Prince's company, the soldiers offered no resistance; some cried

Vive l'Empereur, uncertain, as afterwards appeared, whether to believe the person before them to be the Emperor himself come back, or his son, or only his nephew. By the presence of mind of a serjeant, however, any decided act of adhesion was prevented; and meanwhile, the alarm having been given, the colonel and other officers rushed to the barracks. The parleying now gave way to vehement altercation; the soldiers gathered round their officers; the Prince fired a pistol at the colonel, missing his aim, but wounding a soldier in the neck; and, at last, totally defeated in their object, the whole party left the barracks and took to their heels through the town, showering pieces of money among the crowd that ran after them. The Prince seemed out of his senses; he ran at the head of his little band brandishing his cocked-hat which he had stuck on the point of his sword, and crying out *Vive l'Empereur*. Meanwhile the soldiers had set out in pursuit; and with little difficulty the whole party was captured.

Brought to trial before the Chamber of Peers, the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned as follows: the Prince to perpetual imprisonment; his chief associates, such as Count Montholon, M. de Parquin, and M. de Persigny, to twenty years' detention; and the minor culprits, such as Dr. Conneau, to lesser terms of the same punishment. The various offenders were then distributed through different prisons. The Prince, Count Montholon, and Dr. Conneau, were sent to the fortress of Ham. There they remained for nearly six years, Dr. Conneau voluntarily protracting his term of imprisonment in order to continue near the Prince. The occupations of the three companions during these six years were sufficiently various. They read together, made experiments in chemistry, &c.; and the Prince, his literary propensities still remaining, not only amused himself by translating poems, and penning occasional letters to newspapers and to private friends, but continued his connexion in a more express manner with the world without, by means of one or two new publications, the chief being an odd tract of military statistics, entitled *De l'Extinction du Paupérisme*, copies of which he sent to George Sand, Chateaubriand, the poet Béranger, and other persons of note. He also meditated, it appears, a life of Charlemagne, and corresponded on the subject with the historian Sismondi. From these and other entanglements, however, he was glad to shake himself loose, by escaping from the fortress, in the disguise of a labourer, on the 25th of May 1846. He had previously been in negotiation with the French Government, with a view to obtain permission to visit his father Louis, who was lying dangerously ill at Florence; and it was for this especial object, he said, in a letter to the French ambassador, that he had planned his escape. Unable, however, to procure the necessary pass-

ports, he was obliged to remain in London, where he had again taken up his abode, and where, two months afterwards, he received the news of his father's death. After the escape of the Prince, the French Government did not think it necessary to continue the duration of Count Montholon and the other prisoners; and by the end of the year 1846 the Boulogne business, like that of Strasbourg, was well-nigh forgotten. Coincident with the extraordinary movement that is still accomplishing itself in all the continental countries, we have to mark, as a striking fact, the reinstatement everywhere of the overthrown Bonapartes.

It was the Italian branch of the family that first experienced the favourable turn of fortune. Restricted, during the oppressive Pontificate of Gregory XVI., to the exercise of his talents as a Naturalist, and a man of general literary tastes, the Prince of Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and now a man in the prime of life, and the father of a large family, was one of those influential Romans that gladly gathered round the present Pope on his accession, and assisted him in his reforms. Throughout the subsequent Revolution that drove the Pope from his dominions, he equally distinguished himself; and, at the present moment, holding the Vice-Presidency of the Representative Chamber of the Roman Republic, the former ornithologist of America figures as one of the most conspicuous men on the busy theatre of Italian politics.

While, however, one shoot of the prolific Napoleonic stock appears thus to have found permanent root in Italy, it is in France, their own France, that the general re-union of the dispersed Bonapartes has taken place. Scarcely had the Revolution of February 1848 occurred, when, rising from their haunts in all parts of Europe, the various members of the family, with the old ex-king of Westphalia at their head, hurried to the scene of action. France received them with open arms. At the first elections to the National Assembly three of them were returned as representatives—Pierre Bonaparte, the second son of Lucien, and the brother of the ornithologist, aged thirty-three; Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of King Jerome, aged twenty-six; and Napoleon-Lucien-Charles Murat, the former New York lawyer, aged forty-five. The case of Louis Napoleon was more peculiar. People naturally hesitated before admitting to the benefits of Republican citizenship so exceptional a personage as the Imperialist adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Twice he was elected by several departments simultaneously, and twice he found himself compelled to decline the honour; and it was not till after the supplementary elections of September 1848, when he was returned at the head of the poll for Paris with a number of other candidates, that he was able to defy opposition and take his seat. Once restored to France, the outburst of opinion in his favour was in-

stantaneous and universal. From Calais to the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhine, he was the hero of the hour. Lamartine, Cavaignac, and everybody else that had done an efficient thing, were forgotten; and the result of the great election of the 10th of December was, that, as if in posthumous justification of enterprises that the world till then had agreed to laugh at, the former prisoner of Ham was raised, by the suffrages of five millions of people, to the Presidency of the French Republic. How he may continue to deport himself in this office, which he has already held for several months, it would be difficult to say. That he has not mind enough to perform of himself any original or decisive part in European affairs, must be clear to every one that has read a page of his writings; but whether he may not possess those minor qualities that would make him a suitable constitutional puppet, either as President or as Emperor, in the hands of a ministry, experience must yet prove. One thing may even now be decidedly asserted with regard to his political position, and that is, that, since his elevation to the Presidency, he has thrown aside all his former half-connexions with the Revolutionary party, and become the head and representative of the Reaction. Meanwhile, as a private man, he has yet one important step in life before him. Although in his forty-second year, he is still unmarried. We have heard it jocosely proposed that he should marry a daughter of his transatlantic brother, President Taylor, provided, that is to say, the tough old General has any daughters. Such a marriage would certainly have a splendid effect.

And here we have to conclude our sketch of the history of the Bonaparte Family. The impressions that remain on our mind after such a survey, are principally these two: *first*, that of all known families now in existence, the Bonapartes are, in point of fact, the most cosmopolitan, the most considerable, that is, whether as regards diffusion or elevation; and *secondly*, that, on the whole, they have merited this distinction, having remained, on the whole, individually faithful to the cause of progress, in whose name they first obtained power and credence. And yet, after all, one cannot help remembering that they owe their reputation, and all the European facilities that they enjoy, to the greatness of the one man whose name they bear; and that there are, doubtless, at this moment, in all our cities, hundreds of abler and better men, who, less favourably circumstanced, have to languish their lives away in indigence and obscurity, expending more intellect in the single task of keeping themselves alive than all the existing Bonapartes need expend in order to secure the thanks and good-will of Western Europe.

ART. VII.—*The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul: with Dissertations on the sources of the Writings of St. Luke, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients.* By JAMES SMITH, Esq. of Jordanhill, F.R.S., &c. London, 1848.

IT is always delightful to us to meet a layman in the wide field of Biblical literature. A non-professional writer on law or on medicine would be a strange and dangerous anomaly. But we remember to have read somewhere lately, that nearly all the great improvements in agriculture have originated with men who were not professed cultivators. The same cannot, certainly, be said in *theology*, properly so called; that is, of doctrines digested into systems, or growing out of digested systems, there have been scarcely any but professional cultivators: of *religious* works—such as are devoted to the cultivation of the religious sentiments and feelings, a very fair proportion have, however, been written by laymen, and even by women; and certainly these are among the most popular of their day. How this happens, we know not exactly. It may be, that as the clergy very properly regard preaching as their chief duty, they expend their thought upon their sermons; and as the manner in which they write on such subjects is the reflection of the habit acquired by the composition of sermons, their writing lacks the freshness and variety which non-professional writers are able, from the absence of such fixed habits, to impart. Not that the style and manner of sermons may not be as good as, or even better, than the other; but every one *hears* sermons so often, and gets so used to that class of composition, that there are few who, in their *reading*, do not prefer to have something different—something that shall not bring the pulpit so strongly to mind. This is probably at the root of the success which laymen have realized in religious writing. We know that there are some who would attribute it to the breadth of view imparted by the contemplation of religious subjects from without; but no one who writes well on religion at all can contemplate it from without. The pious layman is as much as the pious clergyman *within*, and sees things from within; but although from within, the view is not therefore necessarily narrow to either—it is to both wider than the heavens, and older than the everlasting hills.

Biblical literature—that is to say, the investigation of the contents and literature of the Bible, apart from systematic divinity or religious teaching—has always, since the Reformation, been more or less cultivated by laymen, though never so much so in

this country as in Germany, and never so much so in either country formerly as of late. In fact, non-professional students seem to be coming in strong force upon this ground, which they begin to plough most vigorously. This we count among the good signs of the times; and we believe that the professional divines, as a body, regard it with satisfaction. Indeed, if the feeling, of which we have lately seen some pretty strong indications, gains ground in the country, that Biblical literature is not the proper vocation of the clergyman, and that the time and attention he gives to it is so much time and attention taken away from his pastoral duties, we may expect that it will, before many years have passed, devolve upon laymen to maintain the Biblical literature of the country; and we may therefore the more rejoice that they begin to evince a disposition to undertake the task and the responsibility it imposes. These are not vain words. See, for example, what encouragement Biblical literature finds in the Church of England. It is a notorious fact, that attention to, or proficiency in, Biblical studies, is an actual bar to a clergyman's advancement in the Church—not, we apprehend, from any undue motive or feeling, but from the doubt which arises whether a person of studious habits is qualified for the active duties of the pastoral office; though we must confess that the advantages secured in the Church by classical scholarship somewhat compromises this admission, as it would seem that the latter demands no less studious habits than the former, and is certainly not more, and we should fancy far less, consistent with the solemn responsibilities of the pastoral office. Is proof of this wanting? Look to the Episcopal bench, upon which we shall not find one man of any eminence in Biblical scholarship, although there are not wanting men of renown in classical Greek. Is more proof wanting? Look to the history of the living men of most note in this branch of sacred learning. Where is Thomas Hartwell Horne? Fixed in the most expensive city in the world, in a small city parish, with three hundred and six pounds a-year, and honoured with the least of all the London prebends, which makes the handsome addition of eleven pounds a-year to his income. Therefore his days are given to the British Museum, and to the dreary work of cataloguing. Where is Samuel T. Bloomfield? He is, what he was in 1814, vicar of Bisbrooke, Rutland, with an income of two hundred and fifty-two pounds by the year; and a year or two ago there came to pass concerning him one of the strangest things we ever heard of—that he, a clergyman, for whom the richest Church in the world has such ample means of providing according to his acknowledged claims, was thrust as a pensioner for £200 a year upon that miserably scanty fund at the disposal of the Government for the use of literary men,

This could only have been obtained for him through Church influence; and the Church must therefore bear the stigma of looking abroad from its own abundant means of rewarding Dr. Bloomfield's merits, to clutch the miserable pittance of the man of letters, for whom no other provision can be made. It was, to say the least of it, unseemly that a Church whose flocks cover a thousand hills, should bring itself into comparison with the rich man in the parable, who "spared to take of his own flock and his own herd, to dress for the man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb and dressed it for the man that was come unto him."

Then there is Dr. Samuel Lee. It might have been expected that bishops and chancellors would have hastened to shower benefits and honours upon one who has long enjoyed the reputation of being the first Biblical Orientalist in this country. But what is the fact? That he was allowed to go on some thirty years without any notice from the Church whatever, deriving his income from entirely extrinsic sources—a poor professorship, aided by superintending the Oriental studies of young missionaries, and by editorial labours for the Bible Society. At length, in his old age, he has obtained an incumbency, affording an income not greatly below that of a middle-class tradesman, and which would have availed him much had it come twenty years sooner than it did.

George Stanley Faber was more fortunate. He obtained early, through Episcopal patronage, about the same benefits that Dr. Lee found only late in life. Rector of Long Newton he became, and rector of Long Newton he remained, until in his old age he was glad to accept the higher advantages which the mastership of Sherburn Hospital offered. He may have seemed fortunate compared with many of his brethren in the afflictions of Biblical scholarship—but we must consider what he obtained in connexion with what the Church has the means of bestowing, and with what it *does* bestow on men of another sort.

This list might be considerably extended if we felt authorized to cite private information, or to point at other facts than such as are patent to all the world. But we content ourselves with one more name, that of Dr. Daniel Guilford Wait. Many of our readers may not know this name. His works are few—none of them recent. Many suppose him dead, and reckon his works among things of the past. But he lives; and we will undertake to say that his work on Jewish, Oriental, and Classical Antiquities, published in 1823, exhibits a combination of attainments in Hebrew, Oriental, and classical literature, almost without a modern parallel in this country. What has been done for him? What high advancement has he attained? None. The mode-

rate country living, of private gift, which he held near thirty years ago, *before* his works were produced, he holds now. Nothing more. Bishops have passed him by. The eyes of chancellors have not rested on him.

From these facts, relating to the clergy of the Church of England, best "seen" in Biblical learning, it will be perceived that the favour and patronage of the Establishment does not rest on this branch of literature. The rich endowments—the incomes over a thousand pounds, the high places of the synagogue, are all given to others; and the greatest benefit and reward which the most eminent men in Biblical scholarship can expect is a lean prebend, and the income of a decent commercial clerk, or of a London tailor's foreman. Many, as able as any of these, but less known to the world, do not get even that. They are afraid, or they cannot get the opportunity, of making their high attainments known; and they find even the private reputation of such attainment full of peril to them. The dispensers of patronage will not know them, and even rectors in search of curates decline their services.

Thus we see that men with names immortal for the part they have taken in the sacred literature of the age, have been driven to extract an income from sources over which the Church has no control. Had these men occupied on the Continent the same relative position in Biblical literature which they fill in this country, all sorts of titles and privileges would have been showered upon them, and the fat of the land would have been laid at their feet. But when such as these be the encouragement of Biblical literature in the Church of England—when, instead of raising men of Biblical renown to Episcopates, deaneries, and rich incumbencies, this literature dooms them to poverty, and becomes to them a bar and a disqualification, we must not—seeing what stuff we are made of—expect this branch of learning to be sedulously cultivated by the English Episcopal clergy. The field is left open for laymen, and they are entering upon and will cultivate it. This leads us to the book we have taken in hand—for its author is a layman, and offers us in his book a fair specimen of that which we may now venture to expect from the class of Biblical investigators to which he belongs.

We know not whether it be from early maritime associations, and from having mingled with "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters;" or from having in later life traversed the same sea, and explored the reputed scene of the wreck—that St. Luke's account of the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul, has always seemed to us one of the most interesting portions of the Apostolic record. The hydrography of

the voyage, so full of questions of curious interest and difficult investigation—the views of ancient navigation which it offers—the questions respecting the construction and management of ancient ships which it suggests, are all of the highest archaeological importance, and taken simply as the record of an ancient voyage, the document is well worthy of the most elaborate investigation. Then the whole is enhanced and ennobled by the prominent figure of the great Apostle,—a prisoner, one of many, proceeding to take his trial, for life or death, before the highest tribunal in the world. From the first, this prisoner receives courteous treatment from the officer in charge of the captives, who had perhaps had at Cæsarea previous opportunities of becoming acquainted with the high character and great qualities of the Apostle—who also, merely by his natural gifts, his great accomplishments, and his extensive travel, must have stood high in the esteem of a cultivated Roman soldier. We see the ruder men of the sea more slowly yielding their minds to the influence of this master spirit. But at last, overcome by the conviction that all their great harm and loss would have been averted had they listened at Crete to his counsel—they also give way. Amid the terrors of the storm, which make all hearts faint, *he* rises great and magnanimous. He cheers, he comforts, he persuades; he takes the virtual command of the ship. He directs, and both shipmen and soldiers obey. The ship is ordered at his bidding. Encouraged by him, they sit down amid the raging of the sea, and take such refreshment as had not for many days passed their lips. Even the instincts of self-preservation are restrained with a strong hand at his entreaty: and the men listen with believing ears to the wondrous man, who claims their lives as the ransom of his prayers, and assures them that the God whose he was and whom he served, had given him the safety of all the men with whom he sailed. Well, then the wreck brings him among new circumstances and people. They are cast upon “a certain island,” the “barbarous people” of which at first see nothing in Paul to distinguish him from the other men. He assumes no position of command. Now the danger has passed, he subsides into Paul the prisoner again. He is among the foremost in collecting wood to feed the fire, which the wet and cold made needful to the shipwrecked men. Presently the assault of a serpent driven forth by the heat, leads them to regard the Apostle as some frightful criminal whom, though the sea had cast him up, the avenging *Diké* suffered not to live; but when, narrowly watching, they perceived that no harm followed, they changed their minds, and hailed him as a god. See him then received into the house of “the chief man of the island,” which kindness he repays, by restoring health to his diseased

father; and after three months' detention in the island, he departs laden with many favours, and with abundance of all necessary things.

Such is the voyage, and such the wreck—more interesting than that of Ulysses in the same waters—which Mr. Smith of Jordanhill has undertaken to illustrate. This gentleman has many and very peculiar qualifications for the task—his researches, guided by a competent knowledge of Biblical scholarship, have been pursued under advantages never before, and not likely to be soon again realized by any one equally qualified to turn them to account.

The great difficulties of the inquiry, and the peculiar advantages of the author in pursuing it, are clearly set forth by the author in his introduction:—

“Tradition, from time immemorial, has pointed out a bay in the island of Malta as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. It has never been known by any other name than ‘Cala di S. Paolo,’ or St. Paul's Bay. There is no mode of perpetuating the memory of events more effectual than that of naming places after them; but although we can scarcely have a stronger case of traditional evidence than the present, in the following inquiry I attach no weight to it whatever. I do not even assume the authenticity of the narrative of the voyage and shipwreck contained in the Acts of the Apostles, but scrutinise St. Luke's account of the voyage precisely as I would Baffin or Middleton, or any ancient voyage of doubtful authority, or involving points on which controversies have been raised. A searching comparison of the narrative with the localities where the events so circumstantially narrated are said to have taken place with the aids which recent advances in our knowledge of the geography and navigation of the eastern part of the Mediterranean supply, accounts for every transaction, clears up every difficulty, and exhibits an agreement so perfect in all its parts as to admit of but one explanation, namely, that it is a narrative of real events, written by one personally engaged in them, and that the tradition respecting the locality is true.”

Although many volumes have been written upon a question connected with this voyage, namely, whether St. Paul was wrecked at Malta, or at Meleda in the Adriatic, no comparison such as this has yet been attempted. Indeed, as Mr. Smith observes, none could have been made with success in the hitherto imperfect state of our knowledge of the Levant, and of the ships and seamanship of the ancients. For all purposes of minute comparison, our acquaintance with either of these subjects was worse than useless, and only calculated to mislead. Nothing, for instance, could be more erroneous than the charts of the south coast of Crete, where so many events of importance to the right understanding of the voyage took place, or of Malta, where it

terminated in shipwreck. Recent surveys have, however, corrected the errors of old geographers, and furnished us with a correct outline of the coasts of Crete. The soundings are not yet filled in; but this is immaterial to the early proceedings of St. Paul and his companions. But at Malta, where we require to know not only the outline and peculiar features of the coast, but the soundings and nature of the bottom, we have Captain Smyth's chart of the island, and, above all, his plan of St. Paul's Bay, on a scale of 8.6 inches to a mile, which leave nothing to be desired with respect to the hydrography of this part of the voyage. A correct knowledge of the geography of the voyage would, however, avail little unless the peculiarities of ancient navigation are understood. Our author declares that he has not met with any modern author who has not left the subject more obscure than he found it, chiefly from wanting a practical knowledge of the science. Translators and commentators have necessarily had recourse to the writings which have treated *de re navali antiqua* as authorities, and the consequence is, that "there is not a single nautical term in the narrative which is correctly rendered, and even when one is, the reader has no certainty that the meaning is the right one, for he will hardly find two commentators agreed in opinion respecting it."

It is therefore necessary in such investigations to test the conclusions offered, by a careful examination of the data upon which they are founded. This our author attempted; and we can easily believe that, as he states, it was found to be a much greater labour than he anticipated. Those who have had much to do in the same kind of labour will sympathize in his complaint that "even the verification of quotations is anything but an easy task: we often meet with errors in the references, and every ancient author has not a verbal index to assist us in searching for passages."

Such being his object, and the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, let us see what advantages the author enjoyed in contending with them.

"A winter's residence in Malta afforded me ample opportunities for a personal examination of the localities. In the ships of war stationed there, I could consult with skilful and scientific seamen, familiar with the navigation of the Levant, an advantage I did not fail to avail myself of; and as it is my object to put my readers in possession of my authorities, I have never scrupled to name them. In the Knights' Library I had access to an extensive collection of works, printed and manuscript, on the controversy as to the scene of the shipwreck, on the hydrography of the Mediterranean, and on local and classical antiquities.

"The following summer I spent on the Continent, and devoted my-

self almost exclusively to the investigation, with the advantages which the museums and libraries of Naples, Florence, Lausanne, and Paris afforded. Since my return I have continued it with the advantages our own country possesses, particularly in the libraries and medal rooms of the British Museum, and records of the Admiralty, and with a private library which I may term rich in early sea voyages, formed in a great measure for the purpose of illustrating geographical and nautical antiquities, and with the means of testing experimentally the soundness of my conjectures as to the internal arrangements of ancient ships.

"It is not enough, however, to be placed in a position favourable for observation, in order to arrive at just conclusions; we must also know 'what to observe' and 'how to observe,' but the power of doing so with advantage depends in a great measure on practice, and I think it is due to the reader to state, that none of the channels into which my inquiries on the subject have branched, are altogether new to me. I have, in the first place, endeavoured to identify the locality of a shipwreck which took place eighteen centuries ago. An attempt to do this would be of little value, unless the geological changes to which sea coasts are liable, which may or must have occurred in the interval, are taken into account. Now, it so happens, that this is a department of geology which I have been engaged many years in investigating.

"In like manner, it would hardly be possible to reconstruct the history of a sea voyage out of such scattered fragmentary notices as we find in the narrative of St. Luke, without some practical knowledge of navigation and seamanship. My knowledge of these subjects is only that of an amateur, yet a yacht-sailor of more than thirty years' standing, can scarcely fail to have acquired some skill in those principles of nautical science which are common to all times, although he may not always express them in the appropriate language of the quarter-deck. I find, at all events, the knowledge I have thus acquired enables me to consult my nautical friends with advantage. But nautical skill, whether original or borrowed, will not tell us how Greek and Roman vessels, so different from the moderns in rigging and construction, should be managed under given circumstances. Here, also, former pursuits came to my aid. Nautical antiquities have long been a favourite study, and not a little experience in planning, building, and altering vessels, has given me definite notions both of external form and internal capabilities, whilst the opportunity of testing my conclusions by experiment, and the success of those I have made gives me confidence in their accuracy."

Turning from these more personal advantages, Mr. Smith speaks with satisfaction of the benefit he has derived from recent antiquarian discoveries, from the pictures and marbles exhumed at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and especially from the discovery of the inventories of the Athenian fleet, which were excavated at the Piræus, in 1834. These last are inscribed upon marble tables; and they have been published by Professor Böckh of

Berlin, well known for his researches in Attic antiquities, and his collection of Greek inscriptions. Our author pays a just compliment to the able manner in which the Professor has edited these important fragments in his *Urkunden über das Seewesen des Attischen Staates*, (Archives of the Navy of the Attic States.)

From all this it is clear that Mr. Smith advances with no unfounded pretensions the claim, that if he has succeeded in clearing up unexplained passages in the sacred historians, or other ancient writers, his success must be ascribed, in a great measure, to discoveries unknown to authors who preceded in the same lines of inquiry.

We must confess, that the interest we have felt in tracing the *process* of a new inquiry, has somewhat too long deprived us from the subject-matter of that inquiry itself; but to that the remainder of our space must be devoted.

In an interesting notice respecting the life and writings of St. Luke—with which our author very properly introduces his investigations—we find some striking, and, to us, new remarks upon certain peculiarities in the style of St. Luke, as a narrator of nautical events.

- “ The difference in the manner of describing such events by seamen and landmen is too obvious to require remark; but there is a third class of authors who are, properly speaking, neither seamen nor landmen—I mean men who, for some cause or other, have been much at sea, who understand what they are describing, and who, from their living and being in constant intercourse with the officers of the ship, necessarily acquire the use of the technical language of seamen. An attentive examination of St. Luke's writings, shows us that it is to this class of authors he belongs. How he acquired that correct knowledge of this subject, and the command of its language which he uniformly displays, we have no means of knowing; but I cannot help thinking that he must at some period of his life have exercised his profession at sea. From the great numbers of people which we often hear of in ancient ships, we must suppose they carried surgeons; whether St. Luke ever served in that capacity or not is, of course, a matter of conjecture. One thing is certain, no one unaccustomed to a sea life could have described the events connected with it with such accuracy as he has done. But although his descriptions are accurate as to manner and language, they are *unprofessional*. The seaman in charge of the ship has his attention perpetually on the stretch, watching every change or indication of change of wind or weather. He is obliged to decide upon the instant what measures must be taken to avail himself of favourable changes, or to obviate the consequences of unfavourable. Hence, in describing them he naturally dwells upon cause and effect. He tells us not only what was done, but why it was done. The impression produced by incidents at sea upon the mind of the mere spectator is altogether different, and of course his

mode of describing it equally so. He tells us what has happened, but rarely tells us either how or why the measures connected with it were taken. In doing so he often mentions circumstances a seaman would not think of noticing from their familiarity, or from being matters of course, and is frequently silent as to those that are of the greatest importance, and which no seaman would pass over."

By a happy thought, our author proceeds to substantiate, or rather to illustrate this conclusion, by comparing the particulars given in the journals by a medical officer in Captain Cook's ship, with the account of the same particulars as given by the naval officers of the same ship. In both cases the nautical language is correct; but a difference is produced by the naval officer relating *the causes* of certain proceedings and operations, while the medical author altogether omits them. So when St. Luke mentions the incident of hoisting the boat on board, he informs us, that it was a work of difficulty, (*μόλις*, xxvii. 16,) but he does not tell us wherein the difficulty consisted. In like manner, when the medical officer in question speaks of the difficulty of getting the Resolution's foremast into its place, he merely says,—“the mast, after much trouble and many risks, was got in,” but is silent as to the causes of the risk and trouble. But if we compare this with the accounts left by seamen of the same circumstances, we are no longer left in doubt as to the causes. Captain King says,—

“Early in the morning of the 20th, we had the satisfaction of getting the foremast of the Resolution shipped,—a work of great labour and some difficulty, *as the ropes were now become rotten*, and unable to sustain the purchase.”

This mode of writing is held by our author to account for the omission in the narrative of St. Luke, of circumstances which, nautically speaking, were of much importance, and for the insertion of others which were quite unimportant—a style which, had it been his object to describe a sea voyage, would have been liable to serious objection; but it was no part of his purpose to do so, further than as his narrative illustrated passages in the life of St. Paul. Luke possesses, however, two qualifications as a writer, which, in a great degree, compensate for his omissions, and which enable us to supply many of them with the greatest certainty. The first is, his perfect knowledge of the subject, and the next, his accuracy. “No man,” says Mr. Smith, “who was not gifted, in a pre-eminent degree with this quality, could have given a narrative capable of being tested as his has been in the present examination.”

Our author also fails not to point out the care which the Evangelist takes on all occasions to select the most appropriate expres-

sion, and he acknowledges that the precision which results from this is very remarkable. Thus, to express the progression of a ship, we have not only the substantive *πλοῦς*, (xxvii. 9,) but not less than thirteen verbs expressing the same thing, but with a distinction indicating the particular circumstances of the ship at the time; and all but three of these are appropriate nautical expressions.

In the chapter which is in this work devoted to the consideration of the voyage from Cæsarea to Myra, the chief point of interest lies in the consideration of the clause, "we sailed under (the lee of) Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." Here the question is, which was the lee side of Cyprus? The general opinion is, that they left it on their right, that is, that they sailed to the south of the island; but we feel inclined to agree with our author's reasons, confirmed by the testimonies of voyagers in the same seas, in the opinion that the contrary winds which constrained this course were from the westward, and that, consequently sailing under Cyprus means, that they left Cyprus on their left hand. This point, it is urged, is put out of doubt by Luke himself; for he tells us in the fifth verse, that they sailed *through* the sea of Cilicia (not *over*, as in the authorized version); but as this sea lies altogether to the north of Cyprus, they could not have sailed through it without having that island on their left. In pursuing this route, we are informed, they acted precisely as the most accomplished mariner of the present day would have done in similar circumstances. By standing to the north till they reached the coast of Cilicia, they might expect, when then they did so, to be favoured by the land breeze, which prevails there during the summer months, as well as by the current, which constantly runs to the westward along the south coast of Asia Minor.

Favoured by this land breeze and current, they arrived without any recorded incident, at Myra, in Lycia; and the object which the party had in view in proceeding to "the places in Asia" was attained. Here, at the first of these that lay in their way, the centurion found a ship of Alexandria laden, as we afterwards learn, with wheat, bound for Italy, in which he embarked his charge. Egypt was at this time, as we all know, one of the granaries of Rome; and the corn which was sent from thence to Italy, was conveyed in ships of very large size. From the dimensions of one of these given by Lucian, they appear to have been quite as large as the largest class of merchantmen of modern times. We need not, therefore, be surprised at the number of souls afterwards found to have been embarked in this one, or that another ship of the same class could, after the shipwreck, convey them to Italy, in addition to her own crew.

In this corn-ship of Egypt, the centurion and his party proceeded on their way. Their progress after leaving Myra was extremely slow; for we are told, that it was many days before they were "come over against Cnidus," that is, before they reached the entrance of the Ægean Sea. As the distance does not exceed 130 geographical miles, which our author says, but which we doubt, might "easily have been accomplished with a fair wind in one day," they must either have met with calms or contrary winds. Mr. Smith decides for unfavourable winds; for, as he well observes, the word *μόλις*, rendered in the authorized version "scarce," but which would be more correctly translated, "with difficulty," very correctly expresses the difficulty which ships experience, contending with adverse winds. A mere "land-lubber" of a critic would probably have scarcely thought it possible to make out the direction of the contrary wind. But our author does; and by a somewhat nautical process of reasoning, finds that the wind was what would be commonly called north-west. Now this is precisely the wind which might have been expected in those seas towards the end of summer; and, to this day, the delays experienced by navigators proceeding westward in this part of the Mediterranean, at that time of the year, are of such constant occurrence, that an instance can scarcely be found in which they are not encountered.

With north-west winds, the ship would, although with difficulty, work up from Myra to Cnidus, because, until she reached that point, she had the advantage of a weather shore, under the lee of which she would have smooth water and a westerly current. But at Cnidus that advantage ceased; and, unless she had put into that harbour, and waited for a fair wind, her only course was to run under the lee of Crete, *κατὰ Σαλμώνην*, "in the direction of Salmone," which is the eastern extremity of that island. After passing this point, the difficulty which had been experienced in navigating to the westward along the coast of Asia would recur; but the south side of Crete is also a weather shore, and with north-west winds they would be able to work up as far as Cape Matala. Here the land trends suddenly to the north, and the advantages of a weather shore cease, and their only resource was to make for a harbour. Now, Fair Havens, to which they repaired, is the harbour nearest to Cape Matala, the farthest point to which an ancient ship could have attained with north-westerly winds.

The delays and difficulties experienced by St. Paul's ship in this part of the voyage, are exactly of the same nature to this day met with by navigators in proceeding in this part of the Mediterranean during the summer months; and no small portion of the interest which will be felt in Mr. Smith's investigations, arises from the corroborative citations which he makes from modern voyagers.

In examining the account of Rauwolff, the German physician, who, in the sixteenth century, passed and repassed by the same route that St. Paul did, our author undertakes to say, as we have ourselves more than once suspected in trying to follow his (Rauwolff's) account, that "in the ancient ship they had not only a more accurate historian, but more skilful seamen."

Having in the Fair Havens waited in vain for a favourable wind, until navigation had, from the advanced time of the year, become dangerous, all hope of completing the voyage during the present season was abandoned; and it became a question whether they should winter in Fair Havens, or move the ship to Port Phenice, a harbour on the same side of Crete, about forty miles further to the westward. On this question a consultation was held, at which Paul assisted. His advice was that they should remain where they were; but the officers of the ship were of a different opinion, and the centurion, with all his respect for the Apostle, naturally enough deferred to the opinion of professional men. Paul spoke as a prophet; and it required faith, which they did not possess, to act upon his advice. On natural and nautical grounds, on which alone they decided, Mr. Smith inclines to vindicate their decision by the observation, that a bay open like Fair Havens, to nearly one-half of the compass, could not have been a good winter harbour.

It is of importance to the student of the voyage that the position of Phenice should be ascertained; because, although the ship never reached that port, we cannot otherwise draw any sound inferences respecting her position at the time she encountered the gale. To this point, therefore, our author applies himself with an ability to be appreciated only by those who have had occasion to know how faint, in this case, are the usual and obvious indications by which the situation of a place is determined. He decides for the harbour of Lutro. But this harbour looks to the east, and the text of St. Luke is usually supposed to denote that the harbour of Phenice was open to the west. The sacred writer describes it as a haven of Crete which looked *κατὰ Λίβα καὶ κατὰ Χῶρον*, which is rendered in our version, "lieth toward the south-west and north-west;" and the intermediate point between these two winds is west, and hence has arisen the general impression that the haven was open to the west. But it is seen by Mr. Smith, that the import of the passage depends upon the meaning we affix to the preposition *κατὰ* in connexion with the winds. And he urges, we think with reason, that it means *in the same direction as*, (in Latin *secundum*;) and if so, *βλέποντα κατὰ Λίβα* does not mean that it is open to the point *from* which the wind (Libs) blows, but to the point *towards* which it blows—that is, that it was not open

to the south-west, but to the north-east; and this condition is realized in the harbour of Lutro, the position of which is shown to agree perfectly with the notices of Phenice which we find in the narrative of the voyage and in other ancient writings.

A moderate breeze from the south having sprung up, it was considered favourable to the purpose of making the desired haven; and the anchor was accordingly weighed. After clearing the harbour, their course, till they had passed Cape Matala, was close to the land. We see therefore the force and propriety of Luke's expression, ἄσσον παρέλγουντο τὴν Κρήτην, "they sailed close by Crete." From the anchorage at Fair Havens to Cape Matala the distance is four or five miles, and from thence to Port Phenice the distance is thirty-four miles, and with a south wind they had every prospect of reaching their destination "in a few hours;" so Mr. Smith says, but we cannot help thinking that he throughout overrates the possible speed of ancient sailing vessels. From Cape Matala they would quit the close vicinity of the shore, and stretch across the great southern bight to the west of the Cape. They had not, however, proceeded far when the ship was caught (συναρπασθέντος) in a typhoon, (ἄνεμος τυφωνικός,) which blew with such violence that they could not face it, but were forced, in the first instance, to scud before it. It follows from this, that it must have blown off the land; for had it not, they must have been stranded on the Cretan coast, had they been unable to regain their harbour. The sudden change from a south wind to a violent northerly wind, is quite a common occurrence in these seas. The term "typhonic," by which it is described, indicates that it was accompanied by the phenomena which might be expected in such a case, namely, the agitation and stormy motion of the clouds, caused by the meeting of the opposite currents of air when the change took place, and probably also of the sea, raising it in columns of spray. St. Luke, therefore, by the single word "typhonic," expresses the nature and violence of the gale, and by another its direction. The latter word is in the received text *Εὐροκλύδων*, *Euroclydon*—a word respecting which many elaborate dissertations have been written, seeing that it is found nowhere but in this text. Our author adds one to the number, and he of course prefers the reading of the two oldest MSS., the Vatican and Alexandrian, which have *Ευρακῶλων*, *Eura-kulon*, which is also followed in the oldest version, (the Vulgate,) which has *Euro-aquilo*. This denotes a wind between the east (Eurus) and north-east, (Aquilo,) therefore an east-north-east wind. This wind would satisfy all the conditions required, and produce all the effects indicated. This would drive a ship

navigating the south coast of Crete out to sea ; this would, in the part navigated, carry the vessel towards the Isle of Claudia ; and this might well explain the apprehensions which the mariners entertained of being driven to the African Syrtis—all of which would be impossible with a wind from the south-east, which most critics regard as the direction from which the Euroclydon blew.

Respecting the effect of this adverse and tempestuous wind nothing more is said in the narrative itself than that it defeated the object of the mariners of reaching Phenice, and constrained them to run under the lee of the small island of Claudia. But our author sees that other effects must have ensued, and he very skilfully and at some length works out the circumstantial evidence which proves that "the ship must have strained and suffered severely in her hull, that the leaks she then sprung were gradually gaining upon her crew, and that if they had not providentially made the land, and thereby been enabled to save their lives by running the ship on shore, she must have foundered at sea, and all on board perished." Such a result of the typhoon, not unfrequent in modern times, seems to have been in ancient times almost inevitable. Mr. Smith thinks it easy to account for the *comparative* exemption of modern ships from such casualties.

"The most obvious cause is the improvement in naval architecture ; but another, and, I suspect, more efficient one, is the manner in which they were rigged. In modern times, the strain is spread over three masts, with small sails, which can be quickly taken in ; but the ancient ships had to sustain the leverage of a single mast, with a ponderous yard at the upper end. We can scarcely suppose that St. Paul's ship escaped uninjured. The circumstances mentioned, of her being undergirded, lightened, and finally run ashore, afford conclusive evidence that she did not. Keeping this in view, we may form some idea of the hardships the ship's company endured. St. Luke shared them all ; but he never mentions them except on one occasion, and that was to illustrate a passage in the life of St. Paul."

Upon reaching the island of Claudia, the mariners availed themselves of the smooth water under its lee to prepare the ship to resist the fury of the storm. Their first care was to secure the boat by hoisting it on board. Our author, with his usual acumen in this class of subjects, sees that this was not done at first, because the weather was moderate, and the intended distance short. It also could not have been done in running down upon Claudia, on account of the ship's way through the water. Luke says it was at length accomplished with difficulty. Why so, he does not state ; but Mr. Smith points out, that independently of the gale that was raging at the time, the boat had been towed

between twenty and thirty miles after the gale sprung up, and could scarcely fail to be filled with water. The next care was to "undergird" the ship,—an expedient so rarely resorted to in modern times, that our author assures us he had only met with one naval officer who had seen it put in practice, although almost all the nautical friends whom he consulted could furnish him with instances in which they had heard of its being done. Falconer, in his Maritime Dictionary, thus describes the mode in which it is accomplished:—"To frap a ship (*ceintrer un vaisseau*) is to pass four or five turns of a large cable-laid rope round the hull or frame of a ship, to support her in a great storm, or otherwise when it is apprehended that she is not strong enough to resist the violent efforts of the sea; this expedient, however, is rarely put in practice."

Apprehending that the course of the tempestuous wind might drive the ship upon the dreaded African quicksands—the Syrtis, the mariners next *χαλάσαντες τὸ σκεῦος*, which our author renders "lowered the gear," and strongly rebukes the authorized translation of "strake sail," which, he says, is equivalent to saying, that, foreseeing a certain danger, they deprived themselves of the only means of avoiding it. In fact, though Mr. Smith may not have been aware of it, translators have been much embarrassed by the phrase, and the existing is the first English version which renders it by "strake sail." Wickliffe has—"Whanne the vessel was vndir sette;" Tyndale—"We let doune a vessel;"—an odd thing to do, when they had just found so much difficulty in hoisting the boat on board; but so also Cranmer. The Geneva, however, has—"They let slip the vessel;" and the Rhemish version, despairing to make out a satisfactory sense by direct translation, actually resorts to a paraphrase—"giving up the ship to the winds." This, in fact, is usually understood to have been the actual result of what they did; but, as our author remarks, this would be to abandon themselves despairingly to the danger they are described as seeking to avert. To landsmen, his own version, "lowering the gear," needs an explanation, which is thus furnished:—

"*σκεῦος*, which I have translated literally 'gear,' when applied to a ship, means appurtenances of every kind, such as spars, sails, rigging, anchors, cables, &c. Now every ship situated as this one was, when preparing for a storm, sends down upon deck the 'top hamper,' or gear connected with the fair weather sails, such as the *suppara*, or top-sails. A modern ship sends down top-gallant masts and yards, a cutter strikes her top-mast, when preparing for a gale."

We are therefore to infer that the corresponding appurtenances of the ancient ship were lowered to the deck, or perhaps even the yard, with the sail attached, was lowered, (not struck,)

and the head of the vessel being turned off shore, so much sail was set as the violence of the gale would allow them to carry. This was the only course by which they could possibly avoid the danger foremost to their thoughts; and as they did avoid it, we may be sure this was the step they actually took; and this was something very different indeed from striking sail, and driving at the mercy of the wind.

On the second day of the storm, the gale continuing unabated, the ship was lightened; and Mr. Smith assures us that every step taken hitherto indicated skilful seamanship. In an old French work on Maritime Law,* every one of the precautions taken in this case is pointed out as proper to be taken by able mariners under similar circumstances.

On the third day, as the vessel required to be further lightened, the historian says—"We cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship." From the expression "with our own hands," our author thinks the main-yard is meant; an immense spar, probably as long as the ship, and which would require the united efforts of passengers and crew to launch overboard. The relief which the ship would experience from this would be of the same kind as in a modern ship when the guns are thrown overboard.

There succeeds a dreary interval of eleven days; the gale continues with unabated fury; neither sun nor stars can be observed; and at length we are told, that "all hope of being saved was taken away." Our author sees that the situation of an ancient ship, without compass, and without the means of keeping a reckoning, was indeed one of danger; but he does not find that it was one for despair, without some other unexplained cause, and this he discovers in the state of the ship—the exertions to subdue the leak had been unavailing, they could not tell which way to make for the nearest land, in order to run the ship ashore, the only resource for a sinking ship, for unless they did make the land, they must founder at sea. Their apprehensions were therefore not so much caused by the fury of the tempest, as by the state of the ship.

The part which Paul took in these critical circumstances has already been noticed, and need not here be repeated. It was not until the fourteenth night of their being "driven through" the sea of Adria, that, towards midnight, the seamen found cause to suspect that land was near. What the indications of land were, Luke does not mention. But assuming that St. Paul's Bay in Malta, is the scene of the shipwreck, there can be no difficulty in explaining what these indications must have been.

* *Us, et Coutumes de la Mer.* Rouen, 1672.

No ship can enter it from the east, without passing within a quarter of a mile of the point of Koura; but before reaching it the land is too low, and too far from the track of a ship driven from the eastward to be seen in a dark night. But when she does come within this distance, it is impossible to avoid observing the breakers; for with north-easterly gales, the sea breaks upon it with great violence.

We have been interested in this inquiry which Mr. Smith makes, whether the data which his investigation has thus far furnished, will not enable us to ascertain within certain limits, by *à priori* reasoning, whereabouts the ship was, or rather ought to have been, at the time that the "shipmen deemed that she drew near to some country." The direction of the wind, and the fact that the ship must have been kept in the starboard tack with her head to the north, to avoid the Syrtis, having been previously determined, it remains to be inquired what was the direction of the drift mentioned in Acts xxvii. 17, "so were driven." The answer depends on the angle the ship's head makes with the wind and lee-way. This, the previous facts being ascertained, is calculable, and our author by calculation makes "the azimuth of the ship's course from Clauda, W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., or W. 8° N., which is the bearing of Malta to the nearest degree."

It then remains to be ascertained *how far* the ship would be driven about midnight, "when the fourteenth night was come." The knowledge of this depends upon the rate of drift and the time consumed; and the result which the calculation founded upon these data gives, is so very striking, that our author states the elements upon which it is founded at some length, lest he should be suspected of "cooking" them for his purpose. We need not follow this statement. It is assumed on what appears to us satisfactory authority, that thirty-six and a half miles in the twenty-four hours, is the rate at which the ship would be driven. The distance from Clauda to the point of Koura, where the circumstance is supposed to have occurred is 476.6 miles; and to complete this distance at the rate stated, would take thirteen days, one hour, and twenty-one minutes; whence, according to this calculation, a ship starting late in the evening from Clauda, would by midnight on the fourteenth, be less than three miles from the entrance of St. Paul's Bay. Our author admits that a coincidence so very close as this, is to a certain extent accidental; but he fairly urges that it is an accident which could not have happened, had there been any inaccuracy on the part of the writer of the narrative, with regard to the numerous incidents upon which the calculations are founded, or had the ship been wrecked anywhere but in Malta; for there is no other place agreeing, either in name or description, within the limits

to which we are tied down by the calculations founded upon the narrative.

The appearance of the breakers, which our author has settled to have been the indication of land, which the seamen perceived in the present case, is the usual harbinger of destruction—but here, says Mr. Smith,—

“They call forth a display of presence of mind, promptitude, and seamanship, which could not be surpassed in the present day, and by which, under Providence, the lives of all on board were saved. However appalling the alarming breakers may be to a ship unexpectedly falling in with the land on an unknown coast, and in a dark and stormy night, it afforded, in the present case, a chance at least of safety. The hope which was taken away is restored. They can now adopt the last resource for a sinking ship, and run her ashore; but to do so before it was day, would have been to have rushed on certain destruction. They must bring the ship, if it be possible, to anchor, and hold on till daybreak, when they may perhaps discover some ‘creek with a shore,’ into which they may be able to ‘thrust the ship.’”

Our author shows at length how all the circumstances agree with the locality of St. Paul's Bay. This is a very interesting portion of his able dissertation; but we cannot attempt to follow the details, which appear to us to show, in a most convincing manner—what we indeed never doubted, though we could not so satisfactorily have proved it—that this bay was the scene of the shipwreck, and that all the measures taken were suited with admirable judgment to the exigencies of the occasion. We must, however, note a few facts in the narrative of the shipwreck, and the subsequent events, which appear to us to have received new light from the researches of this learned and ingenious writer.

The casting out of anchors at the stern has led many critics to suppose that ancient ships habitually anchored at the stern; but it rather appears that the ancients, as well as the moderns, except under peculiar circumstances, anchored by the bow; but the anchors were cast out at the stern on the present occasion with a view to the ulterior object of running the ship ashore, as soon as daylight enabled them to select a spot where it could be done with a prospect of safety. For this purpose, the very best position in which the ship could be, was to be anchored by the stern. As both ends of ancient ships were nearly alike, there was nothing in their form to prevent this mode of anchoring from being put in practice.

A mere landsman is not apt to find anything particular in the fact, that when the ship was eventually run into the “creek with a shore,” (*i. e.* a beach,) the fore part stuck fast and remained entire, while the hinder part was broken by the violence of the waves. But this was really a very remarkable circumstance, and

adds another corroboration to the assumed locality of the trans-action.

"The rocks of Malta disintegrate into extremely minute particles of sand and clay, which, when acted upon by the currents, or surface agitation, form a deposit of tenacious clay; but in still water, where these causes do not act, mud is formed; but it is only in creeks, where there are no currents, and at such a depth as to be undisturbed by the waves, that the mud occurs. In Captain Smyth's chart of the bay, the nearest soundings to the mud indicate a depth of about three fathoms, which is about what a large ship would draw. A ship, therefore, impelled by the force of a gale into a creek with a bottom such as is laid down in the chart, would strike a bottom of mud, graduating into tenacious clay, into which her fore part would fix itself, and be held fast, while the stern was exposed to the force of the waves."

A question has been raised respecting the viper which fastened on Paul, which is plainly declared to be venomous, and which the natives knew to be so, seeing that they expected that the Apostle "would have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly," from the attack. It is well known, that although there are serpents, there are not any venomous ones in Malta. The present natives easily account for this by alleging, that venomous reptiles were banished by St. Paul from the Island. But this will not satisfy modern inquiry; and we have seen the fact urged as a reason against the alleged identity of Malta with the Melita of the narrative. Upon this point our author observes,—

"No person who has studied the changes which the operations of man have produced upon the Fauna (animals) of any country, will be surprised that a particular species should have disappeared from that of Malta. My friend the Rev. Mr. Landsborough, in his interesting excursions in Arran, has repeatedly noticed the gradual disappearance of the viper from the island since it has become more frequented. * * * Perhaps there is nowhere a surface of equal extent in so artificial a state as that of Malta is, at the present day, and nowhere has the aboriginal forest been so completely cleared; but it by no means follows that this was the case when St. Luke wrote. Indeed, we have proof that it was not, for the narrative informs us that the animal came out of a bundle of sticks which St. Paul had gathered. We need not, therefore, be surprised that with the disappearance of the woods, the noxious reptiles which infested them should also have disappeared."

The main theme of this curious and valuable book is followed by sundry dissertations on subjects more or less connected with it. These occupy about half the volume; but we have no space to enter upon the questions which they open. The first is, as formerly mentioned, on the wind Euroclydon; the second dis-

cusses the relative claims of Malta and of Meleda in the Adriatic to be regarded as the Melita of the voyage. These go over well-trodden ground; but this is not the case with the ensuing dissertation on the Ships of the Ancients, which we will undertake to declare to be the most satisfactory statement on the subject that exists in the English, or, as far as we know, in any other language. It occupies about sixty pages, but every reader must feel it to be much too short, and we recommend Mr. Smith to expand this paper into a separate volume, with an extended set of illustrations from ancient monuments. We perceive that the author has a much better opinion of ancient seamanship than is usually entertained.

"We are apt to consider the ancients as timid and unskilful sailors, afraid to venture out of sight of land, or to make long voyages in winter. I can see no evidence that this was the case; the cause of their not making voyages after the end of summer arose in a great measure from the comparative obscurity of the sky during the winter, and not from the gales that prevail at that season. With no means of directing their course, except by observing the heavenly bodies, they were necessarily prevented from putting to sea when they could not depend upon their being visible."

The next and largest Dissertation is on the sources of St. Luke's writings. This is exceedingly interesting, and turns up some new and striking views. We cannot assent to all the deductions of the writer, but we bear willing testimony to the skilful handling which the subject has received, and to the fine critical tact which the Dissertation evinces. The last Dissertation is on the geological changes in St. Paul's Bay. In this we see the *Malta Antica Illustrata* quoted for the fact that "no stream flows into St. Paul's Bay, except one that flows from a translucent spring, which the natives term *Ayn tal Razzul*, or 'The Apostle's Fountain,' a name which proves the great antiquity of the tradition, for the signification of the Phœnician word Razzul (apostle) is unknown to the Maltese." This is incorrect. The word Razzul is not Phœnician, but Arabic, of which the Maltese language is a dialect, and the people understand its meaning very well.

We now close this volume, which we regard as a truly important, curious, and interesting contribution to Biblical literature. No one who wishes to have a right understanding of the two last chapters of the Acts can dispense with this book, the appearance of which exacts that all Commentaries upon these chapters shall be re-written. Sincerely do we hope that the assured success of this fine production may encourage others to favour the public with equally full and elaborate Dissertations on particular Scripture subjects, this being a department in which our English Biblical literature is woefully deficient.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Nineveh and its Remains, with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians*. By AUSTIN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 934. London, 1849.
2. *The Monuments of Nineveh, from Drawings made on the spot*. By AUSTIN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D.C.L. Illustrated in One Hundred Plates. London, 1849.

NINEVEH, or the dwelling of Ninus, was the metropolis of the great Assyrian Empire, the residence of a long line of illustrious princes, and once the largest and most populous city in the world. We learn from the book of Genesis that Asshur, one of the sons of Shem, "went forth" from the land of Shinar, and built Nineveh; but we hear nothing more of it in the sacred writings till Jonah, its inspired missionary, describes it as "a great city," an "exceeding great city of three days' journey," and which required him to take "a day's journey" before he reached the spot from which he was to predict its overthrow. The immense population of this great metropolis is also clearly indicated by the prophet. It contained "more than six score thousand (120,000) persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand," and must therefore have contained a population of nearly 600,000.

Although the Ninevites repented at the preaching of Jonah, and were for a while spared, yet the prophet Nahum was, a short time afterwards, commissioned to declare "the burden of Nineveh,"—to announce the destruction of the city, and the downfall of the Assyrian Empire. He describes it as a city with many strongholds, and many gates with bars,—her merchants as multiplied above the stars of heaven,—her inhabitants and princes numerous as the locusts, and the "store and glory" of her "pleasant furniture" as endless. "This is the rejoicing city," says Zephaniah, "that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none besides me: how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in!"

These predictions were literally fulfilled by the destruction of the city in the year 606 B.C., by the combined armies of Cyaxares, King of Persia and Media, and Nabopolassar, who was either King of Babylon, or, as Mr. Layard thinks, the Assyrian governor of the city. "He that dasheth in pieces came up before her face;" "the gates of her land were set wide open unto her enemies;" "fire devoured her bars," and "herself;" "the noise of the whip, and of the rattling of the wheels, and of the

prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots," resounded in her "broad ways;" "the gates of the river were opened, and the palace dissolved;" "there was no end of the corpses of the slain;" "the spoil of silver and the spoil of gold" were "taken;" "and the voice of her messengers was no more heard;" "the nations saw her nakedness, and the kingdoms her shame;" "Nineveh was laid waste;" "she was made a desolation, and dry like a wilderness."

The account of Nineveh as given by profane historians, the details of its destruction, and its present condition as observed by modern travellers, confirm in a most remarkable manner the statements of the ancient prophets. Its walls are described by profane writers as a hundred feet high, sixty miles in circumference, and defended by 1500 towers, each of which was 200 feet in height. Diodorus Siculus informs us that the city was destroyed partly by water and partly by fire, and that many talents of gold and silver preserved from the flames were carried to Ecbatana. Lucian, a native of Samosata near the Euphrates, who flourished in the second century, (between A.D. 90 and A.D. 180,) informs us that Nineveh had utterly perished,—that not a vestige of it remained, and that no one could ever point out the place which it occupied.

During the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since the time of Lucian, Nineveh was known only in its name. Its very ruins had disappeared; and while the traveller and the antiquary were investigating the remains of Greek and Roman grandeur, and the geologist was ranging over the globe to discover and disinter the fossil remains of the primeval world, no inquiry was made after the Nineveh and Babylon of Holy Writ, and no pilgrimage undertaken to search for the buried palaces of the Assyrian kings. Huge mounds, seemingly composed of earth and rubbish, had long ago attracted the notice of travellers in Assyria and Babylonia, and were conjectured to be the remains of their mighty capitals. A vitrified mass of brickwork, *Birs Nimroud*, rising out of the accumulated rubbish of centuries, was believed to be the tower of Babel. The temple of Belus, according to Herodotus, and other mounds in the neighbourhood, were supposed to be the hanging gardens and marvellous structures attributed to the two Queens, Semiramis and Nitocris; but the difficulty of reaching these localities, though it excited the curiosity of the antiquarian, prevented the traveller from ever paying them a passing visit. The presumed site of the Assyrian metropolis had excited still deeper interest than that of Babylonia. The enormous mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern city of Mosul on the right bank, had been noticed by several travellers; and the traditional tomb of Jonah on the

top of one of the mounds, gave probability to the supposition that it marked the site of Nineveh; but notwithstanding this probability, Mr. Macdonald Kinnear, who examined these mounds, was disposed to believe that they were the site of a Roman camp of the time of Hadrian!

It is to the late Mr. Rich, the East India Company's resident at Baghdad, that we owe the first investigation of Assyrian remains. The results of his first examination of the ruins of Babylon near Hillah, which he made in May 1812, with a dissertation on the topography of ancient Babylon, were first published at Vienna in Von Hammer's Oriental Journal, entitled *Mines de l'Orient*, and this work was afterwards reprinted in England in 1815, under the title of *Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon*. He found the ruins to consist of mounds of earth, formed by the decomposition of buildings, channelled and furrowed by the weather, and having their surface strewn with pieces of brick, bitumen, and pottery. The grand mass of these ruins is 1100 yards long, 800 yards broad, 50 or 60 feet high, and of a quadrantal form. The next grand heap, of nearly a square form, is 700 yards long, and nearly 100 broad. It is the most interesting portion, according to Mr. Rich, of the ruins of Babylon, every vestige of it indicating its superiority to the rest. In the winding caverns and subterranean passages within are found walls of burnt bricks laid in mortar, with fragments of vessels; and Mr. Rich obtained a sepulchral earthenware urn, with human bones near it, which pulverized with the touch. The other remarkable objects examined by Mr. Rich were the Kasr or Palace,* consisting of several walls and piers, three different perspective views of which have been published by the author. A mile to the north of the Kasr, and fully five miles from Hillah, is the Mujelibé, which Petro della Valle, and after him Major Rennel, determines to have been the tower of Belus. It is of an oblong, irregular shape. The elevation of the highest angle is 141 feet, the average length of its four sides being about 185 yards. In digging out the earth for a passage in the northern part, Mr. Rich discovered near the top a wooden coffin, containing a skeleton in high preservation. A brass bird outside the coffin, and an inside brass ornament were found; and a little further on was found the skeleton of a child. There were no ruins on the eastern side of the river. Mr. Rich then visited the Birs Nimroud, "the most stupendous and surprising mass of all the remains of Babylon, situated in the desert about six miles to the south-west of Hillah." It is an oblong mound, 762 yards in circumference,

* Major Rennel considers this building as "subsequent to Old Babylon, but before the time of Islam."

having on its summit a solid pile of brick, 37 feet high and 28 broad, perforated by small square holes disposed in rhomboids, and having vitrified masses on its summit. The mound is itself a ruin, channelled and strewn with fragments of all sorts. There is some reason to believe with Niebhur and Mr. Rich, that Birs Nimroud, "which is pretty nearly in the state in which Alexander saw it," was the tower of Belus, described by Herodotus.*

In Mr. Rich's *Second Memoir on Babylon*, published in 1818, he gives a slight notice of the ruins of Nineveh. He speaks of the rectangular inclosure opposite Mosul as answering to the palace of Nineveh. Its sides correspond to the cardinal points of the compass, the western, one of the largest, facing the river. Its boundary, resembling a low embankment of rubbish, "has attached to it and its line,† at several places, mounds of greater size and solidity." The village of Nebbi Yunus, where they shew Jonah's tomb, is built on the mound at the south-west angle. The largest mound, situated near the centre of the western face, is supposed to be the monument of Ninus, and is called by the natives Koyunjik Tepe, the village of Koyunjik being built at its north-east extremity. It has the shape of a truncated pyramid, and is 178 feet high, 1850 feet long on its summit from east to west, and 1847 from north to south. An immense block of stone, sculptured with the figures of men and animals, was found "a short time ago" in one of the mounds on the north face of it.

"So remarkable," says Mr. Rich, "was this fragment of antiquity, that even Turkish apathy was roused, and the Pasha and most of the principal people of Mosul came out to see it. One of the spectators particularly recollected among the sculptures on this stone‡ the figure of a man on horseback, with a long lance in his hand, followed by a great many others on foot. The stone was soon afterwards cut into small pieces for repairing the buildings of Mosul, and this inestimable specimen of the arts and manners of the earliest ages irrecoverably lost."§

In the year 1820, Mr. Rich paid his fourth visit to Mosul.

* Fire-burnt, sun-dried bricks, bitumen, mortar, and clay, were the materials used in the buildings of Babylon.

† Mr. Rich has given four views of the Mujelibe, and four of Birs Nimroud. These views have been republished in Buckingham's *Travels in Mesopotamia*. Major Rennel considered the Mujelibe as the tower of Belus, an opinion ably controverted by Mr. Rich in his "Second Memoir on Babylon."

‡ "A grey stone, the height of two men, dug from a spot above the surface of the ground."—*Rich's Narrative*, &c., vol. ii. p. 39.

§ In an Appendix to his Second Memoir, Mr. Rich has given a description illustrated with three large plates of antiquities and inscriptions from Babylon.—Pp. 47-56.

Having been obliged, for the benefit of his health, to visit Kurdistan, he returned to Baghdad by way of Mosul, and employed the few weeks he was able to spend in that city in examining the mounds on the opposite bank of the river. In passing through the area of Nineveh, on the 31st October, he observed marks of a double wall, "the walls on the east having become quite a concretion of pebbles, like the natural hills," though large hewn stones are frequently dug out of them. The stormy weather having abated, he began his examination of the ruins on the 8th November, crossing the Tigris where it was about two fathom deep, and 400 feet wide. At the village of Nebbi Yunus, he found various pieces of gypsum, with inscriptions in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character, one of which, now in the British Museum, was covered with writing. Another appeared to be part of the wall of a passage "said to reach far into the mound." A third, apparently in its original position, is part of a wall plastered with mud. "I doubt not," says Mr. Rich, "but many other antiquities might be found in this mound, but the greater part of it is thickly covered with a labyrinth of small houses, and it is only on the repairing or falling down of these that such things are discovered."

After visiting the tomb of Jonah, consisting of several dark, narrow, and vaulted ancient passages, surmounted by a mosque, he examined the area of Nineveh, which, at a rough guess, he makes from one and a half to two miles broad, and four miles long, stretching a short way south of Nebbi Yunus. The mound of Koyunjik is 43 feet high, and 7691 in circuit. A fragment of pottery with cuneiform writing was discovered in his presence, and on the south side of the inclosure were found huge stones laid in layers of bitumen and lime mortar. There was also found at Nebbi Yunus a square stone slab, with an extremely perfect cuneiform inscription. After a careful survey of the locality,* Mr. Rich again came to the conclusion at which he had previously arrived, that the present inclosure formed only part of a great city, and was probably either the citadel or royal precincts, an opinion which is in harmony with the descriptions of Strabo and Diodorus Siculus.† Although Mr. Rich lived four months on the site of Nineveh, he made no attempt to excavate the mound, and hence all the antiquities which he did collect, including those from Babylon, would not occupy a cube of three feet.

* The results of this survey are given in a very accurate Plan of the Ruins of Nineveh.

† We must refer our readers for a minute account of Mr. Rich's survey of Nineveh to his *Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan*, edited by his Widow, vol. ii. chap. xiii. xiv. See also *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1836, vol. vi. p. 361.

Such was the meagre information which we possessed in 1844 of the site of Nineveh, and of the sculptures and arts of Assyria. Mr. Layard, indeed, had at an earlier period trodden this consecrated ground, and made some attempts to disinter its antiquities. After wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, in 1839 and 1840, he completed his pilgrimage by repairing to the remains of Nineveh and Babylon. On the 10th April 1840, he entered Mosul, and visited the extensive ruins on the left bank of the Tigris, including the great mounds of Koyunjik and Nebbi Yunus. He explored, in company with Mr. Ainsworth, the mound of Kalah Sherghat, a vast ruin on the Tigris, 50 miles below its junction with the Zab. On his way thither, and near the Arab village of Hammum Ali, he saw the vestiges of an ancient city. From an artificial eminence, he observed over a line of lofty mounds one of a pyramidal form rising high above the rest. "This was the pyramid which Xenophon had described, and near which the ten thousand had encamped: the ruins around it were those which the Greek General saw twenty-two centuries before, and which were even then the remains of an *ancient city*." In the vast mass of shapeless ruins at Kalah Sherghat, he discovered a few fragments of pottery and inscribed bricks, but he sought in vain for figures carved in black stone, which, according to a tradition among the Arabs, existed among the ruins. Mr. Layard was particularly struck with the contrast between these ruins and those which he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, and he has presented to us this contrast in the following beautiful passage:—

"The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay; the richly-carved cornice or capital half-hidden by the luxuriant herbage; are replaced by the stern shapeless mound rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half-doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilisation, or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague his results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating; desolation meets desolation: a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec or the theatres of Ionia."—Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

Mr. Layard again saw and examined the ruins of Nimroud when descending the Tigris on a raft in the middle of April. Amid the flowers of every hue with which the spring rains had enamelled the mound and the adjacent meadows, he found "a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined edges of the cuneiform character." From the base of the mound there stretched a long line of consecutive narrow mounds, which retained the appearance of walls or ramparts, and formed a vast quadrangle. A great dam here crosses the Tigris, which flows over it in a formidable cataract. It consists of huge stones squared and united by cramps of iron, and was intended to furnish water to the innumerable canals which are spread like network over the country. These dams, which greatly impeded the fleets of Alexander, were even in his time looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. The curiosity of Mr. Layard was highly excited by the contemplation of these ancient remains, and "from that time he formed the design of thoroughly examining, whenever it might be in his power, these singular ruins."

When Mr. Layard again visited Mosul, in the summer of 1842, on his way to Constantinople, he found that M. Botta, a nephew of the historian of Italy, had, since his former visit, been appointed French Consul in that city, and had commenced excavations in the great mound of Koyunjik. These excavations were very limited in extent, and had at that time yielded but a few fragments of brick and alabaster, containing a few letters in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character. M. Botta, however, was not discouraged. While continuing his excavations in the same mound, a peasant from the village of Khorsabad, about four or five hours distant from Mosul, happened to visit the spot, and advised the Consul to try the mound on which his own village, of 50 or 60 hovels, was built. M. Botta sent an agent with one or two workmen, who, on sinking a well, came upon the top of a wall, which, upon digging deeper, they found to consist of sculptured slabs of gypsum. He hastened to the village, and upon cutting a wider trench in the direction of the wall, he found that he had opened a chamber connected with others, and formed of slabs of gypsum, covered with sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and similar events. At the end of six months he had explored no fewer than six chambers or halls, some of which were very large, and seen 459 feet of bas-reliefs, between which were cut numerous inscriptions in the cuneiform character, proving that the building belonged to a period which preceded the conquest of Alexander. In this manner had M. Botta discovered an Assyrian building, *the first, probably, as Mr. Layard remarks, which had been exposed to the view of man since*

the fall of the Assyrian Empire. As the edifice thus explored had been destroyed by fire, the slabs of gypsum, reduced to lime by the intense heat, fell rapidly to pieces on exposure to the air. No precaution, says Mr. Layard, could arrest their rapid decay; and it was to be feared that this wonderful monument had only been uncovered to complete its ruin. The records of victories and triumphs which had long attested the power, and swelled the pride, of the Assyrian kings, and had resisted the ravages of ages, were now passing away for ever. They could scarcely be held together until an inexperienced pencil should secure an imperfect evidence of their former existence. Almost all that was first discovered thus speedily disappeared, and the same fate has befallen nearly everything subsequently found at Khorsabad.

When M. Botta's means were exhausted, he transmitted copies of the sculptures and inscriptions to his friend, M. Mohl, the celebrated oriental scholar, who laid them before the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris.* This learned body took a deep interest in the subject, and induced the Minister of the Interior, M. Duchatel, to make a grant from the public funds to carry on the excavations at Khorsabad. M. Eugene Flandin, a skilful draftsman, whose talents and zeal had been displayed in his travels in Persia, was sent as an auxiliary to the Consul, and, on his arrival at Mosul, a system of effectual research was instantly adopted. M. Botta purchased the whole village of Khorsabad for a certain number of piastres from the Chapter of Arbela, to whom it belonged. The Pasha, however, threw difficulties in the way; but in consequence of his death, and the delay in appointing a successor, the French antiquaries pursued their inquiries with ardour and success. Fifteen chambers, many of which were from 111 to 115 feet in length, were explored. The sculptures occupy tablets of marble from 6½ to 10 feet wide, covering the brick walls to the height of 10 feet. In some of the galleries these tablets form two belts, each 3½ feet high, containing figures 3 feet 3 inches in height. Cuneiform inscriptions occupy the space between these two belts. The relief of the figures is proportional to their size, which is occasionally such as to reach from the bottom to the top of the marble slab. These figures compose processions of kings, priests, nobles, and warriors, extending to the length of 1300 feet along the whole façades. Battle-pieces, festivals, captive cities, and the torture and execution of prisoners, are all represented with ad-

* M. Botta was at the first vacancy nominated a corresponding member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. His letters were read at the sittings of April, June, July, August, September, and October 1843, and January 1844. See *Mémoires de l'Institut Royale de France. Acad. des Inscript. et Belles Lettres*, 1845. Tom. xiv. pp. 27, 28.

mirable skill and spirit, and in the highest style of art. The principal gates of entrance are surmounted by gigantic winged bulls, with human heads, crowned with a huge tiara, small lions having been chained at the feet of the bulls. M. Flandin has noticed it as remarkable, that the lion is never represented at liberty, but always in chains ; and it deserves also to be remarked, that there are no inscriptions at Khorsabad on the external façades of the buildings. He, therefore, with much probability, refers these sculptures, and the palace which they adorn, to the second and last dynasty of the Assyrian kings, whose names occur in the sacred writings. Mr. Layard was among the first persons who were made acquainted with these researches of M. Botta, who liberally allowed him to see his letters and drawings as they passed through Constantinople ; and during the whole period of his excavations, he not only sent Mr. Layard his descriptions, but copies of the inscriptions, without exacting any promise as to the use he might make of them. M. Botta's excavations were completed early in 1845 ; and having secured many excellent specimens of Assyrian sculpture, he returned to Europe with a rich collection of inscriptions, now lodged in Paris.

Mr. Layard was among the first to form an opinion of the age and origin of the remarkable palace discovered by M. Botta ; and in three letters, published in the *Malta Times*, he stated the general grounds upon which he founded his views. Thus informed on the subject, and impressed with the importance of pursuing these researches, Mr. Layard was anxious to devote himself to the task. If Khorsabad did not represent ancient Nineveh, and if the edifice discovered there had been one of its palaces, other buildings, more vast and magnificent, must exist nearer the seat of government, on the banks of the Tigris. Occupied with this conviction, Mr. Layard's thoughts reverted to the ruins at Nimroud, and the traditions with which they were associated. In the autumn of 1845, Sir Stratford Canning had mentioned to him his willingness to bear for a limited time the expenses of excavations in Assyria, and it is to this generous and noble action of our ambassador that we owe that noble collection of Assyrian antiquities which Mr. Layard has succeeded in transmitting to the British Museum.

Furnished with letters of introduction to the authorities at Mosul, Mr. Layard left Constantinople in the middle of October 1845, "crossed the Mountains of Pontus, and the great Steppes of the Usun Yilak, as fast as post-horses could carry him, descended the high lands into the valley of the Tigris, galloped over the vast plains of Assyria, and reached Mosul in twelve days." Having paid his respects to the Governor, Mo-

hammed Pasha, and secretly procured a few tools, and engaged a mason, he left Mosul on the 8th November, and accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant in Mosul, his own Cawass, and a servant, he descended the Tigris to Nimroud in five hours, and at sunset reached the Arab village of Naifa. Awad, a Sheikh of the Jehesh, in whose house he lodged, entered his service, and speedily engaged six Arabs to assist in the excavations. In the principal mound, only twenty minutes' walk from the village, about 1800 feet long, 900 broad, and 65 high, supposed to be the pyramid of Xenophon, they found fragments with cuneiform inscriptions, and in the course of the morning ten large slabs forming a square were uncovered, forming the top of a chamber, with an entrance at the north-west corner, where a slab was wanting. Cuneiform inscriptions occupied the centre of all the slabs, which were in the highest preservation. Digging into the side of the mound, the workmen came immediately to a wall having similar inscriptions, but the slabs had been exposed to intense heat, and were so cracked and reduced to lime, that they threatened to fall to pieces. The labours of this first day's work were highly encouraging, and strengthened with five Turcomans, who had been attracted by the prospect of regular wages, the party began the work of the second day. Inscribed slabs, ivory ornaments, with traces of gilding, among which was a male figure in long robes, walls branching out at different angles, and a great accumulation of charcoal, proving the destruction of one of the buildings by fire, were the amount of this day's labour. During the continuance of the excavations for other three days, several inscriptions were uncovered, but no sculptures. Scattered fragments of gold-leaf had induced the workmen to believe that Mr. Layard was in search of gold, and even his head-workman, Awad, had arrived at the same conclusion. "O Bey," said he, "here is the gold sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to these Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The Sheikh was at once disappointed and surprised when Mr. Layard presented him with the golden treasure he had collected, and assured him that he might retain "all such as he might hereafter discover."

As the experiment of excavation had been successfully tried, Mr. Layard galloped to Mosul in order to acquaint the Pasha, Keritli Oglu, (the son of the Cretan,) with the nature and object of his researches. This extortioner by law had one eye and one ear, was short and fat, deeply indented with the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice. He revived old and forgotten impositions, and he "particularly insisted on *dish pararsi*,

is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

"I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a *corresponding figure, and before nightfall reached the object of my search, about twelve feet deep.*"—Vol. i. pp. 65-67.

Having engaged two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, Mr. Layard celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, and by a dance, which was kept up during the greater part of the night. Mosul was thrown into commotion by the news. Nimroud was declared by the terrified Arabs to have appeared, and the Cadi, the Mufti, and the Ulema, complained to the Pasha that these excavations were contrary to the Koran. The Pasha requested the excavations to be discontinued till the sensation in the town had subsided. Two men, however, were allowed to dig leisurely, and before the end of March two additional and magnificent specimens of Assyrian art, in perfect preservation, were secured, namely, a second pair of winged human-headed lions, about twelve feet in length and height. Cuneiform inscriptions, in which not a character was wanting, covered all the parts of the slab that were not occupied by the figure.

"I used to contemplate," says Mr. Layard, "for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men, who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a supreme being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wing of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognised by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown before the foundation of the Eternal City. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilisation of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in

senting war-chariots, with warriors, and richly caparisoned horses; and another, the siege of a castle or walled city, with warriors, some on the turrets discharging arrows and stones, and others ascending a ladder placed against the walls. While meditating upon this interesting discovery, Daoud Agha, the commander of the irregulars, brought orders from Mosul to stop the excavations, by threatening the workmen. Mr. Layard rode off early next morning to Mosul to expostulate with the Pasha, who, pretending surprise, disclaimed having given any orders, and directed his secretary to write an order to the commander of the irregulars to assist rather than obstruct him. Mr. Layard requested this letter to be sent to him before he left Mosul; but the Pasha, on the ground that he was unwilling to detain him, promised to forward it in the evening. On his arrival at Selamiyah, Mr. Layard informed Daoud Agha of the success of his visit; but the commander returned to him at midnight with the news, that a horseman had just brought him the most stringent orders, that on no account was he to permit the excavations to be continued. Confounded with this intelligence, Mr. Layard visited the Pasha next day, and received the following explanation of his conduct:—

“ ‘It was with deep regret,’ said the Pasha, ‘I learned after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by the Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves. Now you are aware that, by the law, it is forbidden to disturb a tomb; and the Cadi and Mufti have already made representations to me on the subject.’ ‘In the first place,’ replied I, ‘I can state that no graves have been disturbed; in the second, after the wise and firm *político* which your Excellency exhibited at Siwas, grave-stones would present no difficulty.’ * * * * * ‘No,’ added he, ‘I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend: if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! Your life is more valuable than old stones; besides, the responsibility would fall on my head.’”—Vol. i. p. 44.

Mr. Layard pretended to acquiesce in this decision, and requested that a Cawass of his own might be sent with him to Nimroud, in order to have the sculptures already uncovered drawn and the inscriptions copied. The Pasha's Cawass was readily induced to countenance the employment of a few workmen to *guard* the sculptures during the day. With regard to the graves that had been disturbed, Daoud Agha confessed that he had been ordered to *make graves* on the mound, and that his troops had for two nights been bringing stones from distant villages for that purpose. “We have destroyed,” said he, “more real tombs of the true believers in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We

have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying these accursed stones." Continuing to employ a few men to open trenches by way of experiment, several gigantic figures, uninjured by fire, were discovered, a crouching lion rudely carved in basalt, and a pair of gigantic winged bulls, without the head and half the wings. On the back of these slabs, 14 feet long, on which these animals had been carved in high relief, were inscriptions in large and well cut characters. A pair of winged lions without the heads, admirably designed and carefully executed, were also discovered, and a human figure nine feet high. These sculptures were left *in situ*, the upper part only having been examined.

Having now no doubt of the existence of vast edifices in the interior of the mound of Nimroud, Mr. Layard urged on Sir Stratford Canning the necessity of a firman order from the Porte, to prevent his proceedings from being interfered with. He covered over the sculptures, and withdrew from Nimroud, leaving an agent at Selamiyah. On entering Mosul on the 18th December, he found the population rejoicing at the dismissal of Keridi Oglu, and the appointment of Ishmael Pasha as his successor. Owing to the state of the weather, the continuance of the excavations was impossible, and Mr. Layard proceeded to Baghdad, which he reached on the 24th December, in order to consult Major Rawlinson, and make arrangements for the removal of the sculptures at a future period. On his return to Mosul early in January, the new Pasha gave him every assistance and protection. His agent at Nimroud had not been idle. The counterfeit graves had been removed, and also others which possessed more claim to respect. Mr. Layard satisfied the Arabs, that as the bodies were not turned towards Mecca, they could not be those of true believers.

The Cadi of Mosul again contrived to interrupt the excavation. He alleged that Mr. Layard was carrying off treasure, and trying to prove by the inscriptions that the Franks once held the country. The Mufti took up the same ground, and complained to the Pasha, who requested him to suspend his operations for a short time. Still, however, he made fresh experiments with only a few men to avoid notice. He discovered two human figures about the natural size, in bas-relief, and with the freshness of a recent work. All their parts were entire. The figures were back to back with wings, and an inscription ran across the sculptures. He now recognised at once whence many of the sculptures of the S.W. buildings had been brought, and it was evident he thought that he had at length discovered the earliest palace in Nimroud. In the N.W. palace he discovered an eagle-headed figure, of a very singular form, furnished with wings, and clothed in long robes. On all these figures paint

inscriptions, however, enabled Mr. Layard to assert with some confidence, that the building to which they belonged was contemporary with that at Khorsabad, and of a more recent epoch than the most ancient palace of Nimroud. After inspecting and covering up for future examination a number of sculptured slabs discovered at Nimroud, Mr. Layard employed himself in packing and transporting to Bombay, by the way of Baghdad, such sculptures as could be moved with the means at his disposal. Steam-vessels having failed in their attempt to ascend the Tigris, Mr. Layard was obliged to float them down to Baghdad on rafts formed of inflated skins and beams of poplar wood. During the operation of packing and transporting the sculptures to the river, which was done by buffalo carts, belonging to the Pasha, the Pasha himself, accompanied by a large body of regular and irregular troops with three guns, paid a visit to Mr. Layard, who entertained this large company for two days, the Pasha's tents being pitched on an island in the Tigris. His Excellency was as much astonished at the sculptures as the Arabs, and the gigantic human-headed lion terrified as well as amazed his Osmanli followers.

Mr. Layard's health compelled him to renounce for a while his labours at Nimroud, and as he required a cooler climate, he determined to visit the Tiyari mountains, inhabited by the Chaldæan or Nestorian Christians, and to return in September to resume his labours under a cooler sky. After visiting the French excavations at Khorsabad, on his way to the mountains, he passed through the town of Amadiyah, the limit of the authority of the Pasha of Mosul, and reached the village of Asheetha, where he was hospitably received by Yakoub the Rais or chief, and rapturously welcomed by the Chaldæans whom he had employed at Nimroud. This, and all the other villages of the Chaldæan Christians, with the exception of Zaweetha, had been destroyed in 1843 by the ruthless Beder Khan Bey, who massacred in cold blood nearly 10,000 of the inhabitants, and carried off as slaves large numbers of girls and children.* Yakoub, who had witnessed all the scenes of bloodshed in the Tiyari, having been continually with Beder Khan Bey as a hostage, pointed out to

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Mr. Layard the places where they were perpetrated. When at Lizan on the Zab, without an inhabitable house, the travellers were obliged to spread their carpets amongst the tombs in the graveyard of a roofless church, slowly rising from its ruins, and "the first edifice in the village to be rebuilt." Mr. Layard was induced to visit the scene of one of the most terrible incidents of the massacre, to which he was conducted by an active mountaineer, and he has given us the following account of it:—

"Emerging from the gardens, we found ourselves at the foot of an almost perpendicular detritus of loose stones, terminated about one thousand feet above us by a wall of lofty rocks. Up this ascent we toiled for above an hour, sometimes clinging to small shrubs, at others, crawling on our hands and knees; crossing the gullies to secure a footing, or carried down by the stones which we put in motion. We soon saw evidences of the slaughter. At first, a solitary skull rolling down with the rubbish; then, heaps of blanched bones; further up, fragments of rotting garments. As we advanced, these remains became more frequent; skeletons almost entire still hung to the dwarf shrubs. I was soon compelled to renounce an attempt to count them. As we approached the wall of rock, the declivity became covered with bones, mingled with the long plaited tresses of the women, shreds of discoloured linen, and well-worn shoes. There were skulls of all ages, from the child unborn to the toothless old man. We could not avoid treading on the bones as we advanced, and rolling them with the loose stones into the valley below. 'This is nothing,' exclaimed my guide, who observed me gazing with wonder on these miserable heaps; 'they are but the remains of those that were thrown from above, or sought to escape the sword by jumping from the rock. Follow me.' He sprang upon a ledge running along the precipice that rose before us, and clambered along the face of the mountain overhanging the Zab, now scarcely visible at our feet. I followed him as well as I was able, to some distance; but when the ledge became scarcely broader than my hand, and frequently disappeared for three or four feet altogether, I could no longer advance. The Tiyari, who had easily surmounted these difficulties, returned to assist me, but in vain. I was compelled to return, after catching a glimpse of an open recess or platform covered with human remains.

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which they stood the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful, but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown, whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the Prophet, that once 'the Assyrian was a Cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs * * * his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;' for now is 'Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her: All the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds.'*—Vol. i. pp. 69-71.

After paying a visit to the celebrated ruins of Al Hather, which have been described by Dr. Ross† and Mr. Ainsworth,‡ Mr. Layard returned to Mosul to resume his operations. As several of the principal Christian families were anxious to see the sculptures, Mr. Layard wished to gratify their curiosity by giving them a ball and supper before the summer heat had commenced. The French and English consuls, and their ladies, joined the party, and a general invitation was given to all the Arabs of the district, men and women. The Pasha lent his white pavilions, which were pitched near the river, on a broad lawn, carpeted with flowers, for the accommodation of the ladies and the reception of the Sheikhs; and black tents were provided for some of the guests, and the attendants of the kitchen. In the centre of the group of tents an open space was left for dancing and other exhibitions. The Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman arrived early, magnificently dressed, on his tall white mare, and surrounded by horsemen, carrying spears tipt with tufts of ostrich feathers. A Kurdish band of music accompanied Mr. Layard to meet the Sheikh, whose attendants urged their mares to the top of their speed, engaging in mimic war, and filling the air with their wild war-cry, which was almost drowned by the Kurds, who belaboured their drums and blew their pipes with redoubled energy. The other Sheikhs, with their women and children, came on foot. The wife and daughters of Abd-ur-rahman, mounted on mares, and surrounded by their slaves and hand-maidens, next appeared. When they had dismounted

* Ezekiel xxxi. 3, and Zephaniah ii. 13, 14.

† *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1839, vol. ix. p. 443. ‡ *Travels*.

at the entrance of the ladies' tents, they were entertained with sweetmeats, parched peas, and lettuces, while the assembled crowd, male and female, enjoyed the more solid fare of fourteen sheep that were roasted and boiled for the occasion. The dinner was succeeded by dancing, and Mr. Rassam persuaded some of the women to join the *debké*, the dance of the Arabs, compounded of shuffling steps, twisting attitudes, and stamping, yelling, and jumping. Sword-dances, by warriors of different tribes, were performed; but as the excitement increased with the music, the bystanders were obliged to replace the swords of the performers with stout staves, with which they belaboured one another unmercifully, each successful hit being applauded by the male war-cry and the female *tahlehl* of the tribe to which the one who dealt it belonged. This fête, which was kept up by moonlight till an early hour, was returned by Abd-ur-rahman, who entertained the Franks next day with *debkés* and sword-dances. The Sheikh insisted upon Mr. Layard joining with him in leading off a dance, in which they were accompanied by some five hundred warriors and Arab women.

Fortunately for Mr. Layard, a new Governor, Tahyar Pasha, courteous to Europeans, and well-informed in literature and history, came to Mosul; but his means being very limited, he was not able to carry on the excavations as he wished. A small but effective body of workmen, however, continued to excavate, and the result of their labour was the winged human-headed bull, whose head had been previously found, sixteen copper lions, varying from a foot to an inch in size, and three interesting slabs, now in England, exhibiting the front of the lion and the bull, which, from "the art displayed in the treatment and composition, the correct and effective delineation of the man and animal, the spirit of the grouping, and its extraordinary preservation, is probably the finest specimen of Assyrian art in existence."

At this time, a vizirial letter arrived, procured by Sir Stratford Canning, authorizing the excavations and the removal of the sculptures. Mr. Layard received it when on a gazelle-hunting excursion with Abd-ur-rahman, and he "read by the light of a small camel-dung fire the document which secured to the British nation the records of Nineveh, and a collection of the earliest monuments of Assyrian art." Pecuniary resources, however, were still wanting for extensive excavations; but the zeal of Mr. Layard compensated the parsimony of England. He now opened trenches in the great mound of Koyunjik, which travellers had supposed to mark the true site of Nineveh. The French consul claimed the ruins as French property; but as the claim was not recognised, he and Mr. Layard excavated in different directions for about a month, without much success. The sculptures and

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"When the fugitives who had escaped from Asheetha spread the news of the massacre through the valley of Lizan, the inhabitants of the villages around collected such part of their property as they could carry, and took refuge on the platform I have just described, and on the rock above, hoping thus to escape the notice of the Kurds, or to be able to defend against any numbers a place almost inaccessible. Women and young children as well as men concealed themselves in a spot which the mountain goat could scarcely reach. Beder Khan Bey was not long in discovering their retreat, but being unable to force it, he surrounded the place with his men, and waited till they should be compelled to yield. The weather was hot and sultry; the

Christians had brought but small supplies of water and provisions; after three days the first began to fail them, and they offered to capitulate. The terms proposed by Beder Khan Bey, and ratified by an oath on the Koran, were the surrender of their arms and property. The Kurds were then admitted to the platform. After they had taken the arms from their prisoners they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, until weary of using their weapons, they hurled the few survivors from the rocks to the Zab below. Out of nearly 1000 souls who are said to have congregated here, only one escaped."—Vol. i. pp. 188-191.

On his way to Tkoma, Mr. Layard visited Raola, where the chief subject of conversation was the threatened invasion of Tkoma by Beder Khan Bey. At the village of Birijai he visited the church, in which he saw among the MSS. many ancient rituals, forms of prayer, and versions of the Scriptures; the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles on vellum; and a fine copy of the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles also on vellum, entire, with numerous illuminations, written in the year of the Seleucidæ 1552, an era which commenced in October 312 before Christ. On Sunday morning Mr. Layard was raised at dawn to attend church. The ceremonies were short and simple. Two priests officiated in white surplices: a portion of Scripture was read and explained by the principal priest in the dialect of the mountains, as the Chaldæan of the books is understood by few. The prayers were chanted by his companion, the congregation kneeling or standing, and joining in the responses. The people used the sign of the cross when entering, and bowed at the name of Christ. The sacrament was administered to all present—men, women, and children partaking of the bread and wine. Mr. Layard's companion received it also, and they seemed to feel hurt at his declining to take it, until he stated that he did not refuse from any religious prejudice. The congregation then embraced each other at the close of the service. "I could not but contrast," says Mr. Layard, "these simple and primitive rites, with the senseless mummery and degrading forms adopted by the converted Chaldæans of the plains—the unadorned and imageless walls with the hideous pictures and monstrous deformities which encumber the churches of Mosul."

One of the Meleks of the tribe came to Birijai to welcome Mr. Layard to Tkoma Gowaja, the principal village of the district, containing 160 houses. When they reached the church they found the whole tribe assembled there in consultation on the defence of their village against the threatened invasion of the Kurds. A deputation was sent off to the Pasha of Mosul to implore his protection and aid. At the deserted and ruined village of Chonba, in the valley of the Zab, Mr. Layard's party could

not find a roof under which they could pass the night, and they were obliged to spread their carpets under a cluster of walnut trees, on the very same spot where Beder Khan Bey had pitched his tent after the great massacre, and where he received Melek Ismail, the chief of the Tiyari, when he was delivered a prisoner into his hands. Yakoub, who was present at the surrender of this Christian hero, thus described the event:—

“After performing prodigies of valour, and heading his people in their defence of the pass which led into the upper districts, Melek Ismail, his thigh broken by a musket-ball, was carried by a few followers to a cavern in a secluded ravine, where he might have escaped the search of his enemies, had not a woman, to save her life, betrayed his retreat. He was dragged down the mountain with savage exultation, and brought before Beder Khan Bey. Here he fell upon the ground. ‘Wherefore does the infidel sit before me?’ exclaimed the ferocious chief, who had seen his broken limb, ‘and what dog is this that has dared to shed the blood of true believers?’ ‘O Mir,’ replied Melek Ismail, still undaunted, and partly raising himself, ‘this arm has taken the lives of nearly twenty Kurds, and, had God spared me, as many more would have fallen by it.’ Beder Khan Bey rose and walked to the Zab, making a sign to his attendants that they should bring the Melek to him. By his direction they held the Christian chief over the river, and, severing his head from his body with a dagger, cast them into the stream. All the family of the Melek had distinguished themselves at the time of the invasion by their courage. His sister, standing by his side, slew four men before she fell mortally wounded.”—Vol. i. pp. 219, 220.

On his return to Mosul, Mr. Layard visited the Rock Sculptures at Malthayiah. The sculptures are Assyrian, contemporary with the Kings of Khorsabad and Koyunjik. They consist of four tablets of bas-relief cut in the rock, and on each tablet are nine figures in the act of adoring three divinities. He visited also Alkosh, a considerable Roman Catholic valley, containing the tomb of the prophet Nahum the Alkoshite.

Although Tahyar Pasha, the governor of Mosul, had attempted to avert the calamity, yet a few days after Mr. Layard had reached Mosul, Beder Khan Bey marched his ferocious Kurds against Tkoma, massacring in cold blood men, women, and children. Three hundred women and children flying into Baz were killed in the pass; and nearly half the population fell victims to the fanaticism of the Mohammedan murderer. The Porte was roused to a sense of its duty by these atrocious deeds. Osman Pasha was sent against the rebellious Kurd, who, after suffering two signal defeats, took refuge in a mountain fortress, and obtained too favourable terms of capitulation. He was brought to Constantinople, and subsequently sent to the island of Candia;—a very inadequate punishment for rebellion and murder.

Mr. Layard has devoted an interesting chapter to an account of the origin, history, and doctrines of the Chaldæan or Nestorian Christians. This primitive sect of the Christian Church has for nearly seventeen centuries maintained the purity of their faith, and the simplicity of their worship, uncontaminated by the superstitions of the Church of Rome; and it is not easy to assign a reason why so little sympathy has been extended to them by the Protestant Churches of Europe. They deny the doctrine of purgatory; they refuse to the Virgin the titles and exaggerated veneration given her by the Romish and Eastern Churches. They deny the supremacy of the Pope; the absolute celibacy of the whole clergy; and the doctrine of transubstantiation. They neither worship images nor exhibit them; and they admit the Nicene Creed to its fullest extent. They observe the Sabbath strictly, and give the bread and wine of the Sacrament to persons of all ages.

"The Protestants of America," says Mr. Layard, "have for some time past taken a deep interest in the Chaldeans. Their missionaries have opened schools in and around Oroomiah. A printing press has been established, and several works, including the Scriptures, have already been issued in the vernacular language of the people, and printed in a character peculiar to them. Their labours have, I believe, been successful. Although members of the Independent Church, they profess to avoid any interference with the Ecclesiastical system of the Chaldeans; admitting, I am informed, that Episcopacy is the form of Church government best suited to a sect circumstanced as the Chaldeans are.

"It is to be hoped that the establishment of the authority of the Sultan in the Mountains, and the removal of several of the most fanatical and bloodthirsty of the Kurdish chiefs, will enable the Chaldeans to profess their faith without hinderance or restraint; and that freed from all fears of fresh aggression, they may by their activity and industry, restore fresh prosperity to their mountain districts. As the only remnant of a great nation, every one must feel an interest in their history and condition, and our sympathies cannot but be excited in favour of a long persecuted people, who have merited the title of 'the Protestants of Asia.'"—Vol. i. pp. 267, 268.

A few days after Mr. Layard returned to Mosul, he and Mr. Rassam, the British Vice-Consul, received an invitation to the great periodical feast of the Yezidis, or "Worshippers of the Devil;" a designation which they have acquired either from their respect or their terror for the evil principle. Keritli Oglu, the late Pasha, had seized by treachery, as he supposed, their head or High Priest, Sheikh Nasr, but the Sheikh had artfully substituted in his place the second in authority, who was carried prisoner to Mosul. The substitute having borne with resignation the torture and imprisonment intended for Sheikh Nasr, was released by

Mr. Rassam, on the advance of a considerable sum of money, which the Yezidis faithfully repaid out of the produce of their fields. Mr. Rassam was unable to avail himself of the invitation, but Mr. Layard, anxious to clear up the mystery which hung over their worship and tenets, repaired with the dragoman of the Vice-Consulate, Hodja Toma, to Baadri, the residence of Hussein Bey, the political chief of the Yezidis. Baadri is situated at the foot of the range of hills about five miles to the north of Ain Sifni. He was met near the village by Hussein Bey, a handsome and richly dressed youth, about 18 years of age, and by the priests and principal inhabitants on foot. Having breakfasted in Hussein's Salamlik, or reception-room, he was left during the heat of the day to his siesta. In the afternoon, he was awakened by the shrill cry of the women, which generally announces some happy event. The Sheikh himself entered soon afterwards, and announced the birth of an heir. "The child is yours," he said. "He is our first-born, and he will grow up under your shadow. Let him receive his name from you, and be hereafter under your protection." Mr. Layard was at first perplexed by the request that he should "stand godfather to a devil-worshipper's baby;" but with the sagacity which distinguishes him, he suggested, in a neat Oriental speech, the name of the child's grandfather Ali Bey, and accompanied it with a few gold coins to be sewed to the cap of the infant. Presents from the mother, and an invitation to the Harem, to see the females of the family, indicated the gratitude of all parties. The festival took place next day; and men and women purified themselves by oblations, before repairing to the tomb of their saint, Sheikh Adi. The tomb stands in a narrow valley, with only one outlet. It is surrounded with buildings, inhabited by certain members of the priesthood and their families, who are chosen to watch over the sacred precincts; and low buildings are erected for the accommodation of pilgrims and pedlars during the festivities. Gigantic trees throw their shade over the open space, and streams of fresh water are conducted round the buildings.

The assembly having sat till nearly mid-day at the door of the tomb, the High Priest rose, and was followed by Mr. Layard into the outer court filled with pilgrims. The stores of travelling merchants were spread on the ground. Many-coloured handkerchiefs and cotton stuffs hung from the trees. Dried fruits in heaps loaded the pavement, attracting the notice of groups of children. The High Priest was respectfully saluted as he passed, and he and Hussein Bey and Mr. Layard placed themselves on the slab surrounding a fountain by the road side, listening to the music of pipes and tambourines, mixed with the hum of human voices, sounding through the valley.

"I never beheld," says Mr. Layard, "a more picturesque or animated scene. Long lines of pilgrims toiled up the avenue. There was the swarthy inhabitant of the Sinjar, with his long black locks, his piercing eye, and regular features—his white robes floating in the wind, and his unwieldy matchlock thrown over his shoulder. Then followed the more wealthy families of the Kochers—the wandering tribes who live in tents in the plains, and among the hills of ancient Adiabene; the men in gay jackets and variegated turbans, with fantastic arms in their girdles; the women richly clad in silk antaris; their hair braided in many tresses, falling down their backs, and adorned with wild flowers; their foreheads almost concealed by gold and silver coins, and engraved stones hanging round their necks. Next would appear a poverty-stricken family from a village of the Mosul district; the women clad in white, pale and care-worn, bending under the weight of their children; the men urging on the heavily laden donkey. Similar groups descended from the hills. Repeated discharges of fire-arms announced to those below the arrival of every new party.

"All turned to the fountains before proceeding to their allotted station, and laying their arms on the ground kissed the hands of Sheikh Nasr, Hussein Bey, and myself. After saluting the assembled priests, they continued their way up the sides of the mountains, and chose some wide-spreading oak or the roof of a building, for a resting place during their sojourn in the valley. They then spread their carpets, and lighting fires with dry branches and twigs, busied themselves in preparing their food. There was scarcely a tree without its colony."—Vol. i. pp. 284-286.

Dancing and music, vocal and instrumental, followed the salutation of the priests. Anxious spectators occupied every spot from which the dancers could be seen, and the branches above were bending under clusters of boys, the manœuvres of one of whom gave rise to an amusing incident, which throws some light on the extraordinary superstitions of the sect.

"The boy had fixed himself to the very end of a weak bough which was immediately above us, and threatened every moment to break under the weight. As I looked up I saw the impending danger, and made an effort by an appeal to the chief to avert it. 'If that young Sheit—' I exclaimed, about to use an epithet generally given in the East to such adventurous youths;* I checked myself immediately, but it was already too late; half the dreaded word had escaped. The effect was instantaneous; a look of horror seized those who were near enough to overhear me; it was quickly communicated to those beyond. The pleasant smile which usually played upon the fine features of the young Bey gave way to a serious and angry expression. I lamented that I had thus unwillingly wounded the feel-

* "The term Sheitan (equivalent to Satan) is usually applied in the East to a clever, cunning, or daring fellow."

ings of my hosts, and was at a loss to know how I could make atonement for my indiscretion—doubting whether an apology to the evil principle or to the chief was expected. I endeavoured, however, to make them understand without venturing upon any observations which might have brought me into greater difficulties, that I regretted what had passed ; but it was some time before the group resumed their composure and indulged in their previous merriment.”—Vol. i. pp. 286, 287.

As the twilight faded, the Fakirs, or servants of the tomb, issued from the tomb to fill and trim the lamps on the walls of the court-yard, and in the different buildings, and even in isolated rocks, and the hollow trunks of trees. As the priests advanced, the crowds passed their right hands through the flames, and rubbed their right eye-brow, and that of the children, with the part purified by the sacred element. About an hour after sunset, the Fakirs were sent to Mr. Layard from the kitchen of the holy edifice with platters of boiled rice, roast meat, and fruit. The night scene, and the true character of the rites of the Yezidis, is thus given by our author :—

“ As night advanced, those who had assembled—they must now have amounted to nearly 5000 persons—lighted torches which they carried with them, as they wandered through the forest. The effect was magical. The varied groups could be faintly distinguished through the darkness ; men hurrying to and fro ; women with their children seated on the house-tops, and crowds gathering round the pedlars who exposed their wares for sale in the court-yard. Thousands of lights were reflected in the fountains and streams, glimmered amongst the foliage of the trees, and danced in the distance. As I was gazing on this extraordinary scene, the hum of human voices was suddenly hushed, and a strain, solemn and melancholy, arose from the valley. It resembled some majestic chant which years before I had listened to in a distant land. Music so pathetic and so sweet I had never before heard in the East. The voices of men and women were blended in harmony with the soft notes of many flutes. At measured intervals the song was broken by the loud clash of cymbals and tambourines ; and those who were without the precincts of the tomb then joined in the melody.

“ I hastened to the sanctuary, and found Sheikh Nasr surrounded by the priests, seated in the inner court. The place was lighted up by torches and lamps, which threw a soft light over the white walls of the tomb and green foliage of the arbour. The Sheikhs in their white turbans and robes, all venerable men with long grey beards, were ranged on one side ; on the opposite, seated on the stones, were about 30 Cawals, (one of the principal orders of the priesthood,) in their motley dresses of black and white—each performing on a tambourine or a flute. Around stood the Fakirs, in their dark garments ; and the women of the orders of the priesthood, also arrayed

in pure white. No others were admitted within the walls of the court.

"The same slow and solemn strain lasted for near an hour. A part of it was called 'Makam Azerat Esau,' or the Song of the Angel Jesus. It was sung by the Sheikhs, the Cawals, and the women, and occasionally by those without. I could not catch the words, nor could I prevail upon any of those present to repeat them to me. They were in Arabic, and as few of the Yezidis can speak or pronounce that language, they were not intelligible even to the experienced ear of Hodja Toma. The tambourines, which were struck simultaneously, only interrupted at intervals the song of the priests. As the time quickened they broke in more frequently. The chant gradually gave way to a lively melody, which, increasing in measure, was finally lost in a confusion of sounds. The tambourines were beaten with extraordinary energy; the flutes poured forth a rapid flood of notes; the voices were raised to the highest pitch; the men outside joined in the cry, whilst the women made the rocks resound with the shrill *tahleel*. The musicians, giving way to the excitement, threw their instruments into the air, and strained their limbs into every contortion, until they fell exhausted to the ground. I never heard a more frightful yell than that which rose in the valley. It was midnight. The time and place were well suited to the occasion; and I gazed with wonder upon the extraordinary scene around me. Thus were probably celebrated ages ago the mysterious rites of the Corybantes, when they met in some consecrated grove. I did not marvel that such wild ceremonies had given rise to those stories of unhallowed rites and obscene mysteries which have rendered the name of Yezidi an abomination in the East. Notwithstanding the uncontrollable excitement which appeared to prevail among all present, there were no indecent gestures or unseemly ceremonies. When the musicians and singers were exhausted, the noise suddenly died away; the various groups resumed their previous cheerfulness, and again wandered through the valley, or seated themselves under the trees."—Vol. i. pp. 290-293.

On the second day of the festival the same ceremonies were repeated, and towards the evening of that day about 7000 persons had assembled. During the three days that Mr. Layard remained at Sheikh Adi he wandered over the valley and surrounding mountains, talking with the various groups of pilgrims, and listening to their tales of oppression and bloodshed.

Although we have no doubt of the truth of Mr. Layard's opinion that Sheikh Adi is not the scene of the orgies attributed to the Yezidis, because the whole valley is held sacred, and no acts permitted within the sacred precincts which the Jewish law has declared impure, yet we cannot believe that "stories" can be entirely without foundation "which have rendered the name of the Yezidis an abomination throughout the East." Mr. Layard acknowledges that they are very suspicious of strangers, and

fearful of betraying the secrets of their faith; and he admits that some ceremony took place before he joined the assembly at the tomb, at which no strangers can be present, nor could he learn its nature from the Cawals.

The religion of this singular people is "a strange mixture of Sabæanism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, with a tincture of the doctrines of the Gnostics and Manichæans." They recognise one supreme being, but do not appear to offer any direct prayer or sacrifice to him. It does not appear that they actually worship the devil. The name of the evil spirit is never mentioned, and the allusion to it by others is said to have been expiated by death. They avoid every expression resembling in sound the name of *Satan*, or the word for "accursed." They eschew *Shat*, a river, and even *Keitan*, a thread, as resembling *Sheitan*, the devil. When they do speak of him it is with reverence, as *Melek Taous*, King Peacock, and they have a bronze or copper figure of a bird (called *Melek Taous*) which they preserve as a symbol, not as an idol, and which is always kept by the Great Sheikh, and carried with him. They regard Satan as the chief of the angelic host, suffering punishment for rebellion against the Divine will, but all powerful, and hereafter to be restored. Inferior to him in might and wisdom are seven archangels. Christ they regard as a good angel, who took the human form and ascended to heaven without being crucified. They reverence the Old Testament, and do not reject either the New Testament or the Koran. They look for the second coming of Christ. They appear to have no religious observances on marriage, and the number of wives is not limited. The Sheikh, when he ascertains that there is mutual consent, marries the party, and a ring is given to the bride. They have four orders of priesthood—the Pirs or saints, the Sheikhs, who watch over the tomb of Sheikh Adi, the Cawals or preachers, and the Fakirs, who perform menial offices; and, what is unexampled in the East, all these offices are hereditary, and descend to females, who, when they enjoy them, are treated with the same consideration as the men.

Tahyar Pasha having planned an expedition into the Sinjar, Mr. Layard returned to Mosul, and accompanied the governor on his almost royal progress. The Yezidis of Mirkan, who had suffered from the extortions and cruelties of former Pashas, refused to meet him, and declared their intention of defending their village. The Pasha's troops soon entered and plundered the village, murdered the decrepit old men and women who could not escape, and burned it to the ground. The Yezidis took refuge in a narrow gorge, abounding in caverns and isolated rocks. After several days hard fighting, in which many of the

Pasha's troops were killed, the Yezidis retreated during the night, by a pathway known only to themselves.

Anxious to renew the excavations, Mr. Layard took leave of the Pasha, and found on his return to Mosul letters from England, informing him that Sir Stratford Canning had presented the sculptures discovered in Assyria to the British nation, and that Government had granted funds to the British Museum for carrying on the researches commenced at Nimroud and elsewhere. Although this grant was small, and inferior to that made to M. Botta for the excavations at Khorsabad, yet Mr. Layard resolved to turn it to the best account, and was obliged to undertake the multifarious occupations of draughtsman, of cast-taker, sculpture-packer, and overseer of workmen. By the end of October he began to excavate, with a body of Arabs,—fifty Nestorian Chaldeans, who brought their wives and families,—a skilful marble-cutter,—a carpenter,—a few men from Mosul, and his three servants. The success of his operations was proportional to the strength of his establishment. A great number of beautifully executed bas-reliefs were discovered. They represented the wars of the King, who stands gorgeously attired in a chariot drawn by three horses richly caparisoned. Behind him are three chariots with warriors and archers, and in several places are introduced groups of men slaying the enemy. The return after victory, the procession to the Royal castle, the siege of a town, the reception of captives, the crossing of a river, the embarkation of chariots and troops, are all finely represented in these interesting antiquities. Mr. Layard also found the remains of iron armour almost decomposed, and also remains of copper armour, and iron inlaid with copper. A perfect helmet, which immediately fell to pieces, and which is represented in the bas-reliefs, was discovered, together with vases of the finest alabaster, and vessels of baked clay;—but particularly a vase in glass, of elegant shape and admirable workmanship, bearing the title of the Khorsabad King.

In the centre of the mound where the pair of gigantic winged bulls, formerly mentioned, were found, the workmen disinterred an obelisk of black marble, about seven feet high. It was flat at the top, which was cut into three gradines. It contained on its four sides twenty small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between them, was an inscription of 210 lines. It was in a state of high preservation, the figures sharp and well-defined, and not a character of the inscription wanting. Mr. Layard conjectures that it was commemorative of the conquest of India, or some country far east of Assyria. In the south-east corner of the mound a pair of winged lions, with a pair of crouching sphinxes between them, were discovered. The fire which destroyed the

building had raged here with extraordinary fury. The sphinxes, which were about five feet in height and length, were almost reduced to lime; and Mr. Layard had just made drawings of them, when they fell to pieces. In the south-east corner, the highest part of the mound, the workmen came upon the lid of an earthen sarcophagus, five feet long, but very narrow. The skeleton was well preserved, but fell to pieces when exposed to the air. The body had been doubled up when forced into it. Another, like a dish-cover, and scarcely four feet long, was found near the first. Neither of the skulls could be preserved, as they crumbled into dust when touched.

Mr. Layard had, early in December, collected a sufficient number of bas-reliefs to load another raft; but in consequence of the Arabs of the desert having stolen the spars, skins, and mats which he had collected for the purpose, it was not till the 25th of the month that he had the satisfaction of seeing a raft, bearing twenty-three cases, in one of which was the obelisk, floating down the Tigris to Baghdad.

In the second volume of this interesting work, Mr. Layard completes in *four* chapters the *fourteen* which contain the account of his excavations and his journeys to the hills—the remaining, and by far the largest part of the volume, being devoted to a dissertation of *seven* chapters, treating of the materials for the history of Assyria, the architecture, the arts, the costume, the military system, the private life, and the religion of the Assyrians.

Tahyar Pasha died of a broken heart, in consequence of having been led, by the false representations of his officers, to attack and plunder a friendly tribe. This event, however, did not interfere with the proceedings of Mr. Layard. After Christmas he resumed his labours in the north-west palace, where the sculptures had not suffered from fire. He had at this time discovered only *eight* chambers, but before the end of April he had explored almost the whole building, and had opened *twenty-eight chambers* cased with alabaster slabs. In addition to the usual bas-reliefs of warlike and triumphant kings, winged female deities, gigantic eagle-headed winged figures, and a curious representation of the Assyrian Venus, Mylitta, or Astarte, in a questionable position, he obtained a number of ivory ornaments of considerable beauty, and furnishing important evidence respecting the epoch at which the building was destroyed. When these ivories were uncovered, they were in such a state of decomposition, and adhered so firmly to the soil, that Mr. Layard spent hours lying on the ground, trying to separate them with his penknife from the surrounding rubbish. The ivory came off in flakes. Many valuable specimens were thus lost; but those which were

brought to England have been admirably restored by a process of singular ingenuity, suggested, we think we have heard Mr. Layard say, by Dr. Buckland. The gelatinous matter which cemented, as it were, the particles of ivory, had been dissolved and removed; and by the re-absorption of gelatine dissolved in water, they have recovered the consistency and appearance of fresh ivory, and may be handled without the risk of injuring them!

"The most interesting of these ivories," says Mr. Layard, "are the remains of two small tablets, (nine inches long by six high,) one nearly entire, the other much injured. Upon them are represented two sitting figures, holding in one hand the Egyptian sceptre or symbol of power. Between them is a cartouche containing a name or words in hieroglyphics, and surmounted by a feather or plume, such as is found in monuments of the eighteenth and subsequent dynasties of Egypt. The chairs in which the figures are seated, the robes of the figures themselves, the hieroglyphics in the cartouche, and the feather above it, were enamelled with a blue substance, (horizontal strips of opaque blue glass, with a few bars in green,) let into the ivory; and the whole ground of the tablet, as well as the cartouche, and part of the figures, was originally gilded—remains of the gold-leaf still adhering to them."—Vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

Mr. Birch has, in a learned Paper published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, (new series,) endeavoured to fix the age of these ivories, "by their artistic style, by their philological peculiarities, and by the political relations between Egypt and Syria." He regards them as not purely Egyptian, but closely resembling Egyptian workmanship; and he considers them as of the age of the 22d or Bubastite dynasty, or about 980 B.C.*

In excavating in the centre of the mound to the south of the great winged bulls, Mr. Layard found a tomb, five feet long, and eighteen inches broad, built of bricks, and covered with a slab of alabaster. The skull and large bones of the skeleton were entire, and near the right shoulder were three earthen vessels. In the dust round the skeleton were parts of a necklace, beads of opaque coloured glass, agate, cornelian, and amethyst. A small crouching lion of lapis-lazuli was also found. The vases and ornaments were Egyptian in their character. Many other tombs were found containing vases, mirrors, spears, and beads. Having removed the contents of the tombs, *the remains of a building were discovered five feet beneath them*. The slabs, containing both sculptures and inscriptions, were scattered about without order. After nearly twenty tombs had been removed

* See Mr. Layard's Work, vol. ii. pp. 205, 420.

from a space about fifty feet square, the uncovered ruins had a singular aspect : above 100 slabs, packed in rows, leant against each other, like slabs in a stone-cutter's yard. As the Assyrians carved these slabs after they were placed, it was evident that this collection of them had been moved from their original position, or that the central building had been destroyed to supply materials for the construction of this edifice. The slabs were placed in a regular series according to the sculptures upon them, which were chiefly battles and sieges. To the south of the centre building two gigantic figures were discovered, similar to those discovered to the north.

"But here were tombs *over* the ruins. The edifice had perished ; and in the earth and rubbish accumulating above its remains, a people, whose funereal vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt, had buried their dead. What race, then, occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces ? At what period were these tombs made ? What antiquity did their presence assign to the buildings beneath them ? These are questions which I am yet unable to answer, and which must be left undecided until the origin and age of the contents of the tombs can be satisfactorily determined."—Vol. ii. pp. 19, 20.

In the south-west palace were found gigantic-winged bulls, lions with human heads, and double crouching sphinxes. All the walls had been exposed to fire, the slabs being cracked, and nearly reduced to lime. Amid a mass of charred wood and charcoal, and beneath a fallen slab, *part of a beam of wood, apparently mulberry*, was found in good preservation—the only portion of entire wood as yet discovered in the Assyrian ruins.

The principal burying-place of the people who occupied the country after the destruction of the oldest of the palaces, was on the south-east, or highest corner of the mound. Many tombs were here discovered, resembling dish-covers, and containing silver ornaments, lachrymatories, and small alabaster bottles. The skeletons, though at first entire, crumbled to pieces. Two skulls alone have been preserved. The remains of a building were discovered beneath the tombs, containing seven chambers. There were no traces of inscriptions upon the slabs, nor remains of colour upon the plastered walls.

On the eastern face of the mound a singular discovery was made. The wall which surrounded the lower buildings, built of sun-dried bricks, was nearly fifty feet thick, and, *buried in its centre*, about fifteen feet below the surface of the platform, the workmen found a *small vaulted chamber*, built of baked bricks. Its height and width were about ten feet. The arch was constructed on the well-known principle of vaulted roofs, the

bricks being placed side-ways, and probably sustained by a wooden centering till the vault was finished. The greater part of the rubbish which piled this chamber was a *kind of slag*. The sides of the bricks which formed the arched roof and walls were almost vitrified. *The chamber, indeed, had the appearance of a large furnace for making glass, or for fusing metal.* As there was no access to this chamber from without, it must have been used before the upper part of the wall was built.

Although several trenches were opened in other parts of the mound, disclosing pavements, slabs, and articles in copper, yet the ruins were very inadequately explored, as Mr. Layard, from the smallness of the sum placed at his disposal, could not pursue his researches to the extent that he desired. He has, therefore, as he himself observes, "left a great part of the Mound of Nimroud to be explored by those who may hereafter succeed him in the examination of the ruins of Assyria."

The twelfth chapter of the work is occupied with an account of the excavations undertaken at Kalah Sherghat, (on the Tigris, about half a degree south of Nimroud,) and principally at the west side of the mound. A mutilated sitting figure, in black basalt, the only specimen existing of an entire Assyrian figure, had been uncovered before Mr. Layard arrived, a cuneiform inscription occupying the three sides of the square block on which the figure sat. He found upon it the names of the king's father (the builder of the most ancient palace of Nimroud) and of his grandfather; and an Arab having brought him a brick bearing a short legend, which "contained the three names entire, he was thus enabled to fix the comparative epoch of the newly-discovered ruins." "At no time," says Mr. Layard, "did I feel the value of the genealogical lists on the different monuments at Nimroud more than when exploring other remains in Assyria. They enabled me to ascertain the comparative date of every edifice and rock-tablet with which I became acquainted, and to fix the style of art of each period." Several tombs like those found at Nimroud, and containing bones, &c., were discovered near the ruins, and *above these ancient tombs were graves of more recent date*, some of them, indeed, belonging to the tribes which had, a few days before, encamped among the ruins. The principal ruin here is a large mound, surmounted by a cone or pyramid, which rises nearly in the centre of the north side of the great platform. It is one of the largest in Assyria, being about 4685 yards in circuit. It is a stupendous structure, not inferior in magnitude and extent to any other artificial mound in Assyria. Its height is unequal, and its sides perpendicular, rising, in some places, nearly 100 feet above the plain. Mr. Layard does not venture to identify the city with Cholah, one of the four primi-

tive cities mentioned in Genesis, or the Ur of Abraham, which existed in the time of Ammianus Marcellinus. Mr. Ainsworth considers Kalah Sherghat as the Ur of the Persians and Chaldeans; but as Ammianus Marcellinus does not mention Hatra after but before Ur, Mr. Layard regards Mr. Ainsworth's argument in favour of the identification of the latter city with Kalah Sherghat as scarcely tenable.*

Upon his return to Mosul, Mr. Layard made preparations for removing the sculptures to Baghdad. The trustees of the British Museum had wisely determined that the larger sculptures should not be sawn in pieces like the pair of bulls sent to France from Khorsabad. The winged bull and the lion were to remain covered over with earth till a favourable opportunity should occur for transporting them entire. Unwilling, however, to leave behind him the very finest specimen of Assyrian art which he had discovered, Mr. Layard resolved upon attempting the removal and embarkation of two of the smallest bulls and lions, and the best preserved of the thirteen pairs of those gigantic sculptures which had been disinterred. A strong cart of mulberry was accordingly constructed, and a pair of strong iron axles purchased, which had been used by M. Botta. This cart was an object of wonder to all classes at Mosul; and its passage, by the aid of a pair of buffaloes, across the frail bridge of boats at Mosul, was an exciting spectacle. The bulk of the huge slabs was diminished by cutting away as much as possible from the back of them; and, in order to convey the bull from the river to the cart, a trench 200 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 20 feet deep, required to be cut. With ropes from Aleppo, hawsers from Baghdad, and blocks and jack-screws from the steamers of the Euphrates expedition, Mr. Layard began to move the bull on the 18th of March. A large number of Abou Salman Arabs, with their Sheikh, attended by a body of horsemen, and the inhabitants of Haifa and Nimroud, aided Mr. Layard's Arabs and Nestorians on this momentous occasion. The lowering of the bull from its place, which is represented in a beautiful frontispiece to the first volume, was the most difficult part of the operation. The mass descended gradually amidst the intense anxiety of the spectators. The Arabs, half-frantic with excitement, raised their war-cry amid the drums and pipes of the Kurdish musicians; and, almost naked, with their long hair floating in the wind, they indulged in the wildest postures and gesticulations as they clung to the ropes,

* See "Notes of an excursion to Kalah Sherkat, the *Ur* of the Persians, and to the ruins of Al Hadhr, the *Hatra* of the Chaldees, and *Hatra* of the Romans." By WILLIAM AINSWORTH, Esq., in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xi. pp. 1-21. This excursion was performed in April 1840, in company with Mr. Layard, Mr. Mitford, and Mr. Rassam, the English Vice-Consul.

their enthusiasm being increased by the incessant screams, and the ear-piercing tahleel of the women.

"The bull once in motion," says Mr. Layard, "it was no longer possible to obtain a hearing. The loudest cries I could produce were buried in the heap of discordant sounds. Neither the hippopotamus-hide whip of the Cawasses, nor the bricks and clods of earth with which I endeavoured to draw attention from some of the most noisy of the group, were of any avail. Away went the bull, steady enough as long as supported by the props behind; but as it came nearer to the rollers, the beams could no longer be used. The cable and ropes stretched more and more. Dry from the climate, as they felt the strain, they creaked and threw out dust. Water was thrown over them, but in vain, for they all broke together when the sculpture was within four or five feet of the rollers. The bull was precipitated to the ground. Those who held the ropes, thus suddenly released, followed its example, and were rolling one over the other in the dust. A sudden silence succeeded to the clamour. I rushed into the trenches, prepared to find the bull in many pieces. It would be difficult to describe my satisfaction, when I saw it lying precisely where I wished to place it, and uninjured! The Arabs no sooner got on their legs again, than seeing the result of the accident, they darted out of the trenches, and seizing by the hands the women who were looking on, formed a large circle, and yelling their war-cry with redoubled energy, commenced a most mad dance. The musicians exerted themselves to the utmost; but their music was drowned by the cries of the dancers. Even Abd-ur-rahman shared in the excitement, and throwing his cloak to one of the attendants, insisted upon leading off the Debké."—Vol. ii. pp. 82, 83.

The fortunate descent of the bull was signalized by feasting and dancing; and on the following day it was conveyed as far as the ruins of the former village of Nimroud, where it stuck in one of the deep pits in which the villagers deposit their winter stores. Here it remained during the night, watched by a party of Arabs, who were attacked by some adventurous Bedouins, who had coveted the ropes, mats, and felts in which the bull was enveloped. The thieves, however, were beaten off; and the bull, when raised out of the pit, was dragged in triumph to within a few hundred yards of the river,—an interesting scene which is well represented in the frontispiece to the second volume. The lion was removed more easily, though it took two days to reach the river; and with the aid of the Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman and his Arabs, the sculptures were placed on rafts floated by 600 skins.

After the departure of the lion and bull, Mr. Layard opened a deep trench or well in the high conical mound or pyramid, the whole mass of which he found to be built of sun-dried bricks. He supposes, that being originally cased with stone, or coloured baked bricks, it may have been raised over the tomb of some

monarch, or intended as a watch-tower. There were no traces of an interior chamber. "It is possible, however," as Mr. Layard says, "that this may prove to be the very pyramid raised above the remains of the founder of the city by the Assyrian Queen, the 'Busta Nini,' under which may still be found some traces of the sepulchre of the great King." On the edge of the ruins were found two enormous winged bulls, 17 feet high, which had fallen from their place. Mr. Layard now began to bury the numerous sculptures which he was obliged to leave, in conformity with the instructions he received from the British Museum.

Mr. Layard concludes his thirteenth chapter with an interesting recapitulation of six pages, in which he endeavours to conduct the reader through the ruins of the principal edifice, and to convey to him some idea of the excavated halls and chambers as they appeared when fully explored. As our limits will not permit us to make such a long extract, we must try, in the space of one page, to present our readers with its essence. As we approach the mound not a trace of ruins is to be seen; a broad and parched platform alone meets the eye. By a flight of rudely cut steps, we descend about twenty feet into the principal trench, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, and forming a portal. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are rudely designed and executed, we pass from between the lions into the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic winged figures, eagle-headed and human-headed, with mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, formed by winged lions. One of them has fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure and two slabs, with almost effaced bas-reliefs. Further on there are no traces of a wall. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth, which we discover to be a solid structure built of bricks of unbaked clay, scarcely to be distinguished from the soil. Slabs of alabaster fallen from their original position have been raised, and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Having walked about 100 feet among these monuments, we reach another door-way, formed by gigantic winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is entire; the great human head of the other is at our feet, and its body broken in pieces. Without entering the building to which this portal leads, we see, as we pass on, another winged figure, apparently presenting a flower to the winged bull, and adjoining it eight fine bas-reliefs, representing the king hunting and triumphing over the lion and the wild bull, and also the siege of the castle with the battering ram. We are now at the end of the hall, and before us is an elaborate sculpture,—two kings

standing beneath the emblem of the Supreme Deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform on which the Assyrian throne may have stood. Issuing through a fourth outlet from the hall, between another pair of lions, we are stopped by a deep ravine, to the north of which towers above us the lofty pyramid. On walls near this ravine are seen various figures of tribute-bearing captives and monkeys; and lying on its very edge are two enormous bulls, and two winged figures above 14 feet high. Returning to the yellow bulls, we pass between them into a large chamber, surrounded by eagle-headed figures, having at one end a door-way guarded by two priests, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls. Whichever way we turn we are in the midst of a nest of rooms, and would soon lose ourselves. As the rubbish has been placed in the centre of the chambers, the excavations consist of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, in which a broken vase or a painted brick may be seen. Other entrances, formed by winged lions, lead us into new chambers, containing fresh objects which at once surprise and interest us. Emerging from the buried palace by a trench opposite to that by which we entered, we are again upon the level platform. "We are half-inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of eastern romance." "Some," says our author, "who may hereafter tread on the spot when the grass again grows over the ruins of the Assyrian palaces, may indeed suspect that I have been relating a vision."

The country round Nimroud having become dangerous from the incursions of the Arabs, and a small sum of money being still in his hands, Mr. Layard devoted it to an examination of the ruins opposite Mosul, especially the great mound of Koyunjik. Slabs had from time immemorial been taken from this mound for building materials, or to be burnt for lime, and a bas-relief had been some years ago discovered during a search after stones for a bridge across the Tigris. Beneath Jonah's tomb and the village there was reason to expect remains of considerable importance, which had only been preserved by the superincumbent property. The French consul had excavated this mound unsuccessfully, but Mr. Layard had now discovered from experience the proper method of examination. In building a palace the Assyrians first constructed a platform or solid compact mass of sun-dried bricks, about 30 or 40 feet high. Upon this they reared their fabric, and when it was destroyed the ruins remained on the platform, half-covered by the upper walls and roof, and covered in course of time by the dust and sand of the summer winds. The first step in excava-

tion, therefore, is to reach the brick platform, and open trenches on the same level, and in every direction. The platform here was 20 feet deep, and the wall first discovered was the side of a chamber, with an entrance formed by winged bulls, leading into a second hall. In the course of a month *nine* chambers, the largest of which was 130 feet long and 30 wide, were explored, —similar to those of Nimroud and Khorsabad. The bas-reliefs, however, were larger, being about 10 feet high and $8\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and the winged human-headed bulls, forming the entrance, about 15 feet square. The inscriptions were not numerous. The name of the king was the son of the builder of Khorsabad. The sculptures were generally of the same character as those described—the conquests and triumphs of the Assyrian king. One of them, however, was uncommon. It was a sea-piece, representing vessels filled with warriors, leaving a castle on the sea-shore. Mr. Layard regards this sculpture as recording an Assyrian conquest of Tyre.

“This,” says Mr. Layard, “was the extent of my discoveries at Koyunjik. The ruins were evidently those of a palace of great extent and magnificence. From the size of the slabs, and the number of the figures, the walls, when entire and painted, as they no doubt originally were, must have been of considerable beauty, and the dimensions of the chambers must have added greatly to the general effect. At that time the palace rose above the river, which swept round the foot of the mound. Then also the edifice now covered by the village of Nebbi Yunus, stood entire above the stream, and the whole quadrangle was surrounded by lofty walls cased with stone, their towers adorned with sculptured alabaster, and their gateways formed by colossal bulls. The position of the ruins proves that at one time this was one of the most important parts of Nineveh; and the magnificence of the remains shews that the edifices must have been founded by one of the greatest of the Assyrian monarchs.”—Vol. ii. pp. 138, 139.

Mr. Ross has more recently pursued these excavations at the desire of the Trustees of the British Museum. He has found that there were more buildings than one on the platform, and in addition to many bas-reliefs divided in the centre by bands of inscriptions, he has discovered a monument of considerable interest, supposed to have been an Assyrian tomb.

Having covered up the sculptures which he could not remove, and transported to Busrah the valuable results of his labours, Mr. Layard left Mosul and returned to England, to receive the applause and gratitude of the public, and we trust the more substantial rewards which a distinguished scholar is entitled to expect from his Sovereign,—rewards which he never fails to receive in every other country but ours. The Governments of France and England have a right to complete the researches which they

have so successfully begun, and we earnestly hope that neither penurious cabinets, nor empty exchequers, nor civil broils, will prevent them from advancing ample funds to rescue from barbaric hands and fanatical hearts the magnificent remains which still lie deep in the plains of Mesopotamia.

Having given a history of his excavations, and a description of the discoveries to which they lead, Mr. Layard has devoted the second part of his work, consisting of seven chapters, to an inquiry into the history, the civilisation, the manners, and the arts of the ancient Assyrians. These chapters, which are illustrated by a large number of admirably executed woodcuts, exhibit much learning and ingenuity, and considering how limited and incomplete were his materials, Mr. Layard's dissertation will be perused with deep interest by the philosophical as well as the general reader, while the pious student will ponder with delight over the numerous illustrations and confirmations of the descriptions and statements of the Old Testament Scriptures. We regret that our too narrow limits will not allow us to make extracts from this portion of Mr. Layard's volumes. We shall merely indicate the more important conclusions at which he has arrived. From the concurring testimony of Scripture and Herodotus, 606 B. C. is the date of the conquest of Nineveh by Cyaxares. The buildings must, therefore, be assigned to an epoch preceding 634 B. C., as the Scyths had held Assyria 28 years before that era. Two written characters were in use among the Assyrians, the cuneiform or arrow-headed, which has been so successfully studied by Major Rawlinson, and which, like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, is read from left to right—and the cursive or hieratic, which, like the Hebrew and Arabic, runs from right to left. It is not known which of these two modes of writing is the more ancient, but it is probable that simple perpendicular and horizontal lines preceded rounded forms. The cuneiform writing has been classed by Major Rawlinson into Assyro-Babylonian, Primitive Babylonian, Medo-Assyrian, Assyrian and Elymæan. Mr. Layard suggests the substitution of early and later Assyrian, for Assyrian and Medo-Assyrian, and he thinks it may be asserted with confidence, that the most ancient hitherto discovered is the Assyrian.

The earliest records of the Assyrians were cut on the walls of temples, palaces, or the smooth faces of rock. The most common mode was on prepared bricks, tiles,* or cylinders of clay, baked after the inscription was impressed. The letters on the Babylonian bricks have been stamped, and perhaps some of those on the Assyrian ones, but it is more probable that they were cut with a sharp instrument of iron.† Major Rawlinson found traces

* Ezekiel iv. 1.

† Job xix. 23, 24.

of varnish on the surface of the rock at Behistan, intended doubtless to preserve the tablet with its inscription.

After discussing the various dates of the different buildings, Mr. Layard concludes that the first palace could not have been founded later than 900 years B. C. He considers 1100 or 1200 B. C. as the date of the most ancient palace, according to the most moderate calculation, though he thinks it probable that it is much more ancient. The following are the dates of the principal events of Assyrian history, according to Clinton.*

	Years.	B. C.
(Ninus, B. C. 2182.)		
Assyrian monarchy 1306 years before the empire,	675	1912
During the empire twenty-four kings, . . .	526	1237
(Sardanapalus, B. C. 876.)		
After the empire six kings, ...	105	711
	1306	
Capture of Nineveh, ...		606

Mr. Layard concludes, in general—

1. That there were at least two distinct periods of Assyrian history, great changes having taken place between the building of the first palace at Nimroud, and that of the edifices at Khor-sabad and Koyunjik.

2. That the names of the kings prove a lapse even of some centuries between the earliest and the latest of those edifices.

3. That there was a close connexion with Egypt, either by conquest or friendly intercourse between the dates of these edifices.

4. That the earlier palaces of Nimroud were in ruins and buried before the foundation of the later; and,

5. That two distinct dynasties existed in Assyria, and that an Assyrian monarchy was founded about 2000 years before Christ.

As the details of Assyrian architecture, of the arts of painting and sculpture, of the arms, costume, and military instruments of the Assyrians, of their private life and religious rites, are too minute to admit of our giving any general account of them, we must refer our readers to the remaining chapters of the work.

Although our author has given many specimens of the sculptures of Nineveh in his *first* work, yet it is only from the *second*—THE MONUMENTS OF NINEVEH, that we can form an adequate idea of their beauty and magnificence. We have waited till the last hour, in the hope of being able to give our readers some account of this remarkable volume; but though we have been disappointed in not having an opportunity of examining in succession

* Fasti Hellenici, quoted by Mr. Layard.

its *Hundred Plates*, yet having seen in Mr. Layard's possession many of the original drawings, and a great number of the Plates, we can assure our readers of their surpassing beauty, and of their superiority in style and execution to other works of the same class. Mr. Layard's skill as an artist is as strikingly displayed in this volume, as his powers as a writer in his descriptive work. The minuteness of detail which characterizes the Nineveh Sculptures is given with an accuracy and a richness of effect which cannot fail to excite universal admiration.

Such is a brief account of the discoveries of Mr. Layard, and of the two works in which they are embodied and immortalized. Had they been merely the production of a traveller, describing countries and races which every person might visit, and antiquities which every person could see, they would have been studied with deep interest, and would have commanded our admiration of the talents, and learning, and character of their author. The chapters in which he narrates his visit to the Chaldæan Christians, to the Yezidis, and to the different Arab tribes, might have been expanded into an interesting work, even if the ruins of Nineveh had never been mentioned; but forming as they do instructive and amusing episodes,—resting-places, as it were, for the reader's mind, when tired, perchance, by the minutæ of archæological details, or roused by the successive display of the gigantic remains of a mighty empire, and a primæval age,—the whole work cannot fail to be regarded as one of the most interesting and important that the present century has produced. It is not often that we meet, in the field of literature or science, with high talent, and profound learning, combined with a generous philanthropy, a native modesty, and an elevated tone of moral and religious feeling. Within the volumes which we have been analyzing, our readers will doubtless find ample evidence that their author possesses these estimable qualities; and having had the privilege of personally knowing Mr. Layard, we can gratify them by the assurance that they will have formed a correct estimate of the living man.

The position which our author now occupies in the literary world as a traveller, an antiquary, a scholar, and a vigorous and eloquent writer, has, as such a position usually does, excited an ardent desire, on the part of the public, to know something of his early history, and of the circumstances under which his mind was prepared for such arduous achievements. We are glad to be able to satisfy, to a certain extent, this laudable curiosity. Mr. Layard is descended from a noble Protestant French family, whose representative fled from his native country at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, who was the son of

the Reverend Dr. Layard, Dean of Bristol, filled a high civil office in Ceylon, between the years 1820 and 1830, and took a great interest in the circulation of the Scriptures among heathen nations. He was a man of considerable classical learning, and of refined tastes. During the youth of his son, he lived at Florence, where our young antiquary had free access to the stores of the Pitti Palace and of the Tribune. He thus became familiar from his infancy with the language of Tuscany, and formed his taste for the fine arts and literature, upon the models of painting and sculpture amid which he lived, and in the rich libraries which he frequented. In this manner did he add a thorough knowledge of modern languages to a competent one of those of ancient Greece and Rome. Here also did Mr. Layard acquire, without knowing he acquired it, a power over his pencil, which long lay dormant, and which was called forth, if not summoned into existence, by the appalling sight of slabs with the noblest sculptures and the finest inscriptions, crumbling into dust before his eyes. No draughtsman had been provided to help him, and had he not instantly determined to arrest by the quickness of his eye, and the magic of his pencil, those fleeting forms which were about to disappear for ever, many of the finest remains of ancient art would have been irrecoverably lost.

When Mr. Layard returned from Italy to his native country, he was urged to choose the profession of the law by a relative, who held out to him considerable inducements to make such a choice. Persuaded to follow this advice, he entered with his usual ardour upon the studies which it required. His aspiring mind, however, refused to be fettered by the drudgery of so inactive a profession. His thirst for knowledge, his love of adventure, and his foreign tastes and habits, conspired against law, and led him, after a brief apprenticeship, to follow the native bias of his mind. He accordingly left England with no very definite object, in the summer of 1839, and, accompanied by a friend, he visited Russia and several of the Northern kingdoms. Having sojourned for some time in Germany, and several of the States on the Danube, he made himself master of the German language, and of several of the dialects of Transylvania. From Dalmatia he passed into Montenegro, where he remained a considerable time, assisting an able and active young chief in ameliorating the condition of his semi-barbarous subjects. Travelling through Albania and Romelia, where he met with numerous adventures, he arrived at Constantinople, about the end of 1839. Here he made arrangements for visiting Asia Minor and different countries in the East; and he spent some years in these interesting regions, adopting the costume, and leading the life, of an Arab of the Desert, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the manners and

languages of Turkey and Arabia. In 1840 or 1841, Mr. Layard transmitted to the Royal Geographical Society, an Itinerary from Constantinople to Aleppo, which does not seem to have been published; and in the eleventh volume of the Journal of that Society, we have an account of the journey which he performed with Mr. Ainsworth, in April 1840. He travelled in Persia in the same year, and he projected a journey for the purpose of examining Susa, and some other places of interest in the Baktyari mountains, to which Major Rawlinson had drawn the attention of the Geographical Society. With this view, he left Ispahan in the middle of September, in company with Schiffeer Khan, a Baktyari chief; and having crossed the highest part of the great chain of Mungasht, he visited the ruins of Manjanik, which are of considerable extent, and resemble those of the Sassanian cities. He visited also the ruins in the plain of Mel Amir, and he copied some of the cuneiform inscriptions. The sculptures on the four tablets adjoining the natural cave, two colossal figures on which represent priests of the Magi, appear to be of ancient date. In crossing the hills to Susa, he was attacked by a tribe of Dinarunis, and robbed of his watch, compass, and other articles; but having complained to the Chief, and insisted on the return of every missing article, he received back the whole of his property. It had been his practice to traverse these mountains quite alone, and he was never attacked or insulted, except upon this occasion, when the country was in a state of war. He found scarcely any remains at Susa to indicate the site of a large city. The Tomb of Daniel is a comparatively modern building of rough stones,—(it is said to be of mud in another place),—and containing two apartments. In 1842 and 1843, Mr. Layard seems to have spent a considerable time in the province of Khuzistan, an elaborate description of which he communicated through Lord Aberdeen to the Royal Geographical Society.*

It was during these various journeys that Mr. Layard prepared himself for the great task to which his life and talents were to be devoted. In his wanderings through Asia Minor and Syria he had

* Journal of the Geographical Society, 1846, vol. xvi. pp. 1-106. In describing the tribes of Mamesseni, Mr. Layard mentions the following extraordinary act of cruelty committed by that barbarous eunuch, the Mo'tammid, upon the followers of Wali Khan, the legitimate chief of the Mamesseni :—"He built a lofty tower of living men; they were placed horizontally one above another, and closely united together with mortar and cement, their heads being left exposed. Some of these unfortunate beings lived several days, and I have been informed that a negro did not die till the tenth day. Those who could eat were supplied with bread and water by the inhabitants of Shiraz, at the gate of which this tower was built. *It still exists*, an evidence of the utter callousness to cruelty of a Persian invested with power."—*A Description of the Province of Khuzistan*, p. 26, note.

scarcely left a spot untrodden which tradition hallowed, or a ruin unexamined, which was consecrated by history. His companion shared his feelings and his zeal. Unmindful of danger, they rode alone with no other protection than their arms. They tended their own horses, and mixing with the people they acquired their manners and their language.

"I look back," says our author, "with feelings of grateful delight to those happy days, when, free and unheeded, we left at dawn the humble cottage or cheerful tent, and lingering as we listed, unconscious of distance and of the hour, found ourselves, as the sun went down, under some hoary ruin, tenanted by the wandering Arab, or in some crumbling village still bearing a well-known name. No experienced dragoman measured our distances and appointed our stations. We were honoured by no conversation with Pashas, nor did we seek any civilities from Governors. We neither drew tears nor curses from villagers by seizing their horses or provisions; their welcome was sincere; their scanty fare was placed before us; we ate, and came and went in peace. I had traversed Asia Minor and Syria, visiting the ancient seats of civilisation, and the spots which Religion had made holy. I now felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates, to which history and tradition point as the birth-place of the Wisdom of the West."—Vol. i. p. 1.

With these feelings Mr. Layard looked to the banks of the Tigris, and he longed to dispel the mysterious darkness which hung over Assyria and Babylonia. We have already given an account of his preliminary visits to Mosul,—of his inspection of the ruins of Nimroud and Koyunjik, and of his interview with Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople, when on his way to England. This eminent individual immediately discovered and appreciated the character and talents of Mr. Layard. His knowledge of the East and of its manners and languages recommended him in a peculiar manner to the notice of our ambassador, who persuaded him to remain with the embassy, and employed him on many important occasions. Sir Stratford took a deep interest in the excavations made by the French Consul, and he permitted and aided Mr. Layard in carrying on those interesting researches which we have already described.

During Mr. Layard's stay in England he suffered severely from the monthly recurrence of an aguish fever, caught in the damp apartments which he was obliged to inhabit at Nimroud; but notwithstanding this indisposition, so unfavourable to intellectual pursuits, he prepared for the press, during his short stay in England, the two works under our notice, and for the trustees of the British Museum a volume of Inscriptions in the cuneiform character, which we trust will soon be published and submitted to the scrutiny of European scholars.

We cannot close Mr. Layard's volumes without giving expression to the feelings which they have excited, and recording our opinion of the vast importance of his discoveries. To the Scripture student, who looks back with an eager interest to the early epochs of his faith, obscured by the mists of truthless legends, and the exaggerations of profane history, and who has studied these events but in the flickering light of prophetic inspiration, the contemplation of Nineveh in its ruins must be a source of inexhaustible delight. In its utter destruction, rendered visible only in its fragments and in its dust, he recognises the inspiration of the prophet that pronounced its doom; and in the crumbling remains which have been preserved inviolate, till the world was wise enough to appreciate them, he sees a step in the great tide of advancing knowledge which is to disclose to our race the hitherto invisible glories of infinite space, and the apparently inaccessible mysteries of primæval time. Already has the disinterment of ancient life carried us back to the cycles of the past—to study the catastrophes and the creations by which the earth was prepared for the reception of man. The relics of those mysterious times have been embalmed and preserved amid the desolations of flood and of fire, and we at present know more of the structures of organic life which preceded the creation of man, than of those of the early period of our own current cycle. The antiquary, however, is now rivalling the geologist, and the buried relics of even the most ancient age will doubtless be gradually recovered from their subterranean abode.

Hillocks heap'd

On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd
Deeming it midnight;—Temples, baths, or halls,

are now surrendering their contents, or telling the story of their birth. From the mounds of Babylon, as from those of Nineveh, we shall yet recover her monuments, and indite her annals of idolatry and crime; and even the antediluvian age may yield to the scrutiny of another century the scanty materials of her history, and the pristine monuments of her skill. The *first* city—the city of Enoch, may yet be surveyed, in stone or in dust, beneath some nameless heap, where the Armenian shepherd now feeds his flocks; and the brass and iron utensils of Tubal-cain may yet exhibit to us the infant ingenuity of our race. The planks of Gopher-wood which floated Noah over the universe of waters may yet rise from the flanks or the base of Ararat in lignite or in coal; and the *first* altar—that which Noah “built” to his Maker and Preserver, may yet be thrown up from its

burying-place by the mighty earthquakes that shake the plain of Araxes.

But while we thus hail the light which the future is to throw upon the past, let us not shut our eyes against the radiance which the past throws upon the future. If the "cedar of Lebanon," with "fallen branches" and broken boughs, has been cut off from "the land," let "the trees of the field" take warning lest they also be "delivered unto death." If Nineveh, "full of lies and robbery," has been devoured by fire—if God "made its grave," "because it was vile," what will be the fate of the "bloody cities" of modern times that are deaf to the preaching of a greater than Jonah, and "turn not from the violence that is in their hands!" The history of empires promulgates the stern and immutable decree that the most powerful of them must fall. From this sentence there has been hitherto no respite; and in the characters of princes, and nations, and men, we can discover no reasons for its repeal.

To a more serene and distant future, however, the anxious spirit looks forward with less dismay. It longs for "the wings of a dove, that it may flee away and be at rest." Beyond the convulsions of Nature's elements;—out of the reach of human passions;—undisturbed by the ferocious will of man, and unstained by his bloody deeds, the eye of faith descries a city which cannot be moved—the goal of the sage—the resting-place of the pilgrim—the tabernacle of the saints. The tree of life is not sculptured upon its walls—nor the deeds of its King emblazoned upon its marbles. No manacled slave excites the sympathy of the triumphant throng. Its ransomed captives shine in white robes—kings and priests unto God. From this azure bourne man seeks not to return. The globe of earth—the cradle of his race, beyond which the child of suffering and crime has but seldom looked—now looms in his horizon, a minute and twinkling star.—The community of worlds to which it belongs stands out in all its magnitude and glory, and in the Unfathomable Infinite he sees, in their full development, the mighty attributes of wisdom, benevolence, and power.

ART. IX.—*Pouvoir du Pape au Moyen Age, ou Recherches Historiques sur l'origine de la Souveraineté Temporelle du Saint Siège, et sur le Droit Public du Moyen Age relativement à la déposition des Souverains.* Par M ***, Directeur au Séminaire de Saint Sulpice (Abbé Gosselin.) Paris, 1845.

THE history of the Papacy constitutes a large portion of the history of Modern Europe; and in all its various aspects, and in all its different departments, it is invested with peculiar interest. For a period of about a thousand years, the history of the Papacy is virtually the history of Christianity; and for a longer period it has embraced many of the events and influences that bore most powerfully and extensively upon the interests of literature, civilisation, and general politics, as well as of religion and morality. The history of the rise and progress of the Papacy presents a singularly interesting subject of contemplation, and is fitted to suggest many important and useful lessons. That a succession of men in one place, calling themselves ministers of Christ, and professing to act in his name and for the accomplishment of his purposes, should have succeeded in getting themselves recognised over nearly all Christendom as the vicegerents of Christ on earth, and the monarchs of his whole Church, and that they should not only have become temporal princes, but should also have claimed the right, and acquired the power, of disposing of crowns and kingdoms, must appear very extraordinary to any one who has formed his views of the ends of Christ's mission, and of the constitution and objects of His kingdom, from the statements of the New Testament. And, independently altogether of the bearing of this subject upon theological discussions and religious interests, the history of the Papacy, as a mere series of events, viewed in connexion with their causes and their consequences, exhibits a great deal that is fitted to occupy and to interest the historian and the philosopher. In former times the history of the Papacy was very fully discussed as an important branch of the controversy between Protestants and Romanists; Protestants professing to find in the history of the Church of Rome a great deal to refute the Romish interpretation of our Saviour's promises concerning his Church, and of the claims which the Romish See had been long accustomed to put forth; and Romanists endeavouring to defend themselves as well as they could against the blows aimed at them from this quarter. The leading Popish positions connected with this subject are these—1st, That Christ's statements and promises concerning his Church necessarily imply that there should always

exist upon earth, in unbroken succession, a wide-spread, easily recognisable, society, which should always maintain in perfect purity the doctrines which he and his apostles taught, and the ordinances which they established ; and, 2d, That, in point of fact, all this has been fully realized and exhibited in the Church of Rome. Protestants, on the other hand, contend—1st, That Christ's promises do not necessarily imply the continued and permanent existence of such a society ; 2d, That, in point of fact, no such society can be traced in unbroken succession in any one part of the Christian world ; and, 3d, That this character does not apply to the Papacy or the Church of Rome. In accordance with their fundamental principles, Protestants establish these positions by an appeal to Scripture, by fairly investigating the meaning of its statements, and by bringing all the doctrines and transactions which the history of the Church presents to be tried by the written Word. But they can produce a great deal from the mere history of the Papacy which, even independently of Scripture, tends greatly to confirm these conclusions, and to overturn the claims of the Church of Rome to the possession of the qualities of unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity, which Romanists usually put forth as the distinguishing marks of the true Church. An honest investigation of the history of the Church is conclusively fatal to the pretensions of the Church of Rome to the possession of these qualities. It affords abundant materials to prove, that the Church of Rome has varied greatly in different ages in its doctrines, government, and worship ; that it has always been, and still is, characterized by a want of internal unity on some subjects of importance ; that it has been pre-eminently distinguished for a long succession of ages by its want of sanctity, by its unscrupulous prosecution of its own selfish interests as distinguished from the legitimate objects of a Church of Christ, and its unprincipled violation of the laws of God and man in the promotion of these interests ; and, lastly, that its present system of doctrine, government, and worship was not that which was taught and established by the apostles. The proof of this last position from the history of the Church, as distinguished from the proof of it from a direct comparison of the present doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome with the statements of Scripture, consists of the evidence which Protestants have adduced, that some of the Romish doctrines and practices were first broached and introduced into the Church at a certain specified time, and that others, the precise origin of which cannot, from want of materials, be so clearly traced and so certainly established, were unknown in the Church at a particular specified period, and are thus cut off from all connexion with the teaching of the apostles. It was the conclusive establishment of these

positions, and especially the impossibility of disputing them amid the light thrown upon the subject by the profound historical investigations which have of late been prosecuted upon the Continent, that led to the invention, by Moehler and De Maistre, of the Theory of Developiment, which has been so fully unfolded by Mr. Newman. This theory is in substance just an ingenious evasion of the proper direct historical argument, for it is chiefly employed as a substitute for the proof which formerly Romanists felt themselves bound to produce, that their present system of doctrines and practices had been handed down from apostolic times, and for the answers which they admitted they were bound to furnish to the historical evidence adduced by Protestants, that many of these doctrines and practices were the inventions of later ages.

But many of the investigations which have of late been prosecuted on the Continent in connexion with the history of the Church of Rome and the Middle Ages, have not been exclusively directed to controversial purposes, to the object of affording materials for settling the theological questions which are agitated between Protestants and Romanists. The subject has been investigated fully, and in some instances fairly and impartially, in its merely historical as distinguished from its theological aspects, in its bearing upon literature and the fine arts, upon the progress of society, upon civilisation and government. The impartiality exhibited in the investigation of these topics, in connexion with the history of the Papacy and the Middle Ages, is to be found indeed chiefly in writers who have borne the name of Protestants, and the cause of this is partly, that not a few bear that name who know and care nothing about Protestantism in its religious or theological sense, but principally, that honest and intelligent Protestants know that these topics have no real bearing upon the theological questions at issue between them and the Church of Rome, and are therefore under no temptation to conceal or misrepresent the testimony of history regarding them. It may be true that the Papacy has on some occasions rendered services to the cause of literature and the fine arts, has contributed to the progress of civilisation and the establishment of good government; but though all this were proved, and though nothing could be established under these heads to counterbalance the services rendered, so far as concerned the temporal welfare of men and the improvement of society, this would not afford a proof, and not even a presumption, that Popery was the religion of Christ and his apostles, or that the bishops of Rome are authorized to rule the universal Church as the successors of Peter and the vicars of Christ.

Romanists, however, have diligently and skilfully employed

these various topics, and the admissions of Protestant writers concerning them, to prepossess men's minds in favour of the doctrines and practices of Popery as a religious and theological system, and in favour of the claims of the Bishops of Rome to universal supremacy, and there can be no reasonable doubt that this is one of the means by which they have succeeded in the present day in securing a large measure of favour and countenance for Popery and the Papacy, from men who, though calling themselves Protestants, know nothing of what Protestantism is, or of what are the grounds on which it rests.

The leading objects to which the labours of Romish writers upon the Continent are now usually directed in the department of historical investigation, are, to explain away and to soften down the claims and pretensions which the Papacy in former ages advanced, to put the most favourable construction possible upon the proceedings of the old Popes—the Gregories and the Innocents, in establishing and enforcing their claims, and to magnify the moral and social advantages which Europe in general, or some particular countries, occasionally derived from Papal interference in the regulation of public affairs, taking care, of course, to throw into the background all that even under these heads might be truly alleged on the other side.

The work which we have placed at the head of this Article is one of the most important of those which the Romanists have recently published in this department, and it is steadily and skilfully directed to the objects above described. It was published anonymously, but it is well known to be the production of the Abbé Gosselin, who is at the head of one of the most important of the theological seminaries of the Romish Church in France. It displays very great research and considerable ability, and though steadily directed to the maintenance of the cause of Popery, and condemning not unfrequently the concessions made by Fleury, and some of the other more candid Roman Catholic historians, it is written with temper and moderation, and exhibits a considerable measure of fairness.

The general subject of the work is the power of the Pope in the Middle Ages, or during the Mediæval period, that is, from the 6th to the 16th century. The power of the Pope comprehends three different subjects, or may be regarded in three different aspects. It comprehends,—1st, The authority or jurisdiction which the Popes have claimed and exercised over the whole Church in all spiritual matters, in every thing necessarily pertaining to the Church as such, based upon an alleged Divine right of supreme and universal control, conferred by Christ upon St. Peter and upon all his successors, the Bishops of Rome. 2d, The authority or jurisdiction claimed

and exercised by the Popes of the Middle Ages in temporal or civil matters, as the sovereign judges or arbiters of Christendom, entitled to dispose of crowns and kingdoms, to depose sovereigns, and to absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance. And, 3d, Their authority or jurisdiction as temporal princes, as the sovereigns of a part of Italy, commonly called the States of the Church, or the Patrimony of St. Peter. The second and third of these subjects are often included under the designation of the temporal power of the Pope, but they ought to be distinguished from each other. The one may properly be designated his temporal supremacy, as being co-extensive in the sphere of its operation with his spiritual supremacy as the head of the Church, and as being based in the Middle Ages upon the same Divine right, while the other is accurately described as his temporal sovereignty. Gosselin's work contains nothing upon the subject of the Pope's spiritual supremacy as the head of the Church, but consists chiefly of historical researches in regard to his temporal sovereignty and his temporal supremacy.

He has a long Introduction, occupying about a fourth part of the volume, on "the honours and temporal prerogatives granted to religion and its ministers among ancient nations, and especially under the first Christian emperors." This Introduction is directed to the object of showing, that among the most enlightened heathen nations of antiquity the ministers of religion possessed a large amount of wealth and property, enjoyed many important privileges, and exerted a considerable influence in the regulation of national affairs; and that Constantine and the first Christian emperors acted wisely in confirming to the Church all the property she had already acquired, in greatly increasing its amount by donations of money and lands, and in conferring upon the clergy many important privileges, a considerable extent of judicial authority and political influence. The way is thus paved for removing prejudices, and conciliating favour towards the temporal sovereignty which arose in the eighth century, and the temporal supremacy which was first fully claimed and exercised in the eleventh, as if these were the natural and appropriate results of an earlier and more unobjectionable state of matters, the legitimate consequences of the general condition of the Church and the world, demanded by the exigencies of the times, and introduced with the general concurrence and approbation of Christendom. It is, no doubt, true historically, that the temporal sovereignty and supremacy, as well as the spiritual supremacy, of the Pope, can be traced back to small and comparatively unobjectionable beginnings, but it seems more reasonable to judge of the true character and tendency of the whole system by its full and mature development rather than by its first imperfect germs.

And though it is easy enough to point out circumstances in the condition of the Church and the world which greatly promoted the progress of the power and ascendancy of the Popes, and which may even be said to palliate their procedure, in the sense in which temptation and opportunity may be said to palliate crime, yet there is nothing in this inconsistent with the truth of the position, that the Popes steadily and supremely laboured for the promotion of their own selfish interests, and skilfully and unscrupulously improved everything for promoting their own aggrandizement.

The first part of Gosselin's work is occupied with a historical exposition of the origin and foundations of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; and the second and larger part, with the wider and more important subject of his temporal supremacy, or his assumed power over sovereigns and kingdoms. We mean for the present to confine our attention to the first of these subjects, viz., the sovereignty of the Pope as a temporal prince over the States of the Church, or the Patrimony of St. Peter.

This subject may be regarded as possessed at present of some peculiar interest, since, among the other extraordinary changes in the political condition of Europe, which the last few months have witnessed, not the least remarkable is that the Pope has been deprived of the patrimony of St. Peter, and is at this moment not a temporal prince but an exile in a foreign land. The first decree of the constituent assembly of the Roman Republic, elected by popular suffrage over the whole States of the Church, dated the 9th of February last, is in these words: "The Pope is fallen in fact and in right from the temporal government of the Roman States." And the second is, "the Roman Pontiff shall have all necessary securities for his independence in the exercise of his spiritual power." These decrees have been met by a solemn protestation from the Pope at Gaeta, in which he calls upon the Roman Catholic Powers to interpose by force of arms for his restoration to his temporal sovereignty, and this protestation contains these somewhat memorable words: "We demand the maintenance of the *sacred right* of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See—a right which, in the actual order of Providence, is *necessary and indispensable* for the free exercise of the Catholic apostolate of the Holy See." Europe is now waiting with impatience to see what practical answer the Roman Catholic Powers will give to the demands of his Holiness, who seems quite willing to march back to a throne through blood, and who may perhaps vindicate his conduct by the argument employed by one of his infallible predecessors, viz., that when it was said, (Luke xxii. 38,) "Here are two swords," (that is of course the temporal and the spiritual sword,) Christ did not answer, "It is too much," but only, "It is enough." In

this condition of things, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have a brief notice of the origin and foundation of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, with a few remarks upon the probable bearing of the loss or the retention of this temporal sovereignty upon the general interests of Popery.

The first part of Gosselin's work, which is devoted to this subject, is divided into two chapters, the first giving an "exposition of the facts relative to the temporal power of the Pope in Italy, from the conversion of Constantine to the elevation of Charlemagne to the empire;" and the second containing "a critical examination of the different questions which have been discussed in modern times in regard to its origin and foundations." We can advert to the facts of the case only in so far as they bear upon the discussions which have taken place concerning the grounds and foundations of this temporal sovereignty.

Gosselin dates the commencement of the Pope's power as a temporal prince, from the Pontificate of Gregory II., who filled the Papal chair from the year 715 to 731. At the same time, he admits, that during this period the sovereignty of the Emperor of Constantinople was still generally acknowledged in Italy, and that the authority of Gregory II., and his two successors Gregory III. and Zachary, over the city of Rome and the neighbouring territory, was only imperfect and provisional, not absolute and definitive. The absolute and independent sovereignty of the Popes over the city and Duchy of Rome, and over the Exarchate of Ravenna, he dates from, and finds on, the donation of Pepin, King of France in 754, a donation afterwards confirmed and enlarged by his son Charlemagne. He zealously contends, that from the time of the donation made by Pepin to Stephen II., the Popes continued to be the exclusive possessors of the absolute sovereignty of the Duchy of Rome and the Exarchate of Ravenna, both during the reigns of the French Emperors of the Carlovingian family, and of the German Emperors who succeeded them. This last position is generally controverted by Protestant writers, and is admitted to be unfounded by some eminent Roman Catholics, such as Bossuet and Fleury. Protestants generally contend, and Gosselin has not succeeded in answering their arguments, that the donation of Pepin, confirmed and extended by Charlemagne, did not confer the absolute sovereignty of these territories upon the Popes, but that they still acknowledged some vague sort of dependence for their temporal possessions upon the Emperor, as Sovereign Lord or feudal superior, till the time of Gregory VII., when they began to put forth a claim to universal jurisdiction in temporal matters over Kings and Emperors. This point, however, is involved in great obscurity, and it is not one of

much practical importance, for there is no reason to doubt that Pepin and Charlemagne, possessing Northern Italy by the right of conquest, having taken it by force of arms from the Emperor of Constantinople and the Lombards, did give these territories to the Popes as temporal princes, and that this donation was met by the general concurrence of the inhabitants of these countries. The two principal additions which, since the eighth century, have been made to the States of the Church, are derived from the donation of the famous Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, the devoted admirer, though probably not the mistress, as has been alleged, of Gregory VII., in the end of the eleventh century, and from the military skill and success of Pope Julius II. in the beginning of the sixteenth. This Pope being full of ambition, and fond of war, attacked the Venetians without any just cause, took the command of his army in person, gained several victories, mounting the breach at the head of his troops at the siege of Mirandola, and by these means succeeded in making considerable additions to the patrimony of St. Peter. These are the principal facts connected with the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, and we have now to advert to the discussions which have taken place in modern times in regard to its ground or foundation.

From the ninth century, down to about the time of the Reformation, the Popes and their champions were accustomed to appeal, as the foundation of their right to the temporal possessions they held, and as a vindication of the attempts they sometimes made, by wars and intrigues, to extend their territories, to what was called the donation of Constantine—a document in which the first Christian Emperor, when he resolved to make Constantinople the capital of his dominions, made over, in perpetual sovereignty, “Rome, Italy, and all the provinces of the West,” to the Bishops of Rome. This document, though often quoted and founded on by Popes as genuine, embodied in the decree of Gratian, which forms the first part of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, and received with implicit credence for several centuries, is now universally acknowledged to be a forgery. Indeed, scarcely any Romanist of character has maintained its genuineness since the exposure of it by Laurentius Valla, in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Many Romanists, however, even since the Reformation, while admitting that the *document* is a forgery of a later age, have contended that, as matter of fact, Constantine did make such a donation to the See of Rome, and thus gave to the Popes a valid right to temporal sovereignty. No evidence of this position has ever been produced, and it is conclusively disproved by the known facts of history. We have no trace of any such sovereignty having been conferred on the

Popes by Constantine until the appearance of the forged donation in the eighth or ninth century. It is quite certain that the successors of Constantine acted, without challenge or remonstrance from the Popes, as the undoubted sovereigns of Rome and Italy, until the overthrow of the Western Empire by the Goths and Heruli. After Italy was reconquered by the Eastern Emperors, about the middle of the sixth century, the same state of things continued, the Popes unhesitatingly acknowledging the Emperor as their sovereign. Matters stood on the same footing during the whole of the seventh century. Even in the early part of the eighth century, when the increasing weakness of the Eastern Empire, its inability to defend Italy from the incursions of the Lombards, warranted the Italians to assume independence, and to endeavour to provide for their own safety, and while the Popes were diligently labouring, by the skilful improvement of this state of matters, and of the controversy about image-worship, to extend their own political influence, they still continued to acknowledge the authority of the Emperors over them; nay, we have indications of this being still acknowledged by the Popes after the donation of Pepin in 754, as if they were scarcely satisfied that even then they had sufficient warrant for formally withdrawing their allegiance from their old masters.

Gosselin, like most modern Roman Catholic writers, admits not only that the document called the Donation of Constantine is a forgery, but also that no such donation was made. The history of this document is involved in great obscurity. It is still made a question whether it was forged in the eighth or the ninth century; and both views have found advocates, both among Protestants and Romanists. Mosheim contends that it existed in the eighth century, and refers, in proof of this, to a letter from Pope Adrian I. to Charlemagne; but Gosselin has shown, we think, that the evidence derived from that source is unsatisfactory, and that there is no proof of its existence till near the end of the ninth century.

It seems to have been first published along with that most extraordinary collection of forgeries, the decretal epistles of the Popes, or the Pseudo-Isidorian decretals, as they are commonly called, from the collection and publication of them having been falsely ascribed to Isidore of Seville. This was a series of letters professing to be written by the Bishops of Rome, about forty in number, from the time of Clement, the immediate successor of the Apostles, down to Siricius, who filled the Papal Chair about the end of the fourth century, and representing the Popes, whose names they bore, as claiming and exercising, from the earliest times, all the powers and prerogatives which were usurped by their successors in the dark ages. They were all

forged, like the donation of Constantine, in the ninth century, and they were thereafter diligently employed, as if they had been genuine and authentic documents, to increase the Papal authority and influence. Though these forgeries imposed upon the whole Church for several centuries, and were embodied by Gratian in the Canon Law, they could not stand the light of the Reformation. The fraud was then detected, and conclusively exposed, and it has been almost ever since admitted by all Papists of learning.

All that Roman Catholic writers in modern times attempt in the discussion of these extraordinary forgeries, so peculiarly characteristic of the Romish Church, is to show that these documents did not exert so much influence as Protestants commonly ascribe to them, in *originating* claims and pretensions on the part of the Popes previously unknown, or in *introducing* changes into the government and discipline of the Church. This general position they can make out very fairly in regard to the donation of Constantine, since there is no evidence that it was in existence until after the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, on which mainly the Pope's temporal sovereignty is based. The case, however, is very different with the forged decretal epistles. It has been conclusively proved, that these epistles claimed for the Popes an extent of power or jurisdiction over the Church unwarranted by the law or practice of any preceding period, and that being received as the productions of the venerable men whose names they bore, they contributed greatly to the general admission of the claims advanced in them; and that thus, in point of fact, the establishment of the Papal domination over the Western Church was greatly promoted by a gross and scandalous forgery of the ninth century. This has been in substance admitted by some of the most learned and candid of the Romanists, especially by De Marca and Fleury.*

Gosselin having put aside, as unworthy of consideration, the donation of Constantine, which was so frequently pleaded by the Popes and their defenders for several centuries previous to the Reformation, lays down, as his first position on the origin and foundation of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, this doctrine, "that it does not owe its origin to any alleged *jus Divinum*, or to the theological opinion of the right of the Church or the Pope to dispose of temporalities for the greater good of religion." His

* De Marca de Concordia Sacerdotii et Imperii, Lib. vii., throughout, and especially c. xx. The fourth of Fleury's very ingenious, candid, and elegant Discours sur l'histoire Ecclésiastique, is chiefly devoted to the object of pointing out the changes which the forged decretal epistles introduced into the government and discipline of the Church. And the accuracy of his statements upon this point is clearly proved in an excellent anonymous defence of his Discourses, entitled, *Justification des Discours de M. L'Abbe Fleury*, p. ii. Nancy, 1737.

object in giving prominence to this position is evidently twofold : 1st, to weaken the evidence that the Church ever held this theological opinion, an opinion so groundless and so unpalatable in modern times, that scarcely any Romanist, even on the other side of the Alps, now ventures to maintain it ; and 2d, to guard against the prejudice that might be excited against the Pope's sovereignty, as if it were to be traced to the same origin to which his temporal supremacy has been commonly, though, as Gosselin labours to prove, erroneously, ascribed, and had no better foundation to rest upon. He has substantially proved this position, for it cannot be shown that the Popes have been accustomed to found their claim to the temporal sovereignty of the States of the Church upon a Divine right. But while the Popes have not based this claim formally and directly upon a Divine right, they have often, in accordance with their general policy in other matters, insinuated something of this sort, and tried to borrow some sanction for their temporal sovereignty from their Divine right, as the vicars of Christ and the rulers of his Church. Hence it was that they were accustomed to call their temporal possessions the patrimony of St. Peter, and to allege that any interference with them was an injury done to the Apostle. When about the middle of the eighth century Rome was besieged by the Lombards, and reduced to great extremity, Pope Stephen II. resolved to apply a second time for assistance to Pepin, king of France ; and that the application might be the more influential, it was put in the form of a letter to the king from the Apostle Peter, who, speaking throughout in his own name, but with the concurrence, as he says, of the Virgin Mary, the Angels, and the Martyrs, most pathetically beseeches Pepin to come and deliver *his* city of Rome, *his* people, and the Church where *his* bones reposed, from the violence of the Lombards, and assures him of success in the war, and of eternal happiness as the reward of his services. This letter of Peter is not to be regarded as a forgery, for Stephen probably did not intend or expect that it should be received as a real production of the Apostle ; but it is a curious specimen of the age, and it illustrates the policy of the Popes in endeavouring to identify their temporal sovereignty with the spiritual claims, as the successors of Peter, which they based upon Divine authority. This policy they have always pursued more or less openly ; and even in our own day, we have seen that the present Pope, in his protestation against the abolition of his temporal sovereignty, declares his right to it to be *sacred*.

Another way in which Romanists have sometimes attempted to procure for the Pope's temporal sovereignty a sort of sanction from Divine authority, is by representing the possession of it, as the present Pope does in his protestation, as indispensable to the

free exercise of his spiritual power; and by tracing the origin and preservation of it to the special *approving* providence of God. De Maistre, in his celebrated Work, *Du Pape*, (Lib. ii. c. vi. p. 180,) says, "that a secret hand chased the emperors from the Eternal City, to give it to the head of the Eternal Church;" and he thinks that the donation of Constantine may in a sense be said to be true and real, as it was just in substance a virtual embodiment of the true sentiment generally entertained in after ages, viz., that Constantine was led to retire to the East under the special guidance of God, that he might make way for the Pope, and leave Rome to him for whom it was destined. And Gosselin, though never indulging in flights of fancy like De Maistre, does not fail to refer to the special providences observable in this matter. Protestants believe that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was brought about by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God; but they deny that there is anything deducible from the history of this matter, or from any other source, which affords any indication of the Divine *approbation* either of the actors or of the result; nay, they see clearly, in all the remarkable providences connected with it, the realization of the apostle's statement about the removing out of the way of that which letted or hindered the rise and revelation of the man of sin, the son of perdition.

The older Romish writers usually dealt with this subject of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope—in so far as its relation to a *jus Divinum* is concerned—very much in the same way in which they treated the subject of ecclesiastical liberty, or the freedom of the Church—phrases which, in the mouth of a Romanist, mean just the exemption of the clergy from the jurisdiction of the ordinary national tribunals, even in civil and criminal questions. They were not very willing to admit that this exemption, in so far as it was enjoyed, rested *solely* upon the grant or concession of the civil power. They could not, with any plausibility, maintain explicitly and formally, that it had a *jus Divinum* to rest upon, and therefore they laboured to involve the whole matter in obscurity and confusion, and to insinuate some sort of Divine right as attaching to the subject, by means of subtle distinctions and far-fetched inferences.* This, too, was in substance the way in which they used to treat the subject of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. Now, however, all claim to Divine authority in this matter is commonly abandoned, except in the shape of an occasional insinuation.

Gosselin's second position as to the foundation of the Pope's

* A specimen of this mode of treating the subject of ecclesiastical liberty or clerical immunity, may be seen in Bellarmine de Clericis, Lib. i. c. 28-30.

temporal sovereignty is, "that it does not owe its origin to the ambition and political intrigues of the Popes of the eighth century;" and his third and last is, "that it has been founded, ever since its origin, upon the most legitimate titles," viz., the necessities and exigencies of the case in the condition of Italy, the general wish and consent of the people, and the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne. Now, we remark upon these two positions, generally, that they are not necessarily, and in every sense, opposed to, or exclusive of, each other. It may be true that the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See is to be traced to the ambition and political intrigues of the Popes of the eighth century; while it may also be true, in some sense, and according to the general principles usually applied to these matters, that it was based upon legitimate and valid grounds. Some of the more candid Roman Catholics have admitted, as Gosselin complains, the truth of the first of these positions, while they contend for the truth of the second; and for ourselves, while we think it an easier thing to prove the truth of the first than of the second of these positions, we have no great objections to receiving them both. We are not warranted in determining the legitimacy and validity of men's right or title to power or property, by the character and motives of the parties who have acquired them, nor even by the accordance with the law of God, of the means by which the acquisition has been made. Some of the Reformers before the Reformation, such as Arnold of Brescia, in the twelfth, and Wicliffe, in the fourteenth century, seem to have been so disgusted with the iniquitous way in which power and property were usually acquired and employed by the ecclesiastics of these periods, as to have been led into the extreme of approximating at least to the idea, that dominion is founded on grace, or on personal worth of character, and on the scriptural purity of the means by which it may have been acquired. But these views have not been generally adopted by Protestants, most of whom, on the contrary, have consistently maintained the position, that Christianity, while forbidding selfishness, ambition, and deceit in every form, leaves the subjects of political power and property to be regulated by the natural principles which in right reason are applicable to them. We think there is abundant ground for the allegation, that the Popes of the eighth century were ambitious men, and dealt largely in political intrigue—that selfishness and ambition led them to aim at political power and temporal sovereignty, and that, by political intrigues and other very questionable means, they succeeded, to a large extent, in these objects. An impartial survey of their conduct warrants this allegation, and there is nothing in their general character, in so far as we have the means of knowing them, to contradict it, or render it

improbable. The Popes of the eighth century were not, indeed, speaking generally, like those of the tenth, men of notorious and infamous profligacy; but there is no good ground to regard them as men of piety, or of pure and elevated motives. Their general character and conduct were plainly those which have distinguished the generality of princes and politicians in every age, *i. e.*, they were irreligious men, who were bent on advancing their own selfish and ambitious objects, and were not very scrupulous about the means they employed for attaining their ends; and all this was aggravated by their professing to be not only ministers of Christ, but the rulers of the Church.*

But though the Popes of the eighth century were no better in their character and conduct than the generality of princes and politicians, neither did they fall greatly below the common worldly standard in their interferences in public affairs. They succeeded in acquiring temporal sovereignty without incurring much more guilt than has usually been exhibited in the acquisition of a crown, in cases where there has been a deviation from the established law of succession, and they were able at length to establish their right to the States of the Church upon grounds which are commonly regarded as furnishing a legitimate and valid title.

There is good reason to believe that the Popes of the eighth century excited the Italians against the Emperors of Constantinople for the accomplishment of their own selfish and ambitious projects; that they cunningly employed their spiritual authority, and improved the controversy about image-worship, for promoting their designs; and that some of them made professions of submission and allegiance to the Emperor while they were plotting against him. But still, there can be no reasonable doubt that the people of Italy were warranted in withdrawing their allegiance from the Emperor of the East, since he was wholly unable to discharge the functions of a sovereign, and to afford them protection against the incursions of the Lombards. They were warranted to take measures for their own protection, and, with that view, to call in the assistance of the King of the Franks, and to establish whatever form of government they thought proper. When the Lombards were subdued, the only parties who could put forth anything like a claim to the Roman territory, were the people who inhabited it, and Pepin and Charlemagne who had conquered and protected it. Pepin and Charlemagne made a donation of it to the Pope and his successors, and the people seem to have willingly concurred in this arrangement,

* Milner (*History of the Church of Christ*, Cent. viii. c. iii.) is disposed to regard the Pontificate of Gregory II., about the year 727, as the era of the maturity of Antichrist, founding chiefly upon the combination which it presents of the virtual acquisition of temporal sovereignty, and the open advocacy of the worship of images,

under the belief that the Papal Government was, in the circumstances, the best that was practicable—the best fitted to secure their safety and welfare. On these grounds it seems evident, that according to the principles by which these matters are usually estimated and determined, the Popes succeeded in getting a legitimate and valid title to the city and Duchy of Rome, and the Exarchate of Ravenna—a title as good and unexceptionable as that which any of the Royal families of Europe have to their dominions. And even though there had been greater difficulties than can be adduced, about their original title to these territories, or to the additions made to them in the 11th and 16th centuries, the long prescription which has run upon their possession, and the implied consent of many successive generations of their subjects, would be quite sufficient to establish their title, and to show that the Popes have a right to their temporal sovereignty at least equal to that which can be pleaded in behalf of that of any of the Royal families of Europe.

The only objection that can be made to this view of the right of the Popes to their temporal sovereignty is, that it is unlawful for a Christian minister to become a temporal prince. We believe this principle to be a sound one,* but we are not sure that it is relevant to the purpose for which it is here adduced. It only proves, in strictness, that a man is not entitled to be regarded as possessed of both these characters at one and the same time. If he claims both characters, then we contend that *this* claim is unfounded. If a man, being a minister of Christ, aspires to and enters upon the office of a temporal prince, we assert that he thereby becomes guilty of sin, and forfeits the character of a Christian minister. But we are not prepared to deny the validity of the election which he has made, sinful though it be; and while we will no longer recognise him as a Christian minister, we do not feel bound to deny that he may be a legitimate temporal prince. This, of course, is not the only ground on which we deny to the Pope the character of a Christian minister. There are other and stronger reasons which induce us to withhold from him this title. He claims the title and the office of the Head of the Church, and he is set forth in Scripture as the “man of sin” and the “son of perdition.” That he puts forth this claim, and that he bears this character, are facts that ought never to be forgotten, and that should materially affect every view which we take of him, and every relation in which we may stand to him. They furnish sufficient ground not only for refusing to him the title of a Christian minister, but for regarding him, and the whole system which he represents and superintends,

* For a discussion of this topic, see Calvin's Institutes, B. iv. ch. xi.; and Bellarmine's answer, De Rom. Pont., Lib. v. ch. ix, and x.

with the deepest abhorrence, and with unceasing watchfulness and apprehension ; but they do not afford sufficient reasons for denying that he may have become the legitimate sovereign of a kingdom.

But while we admit that the temporal sovereignty which the Popes have long exercised over the States of the Church, has rested upon grounds as valid and legitimate as those which can be pleaded in behalf of any of the other temporal princes of Europe, we must also contend that their subjects possessed, and still possess, the same rights as those of any other sovereign ; and it is important to advert to this point, for this position is now denied by many who are advocating armed interference for the restoration of the Pope to his temporal sovereignty. Even in republican France, there are men who deny to the late subjects of the Pope, the rights which they would concede to any other nation, upon the ground, that the States of the Church virtually belong, not to the people who occupy them, but to the " Catholic world ;" and that all Catholic nations have a right to interfere, with the view of securing that they shall be governed in the way which the interests of the " Catholic Church" may seem to demand. This notion we regard as utterly unfounded. There are just two legitimate alternatives upon this subject,—either the people of the States of the Church, who have constituted for many centuries a distinct and independent kingdom, have all the ordinary rights which other nations possess, to provide for their own welfare and good government, or else there must be some Divine authority vested in the Pope or in the " Catholic world" which excludes or limits these rights. There is no other source from which any exclusion or limitation of the ordinary rights of nations can be legitimately derived. And as neither the Pope nor the " Catholic world" can produce Divine authority for any *special* rights in the Government of the States of the Church, it follows that the people of that country have, with reference to both these parties, the same rights which any independent nation has with reference to its sovereign and to the neighbouring kingdoms. The Patrimony of St. Peter has for many centuries been the worst governed country in Europe, that in which the great ends of government were most completely neglected or frustrated, in which the welfare of the subjects was most thoroughly disregarded or obstructed. This result was manifestly the necessary consequence of the nature of the government to which the country has been subjected. It combined all the ordinary evils of a despotism and an oligarchy, aggravated by two remarkable peculiarities : first, that the despot and the oligarchs for the time being, that is, the Pope and the leading Cardinals, had usually interests to promote and objects to aim at, distinct

from, and independent of, the general welfare of the country which they governed; and second, that they had only a period at once brief and uncertain, dependent on the life of an old man, for making their possession of the Government subservient to the selfish interests of themselves and their connexions. From these causes, the States of the Church has long been the worst governed country in Europe; and as the people of that country had an equal right with France or any other independent kingdom, to provide for their own welfare, so they had far stronger grounds for the conviction, that this object could be effected only by a fundamental alteration in the nature of that government under which they had so long groaned, in other words, by the great and noble step which they have taken—the abolition of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

We have seen that the Pope has publicly declared his conviction, that the restoration of his temporal sovereignty is indispensable to the free exercise of his functions as the spiritual head of the Church, and on this point we are disposed to agree with him. Indeed, we are so deeply impressed with the skill and dexterity with which the Popes have been accustomed to prosecute their own interests, and with the marvellous success which has attended their efforts, that we are inclined usually to regard the fact that they have deliberately adopted a certain line of policy, as affording a presumption that it is the best for their objects. They are not indeed infallible in regard to temporal any more than in regard to spiritual matters. But in the case before us, the grounds for concurring in the opinion of the Pope as to the injurious bearing of the loss of his temporal sovereignty upon his spiritual power and authority, are strong and manifold. It is true, that there is no connexion between them in point of argument and speculation, and that all the grounds on which he claims to be regarded and treated as the head of the Church, remain untouched by his loss of temporal sovereignty, a truth which Dr. Wiseman, who is at present the leading champion of Popery in this country, has expressed in the following terms:—"The sovereignty of the Pope over his own dominions, is no essential portion of his dignity; his supremacy was not the less before it was acquired; and should the unsearchable decrees of Providence, in the lapse of ages, deprive the Holy See of its temporal sovereignty, as happened to the seventh Pius, through the usurpation of a conqueror, its *dominion* over the Church, and over the *consciences* of the faithful, would not be thereby impaired." *

* Lectures on the principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church, Lect. VIII. vol. i. p. 264.

But though the loss of his temporal sovereignty does not in speculation affect the grounds on which his spiritual supremacy is based, or the arguments by which it is defended, it may affect the impression which these arguments make on men's minds ; it may impair in various ways the advantages and facilities which the Pope may possess for securing the continued admission of his claims to spiritual domination ; and it may even tend to aid men in discovering their baselessness. Though the acquisition of temporal sovereignty was the result of political influence acquired by a dexterous use of spiritual authority, it exerted a great reflex influence in confirming and extending that spiritual power in which it originated. We can scarcely conceive that the Popes could have succeeded in establishing and preserving their spiritual supremacy as the sole monarchs of the Church, if they had not succeeded at an early period in securing an independent position as temporal princes, if they had continued in the condition of subjects to some one of the sovereigns of Europe. There is an incongruity in the head of the universal Church being bound by any special ties to some one particular kingdom in which he resides, and taking the position, as in that case he must necessarily have done in the long run, of a subject of its sovereign. The Bishops of Constantinople were at one time as aspiring in their pretensions as the Bishops of Rome, but what a contrast does their history present. The Bishops of Rome first succeeded in establishing themselves as temporal princes, and thereafter in securing both a temporal and a spiritual supremacy over the whole Western Church. The Bishops of Constantinople, who remained from necessity the subjects in temporal matters of the Eastern emperors, sunk into a condition of the most degrading subjection to the civil power, even in ecclesiastical affairs, and became the mere tools and puppets of the imperial court.*

The residence of the Popes at Avignon during the greater part of the 14th century, their palpable subjection during that period to the influence of the court of France, (though the town of Avignon itself was the property of the Pope,) and the means to which they were then obliged to have recourse in order to raise money, tended greatly to impair the respect with which men had been accustomed to contemplate the head of the Church,

* The supremacy which the Emperors assumed and exercised over the Patriarchs of Constantinople during the Middle Ages has given rise to a peculiar application of the word *Byzantinism*, which is often used by Continental writers in the same sense in which, in this country, we commonly use *Erastianism*, to describe, not the precise relation that subsisted between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities in Constantinople or Byzantium, but more generally the unlawful subjection of the ecclesiastical to the civil power.

and thus paved the way for the reception in the 15th century of the doctrines of the Councils of Constance and Basle as to the superiority of a council over a Pope, and ultimately for the great revolt of the Reformation. Pope Pius VII. was, in 1809, deprived of his temporal sovereignty by Napoleon, and lived for several years thereafter an exile, and virtually a prisoner, in France, and Romanists have since commonly employed the vicissitudes in the life of Pius VII. as materials for declaiming upon the indestructibility of the Papacy, and the certainty of its recovering from every reverse of external circumstances. It is true that no permanent mischief seems to have resulted to the Papacy from this temporary loss of temporal sovereignty, and that the damage it may have then sustained, has since been repaired. But the tendency of it was felt at the time, and has been acknowledged since, by reflecting Romanists, to be most injurious to the interests of Popery, and fitted to break the *prestige* with which they think it expedient that the head of the Church should be invested. Gosselin states this very strongly, and rejoices heartily that the experiment of a Pope expelled from Rome, and deprived of temporal sovereignty, did not last long enough to produce its appropriate results. He says, "No one can be ignorant how much the Church suffered during the last years of the reign of Napoleon, as the result of his seizure of the Roman States, and of the captivity to which he reduced the head of the Church. We cannot think, without trembling, of the fatal consequences which might have resulted from these tyrannical measures, if Providence had not speedily overturned the power of Napoleon."—(P. 323.) The possession of Rome, which was so long the mistress of the world, and which is described by Dr. Wiseman (Lecture v., vol. i. p. 159) as "that holy city where all that is Christian and Catholic bears the stamp of unfading immortality," combined with independent sovereignty, harmonizes well with a claim to headship over the whole Church, and has no doubt contributed much to produce a ready and general reception of this claim, while the loss of Rome and independence, if prolonged for some time, must tend greatly to weaken the hold which the idea of the Pope's spiritual supremacy has acquired over men's minds.

Romanists will, no doubt, labour diligently to call forth and sustain the fanaticism of the faithful in regard to the Pope in his spiritual character as the Vicar of Christ by Divine appointment, and they may succeed in this to some extent, and for a time, but they will find this work attended with great difficulties, and followed only by partial and temporary success. We are very far from believing that Popery is wholly dependent upon external and adventitious circumstances for the influence it

has acquired over men's minds. It has, indeed, largely used and most skilfully improved this class of influences, but it is not wholly dependent upon them ; and he must know little of Popery and of human nature who can adopt this notion. Still like every false system, it must depend to some extent for its influence upon external and adventitious circumstances, and be liable to be considerably affected by outward changes. The supremacy of the Pope as the head of the universal Church, is a department in the Popish system peculiarly liable to be affected by external influences, and it is, we think, extremely improbable, that, if he were to remain for a long period deprived of his temporal sovereignty, and of the Patrimony of St. Peter, he would continue to be regarded and treated, even by the "Catholic world," with the veneration and submission which his claim to be the successor of Peter in the government of the Church, has hitherto inspired.

But we are scarcely sanguine enough to expect that his exclusion from Rome, and from temporal sovereignty, will last long enough to produce directly any very important beneficial result. The Government of the Roman Republic indeed seems to be acting with a wisdom and a firmness, a discretion and a vigour that are well fitted to call forth admiration and sympathy ; and the "Catholic powers" have hitherto been restrained by a very remarkable combination of events from interfering in Roman affairs. But the probability is, that at no distant period they will interfere to restore the Pope to the possession of Rome and of temporal sovereignty, and that they will succeed in restoring him. This is the result that is most probable, if we look merely to the causes and influences that are at work ; and besides, it seems to accord best with what the word of God gives us reason to expect. We are deeply impressed indeed with the truth and importance of the well known doctrine, that the prophecies of Scripture were not intended to enable us to prophesy, but we are disposed to think, that the indications which seem to be given in Scripture, of the condition of the Papacy immediately before its final overthrow, and of the relation which the kings of the earth are then to sustain towards it, are unfavourable to the idea that the recent abolition of the Pope's temporal sovereignty is to be the immediate precursor of the subversion of the system of Popery, and that they would rather lead us to expect, that the Papacy will yet again reign in Rome and shine forth for a time in its former pomp and splendour.

Our readers may be interested in the opinion of two very eminent men, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Napoleon, Emperor of France, upon some of the points we have discussed. They are presented in combination in the following extract which Gosselin gives from Artaüs *Vie de Pie VII.* In 1811, Napoleon had ap-

pointed a commission to consult about the affairs of the Church, and it was at one of the sittings of this commission that the following remarkable conversation took place between him and the Abbé Emery, a man for whom the Emperor always professed the greatest respect. Napoleon said, "I do not dispute with you the spiritual power of the Pope, because he has received it from Jesus Christ; but Jesus Christ did not give him his temporal power; it was Charlemagne who gave him it; and I, the successor of Charlemagne, mean to take it from him, because he does not know how to use it, and because it hinders him from exercising his spiritual functions. M. Emery, what think you of that? . . . Sire, replied M. Emery, your Majesty honours the great Bossuet, and is pleased to quote him often; I can have no other opinion on that subject than that of Bossuet, in his 'Defence of the Declaration of the Clergy,' where he expressly maintains, that the independence and the full liberty of the head of the Church are necessary for the free exercise of the spiritual supremacy, in the actual condition of there being many kingdoms and empires. I shall quote exactly the passage which is impressed on my memory. Sire, Bossuet speaks thus: '*We know that the Roman Pontiffs and the sacerdotal order hold by the grant of princes, and possess legitimately, goods, rights, and principalities, as other men possess them. We know that these possessions, being dedicated to God, should be held sacred, and that we cannot, without committing sacrilege, take them from them and give them to laymen. Men have granted to the Apostolic See the sovereignty of the city of Rome, and other possessions, in order that he might exercise with more liberty his power over all the world. We congratulate upon this not only the Apostolic See, but the whole Church; and we wish, with all our heart, that this sacred sovereignty may remain safe and entire in every respect.*' Napoleon, after having listened with patience, answered gently, as he was accustomed to do when he was plainly contradicted, and spoke thus: I do not refuse the authority of Bossuet—all that was true in his time; when Europe recognised several masters, it was not suitable that the Pope should be subject to one particular sovereign. But what inconvenience is there that the Pope should be subject to me, now that Europe knows no other master than me alone? M. Emery was a little embarrassed, because he did not wish to make a reply which might wound the pride of the Emperor. He contented himself with saying, that it was possible that the inconveniences foreseen by Bossuet might not take place under the reign of Napoleon, or under that of his successor; then he added, but Sire, you know as well as I the history of revolutions: *that which exists now may not exist always; in their turn the inconveniences foreseen by Bossuet might reappear. We must not change then an order so wisely established.*"

ART. X.—*The Registration Bill.*

WHEN referring to the injurious effects of popular ignorance on national prosperity, Mr. McCulloch asks, "How often have all the evils of scarcity been aggravated by the groundless prejudices of the public against corn-dealers? How often have restrictions and prohibitions been solicited by those to whom they could be productive only of ruin? How often have the labouring classes endeavoured to prevent the introduction and improvement of machinery, and processes for abridging labour and cost of production, though it is certain they are uniformly the greatest gainers by them? How much has the rate of wages been reduced, and the condition of the lower classes deteriorated, by the prevalence of erroneous opinions respecting the principle of population, and the mistaken application of public charities? The object of the famous Excise scheme, proposed by Sir Robert Walpole in 1733, was not to raise the duties on any commodity whatever, but to introduce the warehousing and bonding system—'*to make London a free port, and of consequence the market of the world;*' and yet the mere proposal of this scheme had well-nigh lighted up the flames of rebellion in the country, and its abandonment by the Minister was hailed by the most earnest and enthusiastic demonstrations of popular rejoicing: And such is the strength of vulgar prejudice, that it was not till 1803 that the warehousing system—the greatest improvement that has perhaps ever been made in the financial and commercial policy of the country, was adopted."

If popular ignorance may be a successful opponent to national prosperity, sectional prejudice and class selfishness may as certainly retard it. In the year 1834, the English Registration Bill was introduced by Lord John Russell, but it did not become law till August 1836. The necessity for such a measure was perceived by every one who thought intelligently on the subject. Yet it was strongly, energetically, and for a time successfully opposed. The Church from time immemorial had claimed a monopoly both of the living and the dead, and she objected to any person being born, married or buried, without her sanction. Births, marriages, and deaths, were remunerative to her. Her functionaries alone could register a baby's birth; none but her priests could orthodoxically transmute a bachelor into a Benedict, or convert a spinster into a dame; and the death of a man could not become a recorded act save through the instrumentality of some one officially connected with a consecrated edifice. We shall not trace the history of this absurdity. The fact we have to do with is, that when a wise statesman

attempted to reform it, he was strenuously and vehemently resisted. It may or it may not be true, that fear of hurting Mother Church, by taking from her a part of her gigantic revenue, was the practical reason why the majority of the House of Commons for so long a time refused to add the Registration Bill to the Statute Book. But the refusal was certainly not attributable to a sound or just objection to the principles upon which this enlightened measure is founded. The operation of the Bill has fully vindicated the minister who introduced it, perseveringly urged it, and in the end gained it for England. We think it is probable, that if this Bill had not become law, the Health of Towns' Commission would not have been appointed; at all events the Commissioners could not have done the work with which they were charged, without the information contained in the invaluable tables and reports of the Registrar-General. The Sanatory Bill, introduced by Lord Morpeth, took its origin from the elaborate report by the Health of Towns' Commission, and the town population of England has now the prospect of being protected from the operation of many of the malignant influences which have hitherto annually caused the death of thousands. But this Bill in its turn met with strong opposition. Monopoly seems to assert its claims even over filth and wretchedness; and even still, the Corporation of London kicks and splutters at the idea of being purified by any but corporate authority. However, the work is begun, and will doubtless proceed prosperously, though, without the preceding Registration Bill, it would have been nearly impossible to carry out its objects. The bulk of the knowledge requisite for this purpose can nowhere else be obtained than in the tables and reports of the Registrar-General.

The Lord Advocate has once and again asked the House of Commons to adopt a measure for Scotland founded upon the same principle, and almost identical in its provisions with that which is now the law of England; and after many unsuccessful attempts—unsuccessful from many causes—there is now a prospect of the measure passing into a statute.

As giving the best abstract of his Bill, we quote his Lordship's own description of it, as we find it recorded in Hansard, on the occasion of its introduction to the House of Commons, in the session of 1847.

“The importance of such a measure was a matter upon which it was unnecessary for him to say a single word. As furnishing statistic information of the greatest value, its importance could not be doubted; and as regarded the interests of individuals and families, it was equally great. It was with this view, and bearing in mind the utility of such a system in a public and private sense, (although the Bill had met considerable opposition in Scotland,) that he wished to introduce a

complete system of registration of births, deaths, and marriages. In considering the course to be taken upon the introduction of such a measure, it was impossible to overlook the circumstances, that for ten years a system of registration had been carried on in this country. To the working of that system he had turned his attention, and had availed himself of the experience gained through its operation, in order to apply it to Scotland with greater effect. He proposed to have a head department in Edinburgh, under the charge of a Registrar-General, where the most important registers should be kept, and where parties seeking information might consult them, and obtain cheap and authentic certificates. Connected with this, he proposed, following the system in England, that there should be districts, placed under superintending registrars, and sub-districts, in which the registration should be effected by the local registrars. The districts would consist of counties, and of some large towns; the sub-districts of divisions of these, consisting, in most instances, of parishes, according as the convenience of registration might require. In all this he followed the English system; but with some advantages, because he proposed to make the Sheriffs' Clerks the superintending registrars—persons fully qualified for the discharge of that duty, and who were already provided with offices proper for the custody of important papers—by which there would be a considerable saving of expense. This brought him to the question of expense—the most important, perhaps, of all—and in which originated the opposition to the Bill. On that subject he necessarily conferred with his right honourable friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had said, 'I will do for Scotland what has been done for England. Part of the expense of the system—that portion which in England is borne out of the Consolidated Fund—shall be so defrayed in Scotland; but I will not go further, for I cannot authorize payments out of the Treasury for Scotland which in England are not borne by the Treasury, but by local taxation.' That answer he much feared was conclusive. However anxious he was to lighten the burdens of the people of Scotland, he owned that, whether as connected with Government or as a Member of Parliament, he did not see that his right honourable friend could have done more. But he knew he was not to be moved on that point. The portion of the expenses paid in England out of the Public Treasury were the expenses of the central department—the important item of stationery, and the payment of the superintendent registrars. With respect to marriages in the sub-districts, as the expense of registering a marriage was paid by the contracting parties, no portion would have to be paid by the Treasury or by local taxation—and thus they were brought to the only part of the expense to be raised by local taxation, and that was the expense of registering, in the first instance, births and deaths. He wished again to observe, that this was the only expense to be provided for by local taxation, every other expense being paid out of the Treasury, or, in the case of marriage, by the parties; and it was because of the local taxation that the Bill had latterly been opposed. Now, before stating the manner in which he proposed to raise the funds necessary for registering births and deaths by taxation, in the manner of a parochial rate, or, in short, by assessment

on the principle of the poor rate, he would draw the attention of the House to the utmost amount of that taxation. The Registrar-General of England reckoned, on an average of years, from 1838 to 1846, that, for every thirty-one of the population, there was one birth, and that for every forty-five there was one death. He supposed it would not be a very extravagant assumption to imagine that the average of births and deaths bore in Scotland the same relative proportion to the whole population. Taking, therefore, that average, and assuming that the population in Scotland was 3,000,000, which was 400,000 more than appeared by the census of 1841, they would have most probably, in the year, of births, 96,700, and of deaths, 66,600, making a total of 163,300 entries in the year. In each sub-district, for the first twenty entries there was to be paid 2s. 6d. The further entries were to be charged at 1s. Then, assuming the number of sub-districts to be 900, there would be 18,000 entries at 2s. 6d. each, and requiring £2,250. The other entries, at 1s. each, would require about £7,260; and the total expense of registration amounted to the sum of £9,500. If they took the population as it appeared in the census of 1841, they would find that the total expense would not exceed £8,500."

The machinery provided by this Bill is at once simple and complete, and well calculated to produce information of a nature which could not otherwise be acquired, and without which there can be no improvement in the science of social statistics.

Evil, and the effects of evil, are two very different things. It is the latter chiefly which men see and feel, and the first impulse of legislators and reformers is to direct their remedial measures to the immediate and disturbing calamity. But to attack an effect is at best a doubtful enterprise; it is almost always an expensive, and almost never a successful one. It must also be a perpetual one, else, the cause persisting, the effect will be for ever re-appearing, and this in virtue of a law as perseveringly operative as is the law of gravitation. But the philosophy of politics teaches, and statesmen are learning the lesson rapidly, that no cure can be complete without ascertaining, as far as the complex nature of society will permit, the real source and origin of the evil itself. Although the way to truth, particularly to that class of truths we are speaking of, is direct, it is at the same time very narrow, and each step that is taken must be proved before another be attempted; otherwise, considering the multitude of devious and collateral paths with which the whole region of social statistics abounds, we incur the risk of wandering down some track or other, which may look safe, but may lead to a region far away from that which was the destination of the traveller. The primary step is the most important of all in this journey, and that this step shall be accurate the Bill before us is intended to secure. The prime object of the Bill is, to furnish a true basis for the very difficult processes which population-

researches involve. It is of course essential that the basis or initiatory proceeding should be accurate and complete, as, unless it be so, all founded upon it must of necessity be useless, in the scientific sense of the term, and worse than useless in its practical result.

We need not say that the prime object of such a Bill is not the simple registering of births, deaths, and marriages—that its object is not simply to gratify the curiosity of succeeding generations, or facilitate legal proceedings in a future age. If any doubt this, let them study the Reports, &c., of the Registrar-General for England—let them inquire into what has been the effect of the system in operation in that part of the kingdom, and we think little doubt will remain on the mind of any man that a similar measure was indispensable in Scotland, which stands almost alone, in this respect, among the nations of modern Europe.

The Registrar-General gives details of the deaths, births, and marriages in all England in the eleven divisions—in the forty-four counties—in the three hundred and twenty-four statistical districts—and in the sub-districts into which these latter are divided. Continuously with these there are ample tables of the causes of death, the ages, sex, &c., of the individuals recorded, and analogous details in reference to the births and marriages. Such is a bird's-eye glance at what the English Registration Bill does, and at what the Lord Advocate's measure is fitted to do.

Special objections were taken to the English Bill, and similar objections are taken to the Scotch one. They may be massed and divided into two classes, one class leading to the complaint that the Bill is expensive, and the other that it is not needed. We have not a word to add to what the Lord Advocate said on the subject of expense. Even Mr. Hume did not object to the Bill on this ground, knowing as he does, that enlightened legislation is economical.

As to the need of the Bill, our present system of registration does not deserve the name, and does nothing of what the Lord Advocate's measure is designed to perform. The nature of it is the following. As at present practised, the duty of Registration is in the hands of the Established Church, but is not binding on any one. All that can be secured is, that burials in the parish kirk-yard shall be recorded by some party appended to it. An obligation lies on the recorder, who for the most part is the session-clerk, schoolmaster, &c., to register all the burials, but in very many instances, we believe, that the event is not noted in his book. The same functionary has charge of the Register of "births and baptisms," but the majority of parties do not visit him. The registry of marriages is likewise kept by the session-clerk, but it consists rather of memoranda that parties *intend* to marry, than that parties were married. No obligation lies on parties

who have been married to register the event, further than that the Established Church strongly advises them to do so. The following N.B. is appended to the church certificate:—"It is respectfully requested of the Minister who marries the above Parties, that, after certifying the Marriage, he would enjoin them to return to the Clerk with this Certificate, that he may record it, (which he will do without any further expense,) in the *Marriage Register*; as, unless it be so recorded, no *evidence* of the *Marriage* can be furnished from the Register."

This speaks for itself.

In this way a man who dies in the Canongate of Edinburgh, may be buried in the West Kirk-yard, and his burial, *ergo*, his death, is registered by a sort of half-lay, half-clerical functionary, appended to that burying-ground, designated a recorder. What may happen in one instance may happen in an indefinite number of instances, and thus the mortality return of the Canongate may be indefinitely wide of the truth.

In the same way the records of deaths in other parishes may be kept in the Canongate Register, and thus confusion be added to incompleteness. It is obvious that such a register is unfit for any use to which a statist, a health officer, or any other person charged to inquire into the state of the locality, with a view to the discovery of its actual condition, might require to apply it.

To say that there is a registration of marriages is perhaps strictly speaking true; but where is it? It cannot be exhibited, for if it exists, it must be in the form of scrap documents in the desks of a host of variously denominated clergy—in the drawers of justices of the peace—in the breeches' pockets of blacksmiths—in the leather bags of toll-house keepers—and in the fumigated receptaculi of Roman Catholic Priests.

There is no registration of births at all—there is only a very imperfect registration of baptisms. Dr. Strang, in a letter addressed to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow, says,—

"A perfect and uniform register of deaths is, however, still a desideratum, not only here, but throughout Scotland; and it is to be hoped that when this important measure is again brought before Parliament, our City Council will take this subject into their most serious consideration.

"But if the want of a perfect register of deaths is still felt throughout the greater portion of Scotland, assuredly a correct register of births and marriages is more loudly called for. The usual annual tables of births and marriages were found to be so manifestly defective, particularly the former, that the Committee deemed it inadvisable to publish them in the newspapers, but have ordered them to be given along with the Mortality Bill, which is specially printed for the use of the authorities. In order to arrive at a more correct *vidimus* of the annual births, I was authorized by the Magistrates, some years ago, to obtain a return from all clergymen and others of the children

born within their several congregations; but as the schedules transmitted to the various parties for this purpose were not fully returned, while many of them also were inaccurate, it was judiciously resolved not to publish them at all. To draw any conclusions, therefore, from such tables of births as have formerly been and are now made in Glasgow, as some statisticians unfortunately have done, is quite ridiculous. The number of registered baptisms is, I am certain, not one-third of the amount of actual births within this city. These, by the table, amount this year to only 2964, but in that register there is not entered one of the Catholic baptisms, which, through the kindness of Bishop Murdoch, I find during the last twelve months to have been as follows :—

St. Andrew's,	.	.	.	.	.	1447
St. Mary,	.	.	.	.	.	729
St. John's,	.	.	.	.	.	496
St. Alphonso,	.	.	.	.	.	440
Making,						3112

“ Here, then, are more Catholic births alone than are to be found in what may be called the Protestant register—a circumstance of itself sufficient to show the utter uselessness of such tables. The fact is, this branch, and perhaps the most important branch, of the vital statistics of Glasgow must remain henceforth incomplete and unknown till the Government apply some legislative remedy for its correction.”*

In order to a general system of Registration being accurate and complete, the whole proceeding must be reduced to the ordinary level of one of our civil institutions. There is nothing ecclesiastical in it. If the present state of society rendered the machinery of the Church the most *convenient* for the purpose, that would be the only conceivable inducement for putting it to a use foreign to its nature. But the fact being, that instead of being convenient, the Church machinery is utterly unfitted for the service, that ancient and antiquated idea must now be discarded for ever. Indeed, the prevalence of dissent in Scotland would of itself be a sufficient reason for this, even if common sense did not unavoidably dictate it. Dr. Strang has demonstrated that the registration of baptisms in the second city in the kingdom, as regards amount of population, is a farce, and the reason why it is so is plain, namely, that people object to register family events in the books belonging to a Church from which they conscientiously dissent. We have certainly no sympathy with this; but it would be not the less one operating cause of the registration of baptisms continuing to be what it is now, even if there were an imperative enactment to the effect that all baptisms shall be registered in the books of the Established Church. Such a law would not be difficult to evade, and there being an inducement to evade it, the evasion would be so extensive as to render the

* Glasgow Newspaper, January 1849.

registers altogether useless. By having the law in a right principle, and making the act of registration a civil act, evasion becomes almost impossible, for, in addition to there being a desire in men that such events as those which are the subject of registration should be recorded somewhere, there is no conceivable objection to this record being kept by a civil officer, who is unassociated, in virtue of his office, with any sect or denomination in the country.

The uses of Registration are so manifold, that we cannot notice them all. To speak of their uses as a generality, they are to supply the statist with the basis of his inquiries. Any one who has looked at the science of statistics, must be aware that it is one which presupposes fulness of detail; and all who have pursued it can tell how essential amplitude in this respect is, in order to induction. Everybody admits the utility of mortality bills, but unless they are both accurate and full, their tendency is to scare the public, and not to instruct those who are the guardians of this large family. As regards the mortality in Edinburgh, we are inclined to think that the society of undertakers is the only source where we could get any exact information. These dismal craftsmen could, doubtless, give us the sum total of individuals furnished with coffins, and this would be a fact. As matters are now constituted, however, even this fact is not known. But granting that this were known, that we knew the number of coffins made in Edinburgh, and that each coffin was furnished with a tenant, what the better would we be of the information? This fact *alone* is of little or no value—who were the persons that died—what was their ages and sex—when or in what locality did they die—what were the causes of death—during what quarter of the year did they depart—what was the atmospheric character of the season in which they declined—what calling did they pursue?—These and other details are essential in order to the construction of intelligible mortality tables. Constituted as the law now is, can anything of this nature be procured in Scotland? It cannot; but imperfect mortality tables can be manufactured. These are worse than useless, they are mischievous. The statistics to which we have alluded as being dependent on full and accurate registration for their existence, in their turn go to constitute a part of the basis of the great modern science of Political Economy. This science is not confined to such subjects as the connexion between rent and profit—between profit and wages—and the relations between the different orders of society. It does more than this. It embraces the laws which preside over or regulate the spread or contraction of population. And is this science to be starved, is a country like Scotland to be injured, because a few men will see *nothing* in registration, but the creation of legal evidence that a certain man was born, dis-

posed of himself in wedlock, or died and was buried on a certain day and in a certain place? This is the smallest of all the uses of the system, and the narrowest of all lights in which to regard it.

We wish all sides would take a larger and more patriotic view of a measure, embracing so large and so important a field. We think that in some degree all classes have lost sight of the broad and comprehensive interests involved in it—and have allowed small parochial politics, or the pecuniary qualms of country gentlemen, to obscure an object pronounced to be essential by the experience of Europe. It attempts to reduce the science of vital statistics to its elements, and to ascertain the fixed laws on which it proceeds; to do in fact for that science which has in our day been done for chemistry, and converted into a science what had heretofore been a chaos of details and hypothetical generalities. Investigations framed on the same principle purified astronomy and elevated it to the regal rank which it now holds among the sciences, and are gradually removing the opprobrium which attached for so long to the healing art, and is laying for it a broad foundation of truth, on which it may securely rest, and assert its title to rank as the chiefest of the sciences. All real progress in science depends on the discovery of these laws; and such progress consists in making an intelligent use of the discovery. There can be no progress of the kind referred to, in Scotland, as long as the means of discovering the laws on which it is dependent are withheld. What the Lord Advocate's Bill is intended and fitted to do, in addition to supplying the country with a full and easily consulted record of events, is to furnish the data whence the law of mortality in Scotland may be deduced, involving necessarily the knowledge of its operation, in every statistical section into which the country may be divided. Under the existing system, any attempt at improvement is necessarily founded on speculation or opinion,—opinion based upon what is of necessity partial observation, or upon what goes by the popular name of experience; materials never to be trusted.

Molgaigne says, that such are fallacious, and the cause of astonishing delusions. For instance, Sir Gilbert Blane was strongly of opinion, and published, that “half of the mortality in war times is attributable to wounds received in battle and other external causes; but he gives a very different account when he dismisses unauthenticated notions to deal with numerical facts. He then states, that from 1780 till 1783, though in that period, besides single actions, engagements with forts, &c., the great battle of the 12th April was fought, the mortality from disease, compared with that from external causes, was as three to one in 1779, according to his statement, the former was to the latter as eight to one. During the last four months of the Peninsular war, whilst 24,930 privates died of disease, only 8899 died of

wounds, or were killed in battle. The deaths during the campaign were—of the privates in battle 6.6 per cent., of disease 3.7 per cent. per annum; of officers in battle 6.6 per cent., of disease 3.7 per cent. per annum. The average deaths in four battles, Talavera,¹ Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, were 3.9 per cent. of officers, and 2.11 per cent. of privates. In the Peninsular war, there were generally $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of men absent on account of sickness, and a reduction of the proportion of sick to 6 per cent. would have set free 10,000 from the hospitals, to be added to the effective force of the army.”—(*Official Returns*.)

Thus the opinion of the old navy surgeon was contradicted by the facts upon which that opinion was founded. If the facts had not been accurately registered, the opinion would have been received as truth, although it was in reality a “horrible fallacy.”

One of the results of the operation of the English Registration Bill is the discovery that the mean duration of human life in England is 41 years, and that one death per annum occurs in 46 living. This is for all England; but the following remarkable sentences occur in the Fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General:—“The population of the extra metropolitan parts of Surrey happens to be but little greater than the population of Liverpool. Yet in 1841, the deaths in Surrey were 4,256, the deaths in Liverpool were 7,556; and of 14,450 boys under five years of age, 2,087 died in Liverpool; of 14,045 boys in Surrey, only 699 died in the same time. By this immense mortality in Liverpool, the number of males living at the age of 10-15 is reduced much below the number in Surrey at a corresponding age; the living in Surrey aged 20-30 were 18,746, but the influx of immigrants into Liverpool raised the number of males living there at that age to 23,494, who were rapidly cut down by sickness and death; so that at the age of 45-55, only 7,504 males were enumerated in Liverpool, while 9,281 were living in Surrey. From the Life Tables, we shall be able to determine how many survive each successive age, and to calculate the expectation of life.”

According to the Surrey observations, 75,423 of 100,000 children born attain the age of 10 years; 52,060 live to the age of 50; 28,038 to 70; in Liverpool, only 48,211 of 100,000 live 10 years, 25,878 live 50 years, and 8,373 live 70 years; in the Metropolis 64,921 live 10 years, 41,309 live 50 years, and 16,344 live 70 years. The probable duration of life in Surrey is 53 years; in the Metropolis 40 years; in Liverpool 7 or 8 years. The mean duration of life does not differ so enormously; it is, however, 45 years in Surrey, 37 years in the Metropolis, and only 26 years in Liverpool; at the age of 30, the expectation of life is 35 years in Surrey, 27 years in Liverpool; at 50, the expectation of life is 21 years in Surrey, 16 years in Liverpool.

Addison, in one of his popular papers, "The Vision of Mirsa," has an allegory which was probably suggested by Halley's tables. He compares human life to a bridge consisting of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. "I see multitudes passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were *set very thick at the entrance of the bridge*, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but some of them fell into them. *They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.*" Our Life Table follows a "throng" of 100,000 that "brake through the cloud" into life at the same moment, and counts them as they step on every arch. It shows, therefore, how many fall through the "hidden pitfalls." The danger is exactly measured. The arches over which sickly multitudes pass are the same in number as those traversed by a healthy people; but the "trap-doors" and "hidden pitfalls" in their way are twice as numerous, though they can only be perceived by careful observation and counting; while a difference of 26 and 45 "arches" would be obvious to the unassisted eye.

It appears then, that Liverpool, which, previous to the enactment of the English Registration Bill, was believed to be one of the most salubrious, is in reality the most unhealthy town in England. When this fact was discovered, the cause or causes of it were inquired about. It was found to depend chiefly on the extreme density of the population, on the large proportion of the lower classes who inhabit courts and allies, and on the inroads of low Irish who crowd themselves into the dirtiest lodging houses, super-contaminate whole districts with their vices, and leaven masses with that apathy by which they themselves have been rendered insensible to all that marks dignity in man.*

The above is only one illustration out of many, and one of the least striking, of the effect of a complete register of facts regarding population. Since the doctrine of statistics was employed as an

* We happen to know that the Corporation of Liverpool has taken advantage of the results of the researches suggested by the above-mentioned terrible discovery. They have abolished the cellars, &c., which used to be inhabited by the lowest class of poor, and the effect of this proceeding is, that the mortality of Liverpool is reduced by several thousands per annum.

aid in medical investigations, there has been a marked difference in medical literature. Masses of facts are recorded instead of masses of opinions, and truths are revealed which might have ever remained hidden. We quote from a remarkable article by Professor Simpson, in a late number of the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science*. He says, "Statistics offer a test by which the impressions of more candid and limited experience are corrected; and they furnish a mode of investigation capable of resolving many existing practical problems in surgery." * * *

"In his *System of Surgery*, Mr. Benjamin Bell, one of the most esteemed surgical practitioners and writers of his day, in some general remarks upon amputation, observes, 'In the present improved state of the operation, I do not imagine that one death will happen in twenty cases, even including the general run of hospital practice: and in private practice, where due attention can be more certainly bestowed upon the various circumstances of the operation, the proportion of deaths will be much less.' But in 1844, Mr. Inman collected the statistics of 3586 cases of 'amputations generally, including secondary, primary, for accident or disease;' most from hospital, but some from private practice, and he found that out of these 3586 cases, there died 1146, or 1 in every $3\frac{1}{16}$. In a very valuable communication, Mr. Fenwick has published a collated table of 4937 amputations. Out of these 4937 cases 1565 died, or the operation was fatal in the proportion of 1 in every $3\frac{1}{16}$ submitted to it. The late statistical investigations of Phillips, Lawrie, Malgaigne, Gendrin, &c., have all fully borne out the same view with regard to the great mortality attendant upon amputations."

The Professor further remarks, that "*Statistics enable us to prove that the general mortality, the mortality in particular departments of practice, and the mortality from individual diseases, are capable of being altered by altering the attendant circumstances.*"

* * * "If we change the conditions in which the community or the individuals composing it are placed, we change also the results. The great power which *art* possesses, is the power of altering these attendant conditions and circumstances by improved hygeianic measures, improved medical practice, improved modes of operating, &c. And the effects of this alteration might be interminably questioned and doubted, provided we had not the power of proving it by simple statistical evidence. I shall adduce some examples.

"Improve in regard to salubrity, &c., the circumstances in which a community is living, and you increase the value of life in that community, or diminish its mortality. Thus, in 1786, the yearly rate of mortality for the whole of England and Wales was 1 in 42; or, in other words, 1 in every 42 of the inhabitants

died annually. In 1801, this mortality was found to be 1 in 47. In 1831, it had diminished to 1 in 58; showing a difference of 38 per cent. in the short period of half a century.

“Again, if we wished to prove that our practice, in relation to any particular department of the profession, was more successful now than formerly, or more successful under one mode of treatment than under another, our only certain form of evidence consists in a similar appeal to statistics. Mere assertions and opinions avail little in such a question. Figures and statistics can alone properly decide and determine it. And here, as elsewhere, they offer a kind of evidence, which is not less remarkable for its intelligibility and simplicity, than for its precision and certainty. I shall again take the case of childbirth as an example. The following table, calculated from the mortality bills of London, and given in a more extended form by Dr. Merriman, demonstrates statistically—what could not be satisfactorily proved by any other form of evidence—that the practice of midwifery has become more and more improved in London, and inferentially in the whole kingdom, during the last two hundred years; the ratio of deaths in childbed having gradually become less in number, and that to such a degree, that the proportion of parturient mothers lost, during the last years of the 17th century, were nearly double the number of those lost during the first years of the 19th century:”—

Table of average number of Mothers dying in Childbed in London from 1660 to 1820.

Years.	Proportion of Mothers lost.		
For 20 years ending in 1680 . .	1 in every	44 delivered.	
For 20 years ending in 1700 . .	1 in “	56 “	
For 20 years ending in 1720 . .	1 in “	69 “	
For 20 years ending in 1740 . .	1 in “	71 “	
For 20 years ending in 1760 . .	1 in “	77 “	
For 20 years ending in 1780 . .	1 in “	82 “	
For 20 years ending in 1800 . .	1 in “	110 “	
For 20 years ending in 1820 . .	1 in “	107 “	

One of the most extensive and important series of tables which the Annual Report of the Registrar-General will contain under the Bill in question, will be tables of the “causes of death.” The utility of such tables cannot be over-estimated. The following is a small sample of these invaluable statistics, which cannot be produced saving by the means provided by such legislation as that to which this Article refers.

The Report of the Poor Law Commissioners on the Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Population, contains one of the numerous tables by the Registrar-General of England, a portion of which we shall extract.

COUNTIES.	Epidemic, Endemic, and Contagious Diseases.			
	Fever ; Typhus, Scarlatina.	Small Pox.	Measles.	Hooping Cough.
ENGLAND—				
Bedford, . . .	155	75	40	66
Berks, . . .	204	288	21	86
Bucks, . . .	256	85	61	27
Cambridge, . .	231	136	57	90
Chester, . . .	592	279	178	87
Cornwall, . . .	443	135	168	491
Cumberland, . .	165	188	11	83
Derby, . . .	394	77	79	71
Devonshire, . .	615	460	287	312
Dorset, . . .	137	255	80	58
Durham, . . .	347	316	139	304
Essex, . . .	417	460	83	163
Gloucester, . .	352	457	440	244
Hereford, . . .	84	83	17	36
Hertford, . . .	160	116	45	48
Huntingdon, . .	61	18	1	17
Kent, . . .	955	510	169	214
Lancaster, . . .	2,866	1,628	898	910
Leicester, . . .	273	98	17	70
Lincoln, . . .	370	138	29	88
Middlesex, . . .	4,422	3,359	487	1,749
Monmouth, . . .	328	321	49	91
Norfolk, . . .	515	126	63	109
Northampton, .	348	148	36	36
Northumberland, .	366	149	46	113
Nottingham, . .	222	73	18	80
Oxford, . . .	222	81	51	59
Rutland, . . .	11	2	...	13
Salop, . . .	213	154	112	138
Somerset, . . .	560	710	401	46
Southampton, . .	454	164	78	148
Stafford, . . .	610	249	182	268
Suffolk, . . .	480	325	53	158
Surrey, . . .	1,348	814	177	565
Sussex, . . .	391	80	159	88
Warwick, . . .	454	415	153	164
Westmoreland, .	41	40	6	41
Wilts, . . .	246	259	263	140
Worcester, . . .	381	305	122	258
York, E. R. . .	194	92	167	149
„ N. R. . .	123	28	69	114
„ W. R. . .	1,298	993	799	507
WALES—				
North, . . .	660	575	4	210
South, . . .	1,613	1,004	199	398
TOTAL DEATHS, 1838,	24,577	16,268	6,514	9,107

Statistical research has done much for the army and navy—it has discovered facts and indicated their causes, which is the first step towards the discovery of their nature, and consequently of their modification or cure.

The present sanitary condition of the army and navy testifies the wisdom of those who brought science to bear upon the subject. As regards the navy :—

In 1811	"	"	1	32	"
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From 1830 to 1836 the average number dying annually was 1 in 72 of the employed."†

In reference to the army, such epidemics as typhus and scarlatina are now hardly ever known to affect groups of men, and their occurrence would indicate neglect and suggest inquiry to the chiefs of the Medical Board.

A knowledge of the proportional mortality from diseases for the whole kingdom—the divisions—the sub-divisions—districts and sub-districts, is eminently calculated to elucidate the causes of disease, and therefore to throw much light on the questions of prevention and cure. The medical profession has practically asserted this by petitioning in favour of the Lord Advocate's Registration Bill.

It is commonly believed that medical men are long-lived, but Casper of Berlin found that they are more exposed to death than the members of any other profession. He gives the following Table:†

* In the course of a discussion which took place in the Medico-Chirurgical Society, in February last, "On the prevalence of small-pox, and the neglect of vaccination as a cause of that prevalence," Dr. Simpson observed, that a number of deaths from small-pox now recorded, "would be annually saved, if the Legislature would adopt a means of insuring vaccination in all cases. All that was necessary was to enact, that besides the registration of the birth of every child being demanded by law, (as it was at present in England, and would soon be in Scotland,) the registration of the vaccination of it should be equally demanded by law, within six months, or any other specified time after its birth."—(Monthly Journal of Medical Society, April 1849.) It is believed that such an enactment would have a very beneficial effect in Scotland, especially in the Highlands.

† Report, &c., p. 220.

‡ Quetilet.

Of 100 Clergymen,	42 attained the age of 70 years and upwards.		
„ Agriculturists,	40	„	„
„ Merchants, .	35	„	„
„ Military Men,	32	„	„
„ Advocates,	29	„	„
„ Artists, . .	28	„	„
„ Professors, .	27	„	„
„ Physicians, .	24	„	„

From this it would appear that mental labour is more hurtful than physical exertion, and that the most injurious state of all is that in which mental and bodily fatigue are associated. In 1000 deaths there were—

Age.	Physicians.	Clergymen.
From 23 to 32 years,	82	43
„ 33 „ 42 „	149	58
„ 43 „ 52 „	160	64
„ 53 „ 62 „	210	180
„ 63 „ 72 „	228	328
„ 73 „ 82 „	141	257
„ 83 „ 92 „	30	70
	1000	1000

Again, to illustrate this by another class of instances. It is found that the circumstances, or, in other words, the moral and social condition of a people remaining the same, the accidental deaths and crimes committed among or by that people will be the same, both as regards proportional number and mode of perpetration. The following Tables, constructed from the “*Comptes Généraux*” of criminal justice in France, illustrates this :

Years.	Accidental Deaths.	Suicides.	Duels.	
			Mortal.	Not Mortal.
1827	4744	1542	19	51
1828	4855	1754	29	57
1829	5048	1904	13	40
1830	4478	1756	20	21
1831	5045	2084	25	36
Total,	24,170	9040	106	205

SUICIDE.

Years.	Total.	By Submer-sion.	By Fire-arms.	By As-phyxia.	By Pre-cipita-tion.	By Stran-gulation.	By Sharp Instruments.	By Poison-ing.
1817	352	160	46	35	39	36	23	13
1818	330	131	48	35	40	27	28	21
1819	376	148	59	46	39	44	20	20
1820	325	129	46	39	37	32	28	14
1821	348	127	60	42	33	38	25	23
1822	317	120	48	49	33	21	31	15
1823	390	114	56	61	43	48	49	21
1824	371	115	42	61	47	38	40	28
1825	396	134	56	59	49	40	38	20
Total,	3205	1178	461	427	360	324	280	175

Dr. Casper believes that the atmosphere has an influence on the number of suicides. Thus—

Months.	Berlin. 10 years.	Hamburg. 6 years.	Westminster. 9 years.	Paris. 6 years.
January, February, March,	109	39	67	42
April, May, June,	155	31	55	58
July, August, September,	173	41	60	61
October, November, December,	145	38	46	31

The atmosphere has an influence likewise on the *penchant* to crime. Thus—

MONTHS.	CRIMES.		1827-28.	CRIMES.		1830-31.
	Against Individuals.	Against Property.		Against Individuals.	Against Property.	
January,.....	282	1095	3.89	189	666	3.52
February,....	272	910	3.35	194	563	2.90
March, ...	335	968	2.89	205	602	2.94
April, ...	314	841	2.68	197	548	2.78
May, ...	381	844	2.22	213	569	2.67
June, ...	414	850	2.05	208	602	2.90
July, ...	379	828	2.18	188	501	2.66
August, ...	382	934	2.44	247	596	2.41
September, ..	355	896	2.52	176	584	3.32
October, ...	285	926	3.25	207	586	2.83
November,...	301	961	3.20	323	651	2.95
December, ..	347	1152	3.33	181	691	3.82
Total,	3847	11,205	2.77	2428	7159	2.94

It is to be observed that the period of *maximum* of crimes against the person, coincides with the period of *minimum* of crimes against property. This is in summer. The period of *minimum* of crime against the person coincides with the period of *maximum* of crime against property. This is in winter. Further, the periods of *maxima* and *minima* coincide with those of *maxima* and *minima* in reference to births and deaths.

We have in the above remarks merely glanced, our limits would not permit us to do more, at the wide-spread field of useful and progressive inquiry which this Bill opens up. And we cannot but regret that its utility, which is of no party, should be undervalued or neglected, and so much importance attached to objections directed not to its principles but to its subordinate details. There is, however, one of these to which we must allude before concluding. In an Article on the Marriage Bill of the Lord Advocate in a recent Number, we took occasion to express a very strong and decided opinion, that the complaint made by the Establishment against the former editions of the Bill, in respect that parish schoolmasters were excluded from the office of Sub-Registrar was unfounded—and for this simple reason, that in almost every parish these functionaries have more on their hands than they can possibly perform. That disqualification, however, was removed; nor should we have objected to the schoolmaster being simply eligible, as there may unquestionably be parishes or districts where the schoolmaster may be the best or the only party to perform the duty. But it is certainly matter of great regret—the insertion of a clause in this Bill, *constituting* the Session-clerks, who are almost uniformly the schoolmasters in country parishes, *ex officio* sub-registrars. We regret this, not merely because we think that in many or most instances, the duties devolved on him by this Bill are completely inconsistent with his proper public function, but also because we can see no reason for, and the greatest against rendering this important social institution an appendage to any Church whatever, whether established or not. The public feeling of Scotland would have thoroughly gone along with the Lord Advocate, had he kept the nomination of this office open for the election of the party best qualified; but we are satisfied that not only the popularity, but the practical usefulness of the measure will be seriously injured by this provision. Why peril the passage of a Bill so much required—so well fitted to confer great public benefit upon Scotland, by attaching to it a clause which tampers with the rights, violates the convictions, and wounds some of the deepest feelings of two-thirds of the whole Scottish community?

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Philosophy of Religion.* By J. D. MORELL, A.M.
London, 1849.

OUR chief object, in this continuation of our former Article, is to deal with Mr. Morell's views on Systematic Theology. This is an entirely different theme from that which has hitherto occupied us—as different as is the result or product, in any work, from the means and materials, or the laws and principles, of its construction. The philosophical adjustment of the *organum*, in the science of religion, is distinct from the philosophical use of that *organum*, when adjusted; although the former, of course, must always influence, and may often determine, the latter. In the present instance, Mr. Morell's theory of Revelation very decidedly modifies, or rather makes, his system of Theology,—if system it may be called which boasts of having none; and his whole scheme of reflective Christianity and its doctrinal development is involved, in its seed or germ, in his peculiar idea of the character and authority of Scripture.

In this connexion, we do not attach much importance to his chapter on Inspiration, although we must briefly notice it before proceeding to the remaining portion of his volume. Of that chapter we must be allowed to say plainly, that there are many things in it which, on his own account, we wish Mr. Morell had reconsidered before he gave them to the world, and which appear to us altogether unworthy of him. We regret, for instance, a certain asperity of tone,* and still more, great unfairness in stating the views of his opponents. This, we observe, he never once does in their own words; nor does he even once

* In one place (p. 178) he even loses temper so far as almost to swear; not indeed “a good mouth-filling oath,” such as Hotspur calls for, but one of the sort he would have his lady “leave to velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.”

refer to any defender of the doctrine of plenary inspiration more recent than "Gerhard and the Buxtorfs," whom he names apparently for the pleasure of telling his readers that they "went so far as to affirm the inspired authority even of the vowel points." (P. 188.) We question if Mr. Morell has read any really competent treatise on the subject, especially any of those that have been composed with the advantage of the light which modern critical science has shed on it. We do not recognise any of the descriptions he has given of what is ordinarily meant by plenary or verbal inspiration; they are not even caricatures; they are simply distortions. The very epithet "mechanical," by which he distinguishes it throughout, shows that he does not understand it. Where did he find it identified with the power of working miracles? What right has he to charge its defenders with making the "dictation" of the words of Scripture "distinct from the religious enlightenment of the writers," so as to reduce them to mere "tools,"—or, in the language which he quotes with approbation, and we repeat in sadness, from Archdeacon Hare's *Mission of the Comforter*,—"drawers wherein the Holy Ghost put such and such things," whose "reciency with reference to the Spirit inspiring them was like that of a letter-box?" (Pp. 154, 156, 192.) Has any intelligent advocate of the view in question made it rest on each book having, as it was written, what Mr. Morell calls a "distinct commission,"—"a specific impress of Deity on it,"—a "specific Divine ordination,"—such as he sets himself to refute by a very needless and irrelevant display of superficial information on the history of the Canon of Scripture? We suspect that John Sterling, and John Sterling's Biographer, with Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," and, at the best, a note of Dr. Pye Smith's, are the sources from which he has got his notions of the theory he so vehemently opposes; and, at all events, we beg to tell him, that it is a wooden Soldan he has been fighting all the time; his victory may be easy, but it is worthless.

On this account, we feel ourselves discharged from the obligation of following Mr. Morell through his remarks on Inspiration; the rather because we would reserve our discussion of the subject for ampler space than we can now afford; and Mr. Morell must excuse us if we add,—for a more candid and intelligent chapter on which to fasten our observations. We are very well aware of the gigantic importance of the subject. We have Dr. Arnold's pregnant sentence before us, in which he writes to Coleridge's nephew of his uncle's anticipated book.* Substantially we agree

* "Have you seen your uncle's 'Letters on Inspiration,' which I believe are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that

with Dr. Arnold in his foresight of a religious crisis turning on this question; and we admit, moreover, that a philosophy of Inspiration, on the principle of its being plenary or verbal, is urgently called for. But Mr. Morell assuredly has not given us a philosophy of Inspiration on that or any other principle; and therefore we hold ourselves quite free to suspend our attempt either to criticise another, or to do the work ourselves.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood here. We have no expectation of any new discovery in this department of theological or biblical science; nor have we any leaning towards new interpretations of what are commonly regarded as the proof passages upon the subject. That holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God,—that the Holy Ghost spake by the mouth of Isaiah the prophet,—that God spake by the mouth of his holy prophets since the world began,—these and the like formulæ, of so frequent occurrence in the word of God, we take, in their plain and full literal significancy, as expressive of a fact which, explain it as we may, we are to receive upon the testimony of God himself,—that the entire authorship of the Bible is, in the strictest sense, to be ascribed to Him. What we chiefly desiderate is a fair and competent adjustment of the state of the question (*status quaestionis*); for it has been not a little complicated both by friends and by foes. The injudicious attempt, for instance, of some defenders of the doctrine, such as the late Dr. Dick and others, to distinguish the kinds or degrees of inspiration which they think they can recognise in the Scriptures,—ranging between mere oversight and actual, direct, verbal suggestion,—has led to the confounding of two wholly distinct questions; the one, as to the mode of the Spirit's operation on the persons inspired; the other, as to the fact of the inspiration itself. How God dealt with the agents whom he employed for communicating his will to man,—whether or not he always dealt with them in precisely the same way,—and if not, what may have been his various ways of dealing with them, so as in all instances to secure the accurate utterance, or the accurate recording, of what he wished to have communicated—are inquiries of deep interest, no doubt, but not immediately affecting the warrant we have for believing that what they have said or written,—whatever may have been the dealings of God with them of which it is the result or product,—is yet itself really not

momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions; the greatest, probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come, and will end, in spite of the fears and clamours of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth." We need scarcely say that this refers to the posthumous work published as "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit."

merely their word, but God's word through them to us. On the other hand, not a few have stumbled at the plain proofs all Scripture affords of human faculties and feelings having been concerned in the composition of every line of it, as if the theory of plenary inspiration went to the entire annihilation of the personality of the sacred writers, and precluded any manifestation of that personality. The real fact is, the Bible is a book written by men, for men: and were it not so, it would lose all its charm, and half its power. If the writers, at any time, had ceased to think and feel as men themselves, and to have the sympathy of human thought and feeling with their readers or hearers, they could not have served the purpose of Him who used them. It was not a trumpet, a voice, a pen, a hand, that He employed to serve his purpose; but minds, souls, hearts. To say, however, that he could not secure as certain a sound through these living agents as through dead instruments, is surely to limit God unworthily.

But we forbear. For besides what we have already hinted as to his misstatement of the question, we have another reason for thinking it unnecessary to grapple with Mr. Morell, here, in detail. He has disqualified himself by his previous Theory of Revelation for any separate discussion of the question of Inspiration: the one chapter is merely a corollary or appendix to the other. He reasons upon Inspiration entirely *a priori*. He assumes, generally, that God's Revelation of his mind and will must be essentially a subjective process of illumination in the intuitional consciousness; then he finds that this process may admit of or require both the application of certain means and influences from without, and a direct and immediate operation upon and within the mind: and restricting the name of Revelation Proper to the first, he is willing to hand over the latter to the category of Inspiration.

Now, in one respect, we most heartily rejoice in this. We hail it as an express acknowledgment that something more than means and influences is needed to awaken the intuitional consciousness to a right grasp of God and things Divine; and in the beginning and end of this chapter, we find passages of great beauty, which, were the subject of them individual conversion, might be quoted with entire approbation. For they very clearly assert the necessity of a subjective regeneration and renewal, as well as of an objective application, whether of the truth, or of the manifold instrumentalities in which the truth is embodied and conveyed.

But this is really not the question. The Inspiration about which we are concerned, respects not the reception, but the communication of the mind and will of God: it is not how "holy

men of old" conceived, but how they "spake, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Peter i. 21.) That many difficulties are connected with the theory, rationale, or philosophy of this inspiration, we frankly admit; and we are not prepared to deny that there may be room for differences of opinion as to the manner, consistently with a belief of the fact. How their being moved by the Holy Ghost stood related to their speaking, not as machines, but as living men,—what securities were afforded against the confounding of their own impulses with the Spirit's movements,—whether these movements were occasional or constant,—how far they always carried along with them the full intelligence of the persons subjected to them, especially when they related to future events and their issues,—what provision may have been made in the case of those thus speaking as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, for the words infallibly conveying the movements,—the pen recording the words,—and the record being discriminated from other documents, and reaching more or less safely future generations,—these are all inquiries of deep interest into which we are quite ready to plunge, if it be once frankly admitted that "holy men of old" did "speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and that we have, on the whole, an authentic transcript of what they so spoke; or, in other words, that "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past to the Fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his own Son." (Heb. i. 1.)

But we positively must deny Mr. Morell's right and competency as a challenger or champion on this field. And, in vindication of our declinature, we quote a single passage, in which, after giving three arguments against Plenary or Verbal Inspiration, all of them either irrelevant, or founded upon misunderstandings, he thus produces his fourth and last.

"Fourthly. The *positive* evidence against this theory—evidence which to a thoughtful mind amounts to a moral demonstration—lies here: that even if we suppose the letter of the Scripture to have been actually dictated, yet that *alone* would never have served as a revelation of Christianity to mankind, or obviated the necessity of an appeal from the letter to the spirit of the whole system. A revelation, we have shown, necessarily implies a direct intuition of Divine things. The revelation of Christianity was made to man by a continued and specially designed process of influences and agencies. The types of Judaism, the person and history of the Saviour, the effusion of the Spirit, the life, labours, and teaching of the Apostles,—all these conspired to *reveal* Christianity to the human mind. The penning of the sacred records was indeed *one* out of the many efforts they made to unfold the will of God to man; but these records, without the moral and spiritual life awakened in the souls of the converts, would have conveyed but dim and imperfect notions of the truth itself. And so

it is *now*,—the letter of the Scripture has to be illumined by the Spirit of Truth before it affords to any one a full manifestation of Christianity in its essence and its power; while in proportion to the varied spiritual condition of the reader, the conceptions attached to the mere words are almost infinitely diversified."

There is surely great confusion here. First, there is a confusion between what is necessary to constitute a revelation to man, and what is necessary to secure a right understanding of the revelation by man. Next, and quite subordinate to the first, there is a confusion between the "efforts" the writers of the Bible, as inspired men, may have "made to unfold the will of God to man," and the actual unfolding of it which we have in their literary remains. And, thirdly, we have a confusion between what they had to do as channels of revelation, and what we have to do as recipients of it. It is not at all to the purpose to say, that "*now* the letter of Scripture has to be illumined by the Spirit of Truth, before it affords to any one a full manifestation of Christianity;" not more now, however, than always; for the inspired utterers of prophecy themselves had to "search what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them, did signify when it testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow;" (1 Peter i. 11;) and our Lord has expressly declared, that to be least in the kingdom of heaven—least evidently as recipient of its truth in the spirit of a little child—is to be greater than the greatest of prophets. (Matt. xi. 11; xviii. 3, 4.) Does not this imply that these two processes are wholly distinct,—the communication of the will of God by the prophet, and the reception of it by the little child? It is surely great confusion to mix them up together, and to identify the attitude, say of the Baptist, as a revealer of the Divine will authoritatively to others, with the attitude of the same man, perhaps, the Baptist, as a meek and child-like recipient of that will for the saving of his own soul. (John iii. 25, 26.) Are not these two processes distinct? And is it not an abuse of language to employ the term Inspiration as equally applicable to both?

Nor is it any argument to say, that because even if dictated by God, the Scripture cannot be spiritually understood by any one, without an inward illumination of the Spirit of truth in his own mind and heart; therefore the Scripture is not, and cannot be so dictated. And yet this is exactly the argument of Mr. Morell. He may reply, perhaps, that his reasoning turns upon the question of *cui bono*? Of what use is such a divine dictation of Scripture, if after all, and with all the benefit of it, every one individually must undergo for himself a process of inward spiritual enlightenment before the Scripture can be to him person-

ally an intelligible and profitable revelation? To what purpose is the dictation? What is the advantage of contending for it? With submission, however, we say that is not the point. We have to deal first with a question of fact; and, secondly, with its philosophy. Have the Sacred Writers actually enjoyed the Divine aid? And have they been under the Divine superintendence and control, not in conceiving for themselves merely, but in communicating to others, whether in history, prophecy, psalms, epistles, doctrinal treatises, or otherwise, the truths concerning God and his dealings with mankind, which God would have us to receive, both into our logical and intuitional consciousness,—which, in other words, he would have us to know, understand, and believe? And if so, of what nature and of what value has the Divine oversight been? To what extent has it been such as to secure the infallible correctness and accuracy of the writings we now possess, as faithful transcripts of the Divine mind? These, as it seems to us, are the questions which the “Philosophy of Inspiration” should embrace; and it will not do to set these questions aside on the mere ground, that, after all, over and above this whole process of verbal communication to us on the part of God, there must still be an inward spiritual illumination before we can spiritually discern what he thus communicates to us respecting himself, his character, and his will,—the “deep things” of his law, and judgment, and grace, and salvation,—the vast realities of the eternal world.

Mr. Morell emphatically declares, that “to speak of logic, as such, being inspired, is a sheer absurdity.” (P. 173.) Why so? Because no “amount of inspiration can affect the formal laws of thought.” Who ever said it could? But is it therefore impossible for the Supreme Being to reason logically with his intelligent creatures? or to employ, and infallibly direct one of his intelligent creatures in reasoning on his behalf with others? We presume to think that God, if he saw cause, could demonstrate to us, by words and signs, the propositions of the first Book of Euclid; or, he could take a clown from his plough, and use him as an instrument, with more or less intelligence of his own, in demonstrating them—himself taking care to see that the demonstration was accurate. Will Mr. Morell’s short formula apply here,—“to speak of mathematics, as such, being inspired, is a sheer absurdity?” Nor will it do to reply, that the mathematical science is intuitional, and that the inspiration here might be in the clown’s intuitions. We suppose that God might possibly take the oversight of the man’s mind, in reasoning out the propositions, and writing down his reasonings for the benefit of others, so as to make them virtually and really his own reasonings, and, as such, infallibly correct. We suppose that this is

possible; at least the impossibility of it is not proved by Mr. Morell's axiomatic announcement. Mr. Morell very unphilosophically confounds two things,—the organ (*organum*), so to speak, employed by one mind in communicating with another, and the act of communicating by means of, or in the use of, that organ. Mr. Morell's apothegm would go to prove, that I cannot convey my mind to him, nor he his to me, by a process of logical reasoning; for neither my mind, nor his, can alter the laws of thought. To speak, therefore, of logic, as such, being inspired by my mind, in communicating with him, or by his in communicating with me, is a "sheer absurdity." True; but we venture to think, that the use of it, by myself and by him respectively, might, and would be inspired by our respective minds; and that the written product would be my reasoning with him, or his with me. May not our Maker then, in like manner, reason with both of us? Or may he not, by his Spirit, move Paul to reason with us on his behalf; and so watchfully and effectually guide Paul in the work as to ensure that the record of the reasoning shall be precisely such as he himself would have it to be?

There is much in this chapter which we have already touched on, by anticipation, in our previous remarks, and not a little which our sincere respect for Mr. Morell's candour would incline us not to touch on at all. Mr. Morell ought to be above the artifice of embarrassing the argument by the very easy and commonplace mode of accumulating the admitted difficulties of the subject, and evading its essential merits. He has addressed himself, too much after the manner of certain enemies of the Bible with whom we would be the last to associate him, to the vulgar and ignorant understanding, that can easily relish a sly hit, and seize a pithily put objection, but will not take the trouble necessary for arriving at the right explanation. He has sometimes overdone this sort of work. Thus, Peter's fault at Antioch, (Gal. ii. 11-21,)—his unwarrantable compromise of the faith and liberty of Gentile converts in the matter of circumcision, is a favourite text of our author. Three times at least we have noted his reference to it;—with what good taste, to say the least, we shall not offer our opinion. But we must be allowed to quote one instance. Arguing against what he calls the "verbal dictation" of the Bible on the ground that it would demand "a two-fold kind of inspiration," he thus proceeds:

"The apostles, it is admitted, were inspired to preach and to teach *orally*; but we have the most positive evidence that this commission did not extend to their very words. Often they were involved in minor misconceptions; and sometimes they taught specific notions inconsistent with a pure spiritual Christianity, as Peter did when he was chided by Paul. The verbal scheme, therefore, demands the

admission of *one* kind of inspiration having been given to the apostles as men, thinkers, moral agents, and preachers, and another kind having been granted them as *writers*.”—P. 155.

This is very odd reasoning. How does Peter’s “teaching a specific notion inconsistent with a pure spiritual Christianity,” granting this to have been his error, prove that “the commission of the apostles did not extend to their very words?” We presume that in this instance Peter’s commission did not extend to his “notion” any more than to his “words.” The incident may raise a difficult question; whether the apostles were inspired in all that they said and did? and if not, how we are to discriminate between their authorized and unauthorized proceedings? But it has no bearing whatever on the nature of inspiration itself; unless, indeed, Mr. Morell means to infer that because they were not always infallibly guided aright in their conduct and ministry, they were never infallibly guided aright at all. But this is inconsistent with his admission that “they were inspired to preach and to teach *orally*,” at least if that admission is made in good faith, and with a definite meaning.

This, we are sorry to say, we feel ourselves forced to doubt. At all events we must ask, in what sense were they “inspired to preach and to teach *orally*?” We say, of course, in the very same sense in which they were inspired to write their books. Is this Mr. Morell’s opinion? Then to what purpose is his distinction between their being “inspired to preach and teach *orally*,” and their “commission not extending to their very words?” Plainly, in the case he quotes, the commission did not extend to the notion any more than to the words, in the sense of infallibly securing truth and accuracy; and if Peter’s weak compliance with Jewish prejudice is relevant at all in this inquiry, which we utterly deny, it tells not against “verbal dictation” as distinct from the inspiration of “*oral* preaching and teaching,” but against any infallible guidance whatever having been granted to the apostles either in speaking or in writing.

We would like to know how Mr. Morell deals with the express predictions recorded in the Bible—predictions confessedly only partially understood by the prophets themselves,*—as well as with the messages introduced by the formula, *Thus saith the Lord*? Surely he will admit something like verbal dictation in instances

* 1 Peter i. 10, 11—“Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you: searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.” This text is not quite in accordance with Mr. Morell’s statement respecting the prophets, that we have no “reason to regard their writings as inspired in any other sense than as being the rescript of their inward prophetic consciousness.”—(Pp. 162, 163.)

like these. And for the purpose of an argument on the philosophy of inspiration, these are the instances which Mr. Morell ought fairly to meet. It is an obvious and easy evasion to enlarge in a popular way on the difficulties respecting "Scripture morality," Scripture science, "minor discrepancies," the formation of the canon, the miscellaneous nature of its contents, and other ready topics likely to occur to every superficial thinker,—difficulties which all intelligent defenders of plenary inspiration acknowledge, and which, prepared as they are to meet them in detail, they hold to be overborne by the Divine testimony asserting the inspiration of Scripture as a whole. The essential question, however, in a philosophical point of view, is sufficiently raised by a single example; and if there be but a single sentence in all the Bible, uttered or recorded by any one of its writers under infallible Divine guidance, that guidance reaching to the expression as well as the thought, we have a phenomenon which, let him make what he pleases of all the rest, Mr. Morell as a religious philosopher is bound to recognise. If he deny that there is any such sentence at all, he ought to know that he goes greatly beyond the mere rejection of the theory of verbal inspiration, and that in fact he questions the possibility of God holding any communication by means of language with any of his intelligent creatures on the earth.

Obviously we cannot discuss this subject now; but we are reluctant to leave it without a brief attempt at least to state the case. Let it be assumed that God meant to compose a book, such as should at once bear the stamp of his own infallible authority, and have enough of human interest to carry our sympathies along with it. He may accomplish this by a miracle in a moment; the book may drop suddenly complete from heaven; and sufficient proofs and signs may attest the fact. Even in that case, unless the miracle be perpetual, the book once launched has the usual hazards of time and chance to run in the world; in the process of endless copying and printing it is liable to the usual literary accidents; and in the course of centuries, sundry points of criticism emerge regarding it. But instead of thus issuing the volume at once and entire from above, its Divine author chooses to compile it more gradually on the earth, and he chooses also to avail himself of the command he has of the mind and tongue and pen of every man that lives. He selects, accordingly, chosen men from age to age. These he does not turn into machines; they continue to be men. They speak and write according to their individual tastes and temperaments, in all the various departments of literary composition: the prince, the peasant, the publican, the learned scribe, the unlettered child of toil, one skilled in all the wisdom of Egypt, another bred

among the herdmen of Tekoa,—men, too, of all variety of natural endowments, the rapt poet, the ripe scholar, the keen reasoner, the rude annalist and bare chronicler of events, the dry and tedious compiler, if you will,—all are enlisted in the service, and the Divine Spirit undertakes so to penetrate their minds and hearts, and so to guide them in the very utterance and recording of their sentiments, as to make what they say and write, when under his inspiration, the word of God, in a sense not less exact than if, with his own finger, he had graven it on the sides of the everlasting hills. Many questions, doubtless, will arise to exercise the skill and tact of readers, and put their intelligence and good faith to the test; for it is to intelligence and good faith that this volume of miscellanies is committed. In the case of any author writing in various kinds of composition, it often becomes a nice point of criticism how far and in what way he is to be held as giving any opinion of his own; as for example, when he narrates the speeches and actions of others, or when in an abrupt play of argumentative wit he mixes up the adversary's pleas with his own, or when he uses parables and figures, or when he adapts himself to the state of information and measure of aptitude to learn among those for whom he writes, or when he writes in different characters and for different ends. On the principle of plenary inspiration, it is of course assumed that the same sagacity and good sense will be applied to such various works of which God is thus the author, that we do not grudge in a case of voluminous and versatile human authorship; and it is confessed that the whole inquiry regarding the books to be included in the collected edition of the works, the purity and accuracy of the text, and the rules of sound literal interpretation, falls within the province of the uninspired understanding of mankind, and must be disposed of according to the light which the testimony of the Church, the literary history of the canon, and other sources of information, may be found to afford. But what then? Does this detract from the value of our having an infallible communication from the Divine mind, somewhat fragmentary, if you will, and manifold, as having been made “at sundry times and in divers manners,” *πολυμερως και πολυτροπως*, but still conveying to us, on Divine authority, and with a Divine guarantee for its perfect accuracy, the knowledge of the character and ways of God, the history of redemption, the plan of salvation, the message of grace, and the hope of glory? Or does it hinder the assurance which, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, a plain man may have, as the Scriptures enter into his mind, carrying their own light and evidence along with them, that he has God speaking to him as unequivocally as one friend speaks to another,—but with an authority all his own?

We had noted for remark several strange and significant modes of speech in this chapter on Inspiration; as when Mr. Morell speaks of inspiration "indicating an inward nature" . . . "simply recipient of the Divine ideas circumambient around it," "responsive in all its strings to the breath of heaven," (p. 151;) or again, when he proposes as the only "real and essential revelation," "the Spirit of Truth, interpreted by Divine aid, and perceived by the religious consciousness of true believers," (p. 158;) or once more, when he tells us that "this same Spirit," the Spirit of Christ possessed by the apostles, "was poured out without measure upon the Church," (p. 165;) whereas, in our simplicity, we have been accustomed to restrict such a possession of the Spirit,—“without measure,”—to Christ himself. (John iii. 34.) "Divine ideas circumambient around!" "the Spirit of Truth interpreted by Divine aid!" Mr. Morell must excuse us if we crave an explanation of these vague sublimities. We observe him also giving it as his opinion that "inspiration does not imply anything generically new in the actual processes of the human mind." (p. 151.) Perhaps not, if by "generically new" we understand anything like the imparting of new faculties of thought and speech, or the imposing on them of new laws. So again he says, "inspiration, *as an internal phenomenon*, is perfectly consistent with the natural laws of the human mind;" certainly it is so, but as if he were stating an identical proposition, he adds—"it is a higher potency of a certain form of consciousness which every man to some degree possesses," (p. 166;) which is altogether a different matter. In our view, it is a direct Divine action, in and upon the inspired person's natural faculties of thought and speech, and according to their natural laws, ensuring an infallibly correct utterance of what God designs to communicate through him to others. We might complain more seriously of the insinuation that things substantially immoral are "either justified or spoken of with indifference" in the Old Testament. (p. 168.) That men's evil actions and evil sayings, under an imperfect dispensation, are often recorded without remark, or without an express intimation of the Divine mind regarding them, is admitted. But this is manifestly according to the common analogy of God's providence, and is a fitting exercise of man's moral sense and sensibility. If anything more is alleged, the discussion must proceed upon particular instances, and not on a vague surmise. But we leave much in the chapter for the present untouched; having done little more than throw up a few hasty and slight defences around a field demanding, doubtless, a far more leisurely survey before a general action can be fought, or a decisive victory can be won.

Entering now on the field of Theology Proper, we must attempt a survey of it, as laid down in Mr. Morell's map, before we offer any sketch of our own. For this purpose, we crave attention to a rapid summary of the argument as sustained in his chapter on Christian Theology, reserving the Analysis of Popular Theology and Fellowship for our closing remarks.

Let it be remembered, that hitherto we have nothing whatever allowed to be of the essence of Religion, except what is "spontaneous and intuitional;" or in other words, a frame of mind intuitively gazing upon Divine things, without the intervention of the logical understanding. It is true that "certain external influences and special providential arrangements" (p. 193) are admitted as having something to do with the phenomena of Revelation and Inspiration. But how? Not in the way of an authoritative conveyance or communication of explicit information from God to men, but simply in the way of a powerful influence upon men's minds, quickening their intuitional consciousness, and so enabling them to perceive for themselves, and intuitively grasp, spiritual realities. The Bible is not a revelation of God's will to mankind at large; the idea of God, by a single utterance, or succession of utterances, revealing his mind to a multitude at once, or to men in the mass, is not a part of Mr. Morell's philosophy; all that, according to him, God can do, is to reveal his mind to men in detail, one by one; and that not by speaking as a man might speak to his friend, but merely by a subjective operation, through whatever means, on the intuitional consciousness, imparting spiritual discernment.

Now the problem is,—given such data in the intuitional experiences, which alone are the essential elements of Religion,—to construct a logical science of Theology. Thus stated, the problem is identical in kind with what needs to be solved in constructing a science of beauty, or of sublimity, or of virtue,—of any branch, in short, of man's aesthetic or ethical constitution. In all such inquiries, relating to tastes or senses—and involving man's capacity of apprehending the fair, the good, the holy—we have given us, as the elements of the science to be constructed, certain original instincts or intuitions, along with certain historical developments of these, as affected by the external influences and arrangements to which, in fact, they have been exposed. Does Mr. Morell admit the materials of the science of Theology to be in any essential particular distinct from those of the other sciences to which we have referred?

We have been accustomed to class Theology as one of an entirely different order of sciences. Setting aside abstract Logic and Mathematics,—as well as the aesthetic and ethical principles of taste and conscience,—we find a field of actual fact, ascertain-

able *a posteriori* by observation and experience, to which all these *a priori* laws of thought and feeling may and must be applied; as servants, however, and not as masters; interpreters and not creators. We refer, of course, to the physical sciences, as well as to the sciences of politics, political economy, and social morality in all its branches. In all these sciences, we have on the one hand a body of materials furnished by observation and experience, and on the other, certain original instincts or intuitions, moral, mathematical or sentimental, constituting the mould that shapes, and the spirit that inspires, the issues. Now we have been wont to class testimony, whether human or divine, among the sources of these materials: and hence, we have been apt to class Theology among the inductive sciences.

To make our meaning clear, let us take any class of what it is the fashion now to call the æsthetical emotions; let us take the sense of beauty, or the sense of sweet sounds and harmonious concords, and trace its development. First, we have the original intuition, as a first principle, incapable of definition or analysis. There is, then, an intuition of the beautiful. Let that intuition be quickened, and it becomes active,—creative. It seeks to express and embody itself in the construction of fair forms, or the picturing of bright ideas to the fancy; and the art of painting, or poetry, or sculpture, springs up. Thereafter, the reflex succeeding naturally to the direct, the critical reason or logical understanding takes the field, and the art speedily becomes a science. In the original intuition, or sense of beauty, the logical understanding has no part; and hence *de gustibus non disputandum*. But when the intuition, under the influence of external circumstances of time, place, scenery, society, and so forth, unfolds itself in actual results, these become tangible, palpable, historical; they may be analyzed, compared, experimented upon; and so they may become the materials of a logical science, more or less exact according to the measure of real development which the intuition has reached, and the comparative absence of disturbing influences and forces.

Not unlike this is Mr. Morell's account of Christian Theology, of which he professes to explain the Nature, Conditions, Method, Development and Uses. In its nature, according to him, Theology, being connected with the operation of the logical faculty, gives us knowledge that is representative, reflective, formal, critical and individual; and stands contrasted with Religion, which, resulting from the operation of the intuitional faculty, perceives its object directly and spontaneously; is possessed, therefore, of a material value; gives us truth in its unity; and bears upon it the stamp of a generic character, growing up in the moral development of communities and nations. (Pp. 197-200.) "The re-

ligious life consists entirely in emotion and intuition ;” and there is “involved in it a certain spiritual truth,” which it “presents to the mind of man in the concrete, *and as a whole*.” Why and how this truth passes into the region of the logical understanding, let Mr. Morell himself explain :—

“ Were the view we thus obtain perfectly clear and uniform, we should need nothing more. But Divine things, alas! are reflected upon the surface of our spiritual nature after it has been ruffled by distracting passions, prejudices, or cares ; just as, when the bosom of a lake is fretted by the wind and the storm ;—and thus the Divine symmetry of the objects presented is broken and lost to our view. It is *then* that the logical or analytic faculty comes to our aid, and seeks to restore to us the harmonious proportions of truth ; not, indeed, by affording an immediate glance at the concrete whole, but by separating it into its parts, comparing one portion with another, and thus discovering, if possible, the consistency which runs through them all.” —Pp. 196, 197.

This is, perhaps, the best place for adverting to Mr. Morell’s view of the disorder or disease of our nature, and the bearing of it upon his construction of the Christian Theology. We need scarcely say that the subject on which we now touch lies at the very foundation of this whole inquiry, since upon the estimate we form of man’s actual state and condition, our conception of the Divine manner of dealing with it must essentially depend. Christianity is a remedial dispensation ; the Gospel is a curative system ; Jesus announces himself as a physician. And it would seem that at the very threshold of every attempt to give a philosophy of the medicine, there must be an adequate recognition of the malady. A correct and deep pathology is the best preparation for a sound theory of therapeutics. On this account, we complain of it as a most serious omission or defect, even in a philosophical point of view, that Mr. Morell has not formally discussed the subject of the fall and its consequences, and has not given any clear and unequivocal exposition of human guilt and depravity. It may be an old fashioned prejudice with us : but we like to begin at the beginning ; and especially when we find that the very system of means and influences we are to philosophize upon, bears on the face of it a certain character of relation and adaptation to a certain view of man’s condition and nature as a sinner,—that it professes to be a restorative,—a specific,—a panacea—not indefinitely, as is the manner of empirics, for any or all sorts of ailments,—but for one specific kind of ill, which it singles out as the cause of whatever bad symptoms are perceptible,—we cannot but think it a want, at this stage of Mr. Morell’s analysis,—a *desideratum*,—

a *hiatus valdè deflendus*,—that he has not expressly grappled with this preliminary investigation. Is man on a right footing with his Maker? If not, what is wrong? These are questions which even natural religion forces upon us; and still more, revealed Religion or Christianity. To evade these questions,—to dispose of them incidentally and, as it were, by the bye,—to treat them otherwise than as primary and fundamental questions,—to decline an explicit and categorical reply to them,—we hesitate not to denounce as unphilosophical. We demand from Mr. Morell a chapter on this topic. We do so on a double ground. He cannot complete his exposition of man's natural constitution as a religious being,—capable of religious intuitions and emotions,—without taking up the topic. And he cannot commence his exposition of God's revealed will for man's salvation, without, one way or other, disposing of it. Natural religion cannot end,—revealed Religion cannot begin,—without the questions we have now indicated being raised and settled;—Is man on a right footing with his Maker? and if not, what is wrong? And we repeat it, we are speaking not now as Theologians, but as students of the Philosophy of Religion.

Are we, for instance, to recognise as among the actual facts of man's condition, guilt, demerit, condemnation, liability to judgment? Is man a breaker of the law,—a rebel against the government of God? Is he an outcast from the favour of God, under his displeasure, subject to a judicial and penal sentence of separation from his love? Is this the true account of man's position as a moral, religious, and responsible being, and the real explanation of all the disorder into which his spiritual nature has fallen,—of whatever darkness clouds his mind, and whatever blight withers the affections of his heart? We are accustomed to consider this to be the right view of the case, sanctioned both by conscience and by Scripture. But we put it at present as a hypothesis. Well then, upon this hypothesis, what may, or rather must be the essential character of Christianity, as a remedial dispensation? Evidently, if it is to strike at the root of the evil, it must be primarily and chiefly an authoritative proclamation of forgiveness; and it may be expected to contain an explanation, on the part of the offended God, both of the principles upon which he acts, as the Lawgiver and Judge, in dispensing pardon, and of the terms on which he is prepared to admit offenders to the benefit of the pardon he dispenses,—or in other words, to reconcile sinners to himself. But who does not see, that if this be the nature of Christianity, it must necessarily, as a communication from heaven, address itself to the logical understanding, in the first instance, however much it may ultimately tax the intuitional and emotional parts of our constitution? For

there is a new, categorical, proposition to be announced,—namely, that God is willing to pardon; and there are distinct discoveries to be made of the reason why, and the manner how, he pardons; with all which it is as plainly the province of the logical reason to deal, as with any statement of fact, or any explanation of circumstances, a man may make to his friend. So that on the supposition now before us, the order of Mr. Morell's analysis of Christian Theology is exactly reversed; it is seen to be directly an appeal to the logical understanding, and only indirectly, through the logical understanding, an object of intuition at all; and thus the whole structure of this philosophy of feeling and fellowship, as opposed to faith, falls utterly to the ground.

Mr. Morell must not here misunderstand us. We do not blame him for not adopting the view of man's condition, as a fallen being, we have been indicating, but for not discussing it. We wish to show, that whatever theory we may form on that subject, or whatever opinion we may hold, must materially modify our conception of Christian Theology. In particular, as to the real question at issue between us, everything turns upon that preliminary point. We admit that Christian Theology, subjectively considered, has its seat both in the intuitional and in the logical faculty: but we differ in the precedency we assign to the one over the other. Mr. Morell makes the intuitional prepare the way for the logical; we, on the other hand, insist upon the logical as prior to the intuitional; and what we now wish to point out is, that issue is to be joined upon this question between Mr. Morell and us, in that very field of man's position as a sinful and guilty creature which Mr. Morell has left unsurveyed. This is surely a great omission.

But we must press our author a little more closely. He is doubtless well acquainted with the controversy much agitated during the last century, as to Christianity being merely a republication of the religion of nature. The infidel writers holding that opinion were quite ready to admit the possibility, and even the reality of an objective revelation. God, according to them, may have spoken, and doubtless has often spoken to men, as a man speaks to his friend, or commissions a friend to speak for him. But they maintained that any information God might thus impart to man, could really be nothing more, and was nothing more, than man himself might have discovered, had he duly used his own faculties for acquiring a knowledge of God. Thus God might reveal the elements of Geometry, engraving the diagrams in the sand or on the rocks, and audibly demonstrating the propositions by a voice from heaven; but this would, after all, be nothing more than a clear, authentic, and authoritative republication of the geometry of nature. In some such way did these

sceptics conceive of the discoveries God had made in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

Now we do not wish to give offence: but we put it to Mr. Morell to say, if there is any room, on his principles, for Christianity being any thing more,—we do not say than a republication,—but than a revival,—“of the religion of nature.” We use the word revival advisedly, in preference to republication, as more in accordance with our author’s ideal both of Natural and of Revealed Religion. Religion, with him, is, in its essence, a pure exercise of the intuitional faculty; and Revelation is a Divine quickening of that faculty. This is really all that we can make of his somewhat vague and intangible investigation; and we submit that it effectually limits the function of the Gospel to the discovery of truth, which, but for the imperfection of the intuitional faculty and its need of Divine quickening, might be apprehended and perceived without the Gospel. To evade the force of this remark, it may be replied perhaps;—Oh! but Mr. Morell allows, and indeed maintains, that under Christian influences, men come into contact with new truths, which they could not otherwise have discerned:—they are lifted into a loftier region and clearer atmosphere, and endowed with a keener vision, so that, like Paul, rapt into the third heavens, they intuitively grasp things glorious and godlike, such as eye could not see nor tongue tell without this sublime illumination. Doubtless Mr. Morell admits all this. But then, let it be observed, whatever new discovery is thus made through the Gospel, must be merely a discovery of what exists and is true, independently of the Gospel, and apart from it. It cannot possibly be a discovery of anything new, in the sense of its being additional information given by God concerning himself and his ways, beyond what, without the Gospel, might be known. For if it were, it must of necessity be communicated, in verbal statements, through the logical understanding, precisely as one man communicates information to another; a mode of revelation which Mr. Morell studiously disowns.

We are anxious to make our meaning plain; and for this end, we try an illustration. Our natural eyesight is defective, in extent of range, as well as clearness, certainty, and intensity of vision. We may conceive of the eye undergoing a process of purging inwardly, and receiving aid from instruments and appliances externally,—being anointed with eyesalve and furnished with the almost miraculous power of mirrors, glasses, and telescopes unnumbered: and we can conceive of the beholder carried to a high mountain; the air all around him marvellously cleared; and the sun in the heavens shining with unprecedented lustre. He gazes around; it is a new world; things grand and

fair start for him into being for the first time, on every side; a revelation! he exclaims; a blessed, joyous, glorious revelation! Be it so. There is surely, however, a difference between this and the actual presentation to his view of a world really and literally new,—a strictly new scene, or a new creation. Let it be imagined, that besides all the preparation we have described, He who is the maker of the eye and instrument and atmosphere and world alike, brings a new order of things altogether into existence, places it within the circuit of the eye's rolling glance, and then purges the eye that it may see this new thing clearly, and see all things else in the light of it. Have we not, at all events, a different kind of revelation from the former? In the one case, we have an enlarging, an enhancing, an intensifying, if we may so speak, of the old vision of nature: in the other case, we have a vision absolutely new.

Now the Gospel, in our conception of it, is the discovery to us of a new thing in the government of God,—a new thing done by God in addition to all that the highest and most perfect intelligence could otherwise apprehend of him or of his works,—a thing so new and strange that it never could have entered into any heart to conceive of it,—a thing that never could have been known but by God himself telling it to us, and which he can tell us only as one man tells another what he is doing, by means of logic and language. No doubt, even when he tells it to us, by words addressed to our logical understanding, we cannot adequately or spiritually apprehend it, without a renovating Divine movement in every part of our intellectual and moral nature. Still, our belief is, not merely that he enables us to see in a new light what is old, but that he tells us something in itself new. For such belief, however, we fear, there is no room in Mr. Morell's *Christian Theology*. We cannot but think that his theory absolutely precludes any other view of the Gospel than this; that it gives us a brighter vision than we could otherwise have had of what God, from the very first, might have been seen by any competent intelligence to be; not that it unfolds to us any new work subsequently done, or any word spoken by God, for making known to us something concerning himself, which, without his own express information, no intelligence could ever have surmised.

And this brings us back to our complaint, that Mr. Morell leaves undiscussed the subject of man's natural condition, as a fallen being, in relation to God; and consequently leaves undetermined the character of the Gospel as a restorative economy—a remedial dispensation. Nor is this all we have to complain of. The little he says on human depravity is very far from being satisfactory. We have extracted one passage already; and there

is another in close connexion with it ; and the two together make up nearly all that we have observed him hinting, even incidentally, on the subject. Having referred to what he calls "*a religious sensibility*, which presents the fundamental objects involved in all religious emotion or contemplation to our immediate intuition,"—which religious sensibility he seems to identify with "*a direct and inward revelation*,"—he thus proceeds :—

"Were this power of religious sensibility absolutely perfect ; were the intuitions or revelations we thus enjoy of spiritual things *complete* ; were our whole interior being so precisely harmonized with truth itself, that we needed only to stand, as it were, in the pathway of its rays, and receive the impression in all its distinctness and brightness within us ;—then, indeed, there would be no necessity for any other mental process whatever to assure ourselves of the truth. But this perfect state of the intuitional consciousness, we know, has been disturbed ; at any rate, it does not naturally *exist* ; the reflection of spiritual truth within us is distorted by a thousand causes ;—by moral evil, by education, by prejudice, by false reasoning, and by many other influences we need not at present enumerate.

"Christianity, it is true, seeks to restore this power of spiritual intuition to its original state ; and just in proportion as it purifies the soul, elevates the mind, and brings the whole inward *man* into sympathy with the truth as it exists in the mind of God, does it really accomplish its great purpose. But to how limited an extent is this process carried in the present world ; what darkness and doubt still hover even over the really Christianized mind ; how many prejudices insensibly mingle up with our best and clearest spiritual intuitions ; and in how few cases can we say, that there is even an approximate harmony realized between man's own interior being, and the truth of God in its objective reality ! Hence, accordingly, the origin, and hence the necessity of another, and that a *logical* process, to give greater clearness and distinctiveness to our intuitions ; hence the impulse we feel to convert the spontaneous religious life into the reflective ; hence, in fine, the rise of a *formal theology*."—Pp. 195, 196.

Here we are directly at issue with our author. The necessity of a logical process, according to him, arises out of the imperfection of our spiritual intuition. In our opinion, it arises out of the nature of the communication which God has to make to us. By Mr. Morell's account, the disorder of the fall has told and taken effect upon our intuitional consciousness, which Christianity seeks to restore to its original perfection ; but inasmuch as that restoration is not complete in this life, the analytic faculty must come to our aid, that our intuitions may be ascertained and defined. We hold that the fall has made us enemies to God, and placed us as criminals at his bar ; and that the analytic faculty, or logical reason, or power of understanding language and drawing conclusions from it, must first be exercised upon

the express and formal message of reconciliation which, upon very peculiar terms, God is pleased to address to us, before the intuitional faculty, or religious sensibility, can be brought at all into play. With him, the logical reason finds its materials for systematizing Christianity in our quickened intuition; with us, in the written word of God: he makes the higher intuition hand down materials to the lower logic, to be sifted and set in order; we make the humbler functionary, the understanding, exercised on what God says in the Bible, hand up materials to the loftier regions of the soul, and set in motion all its sensibilities. In his description, the mind is like a broken mirror: when partially repaired by Christian influences, it reflects the heavenly things presented to it better than it could do before; but the reflection is still fragmentary; and hence skill and science are needed to compare the parts and construct a consistent whole. We, too, believe the mirror to be broken, and we look to Christian influences for its repair; but first and chiefly, we demand that what God tells us of heavenly things,—especially of the new heavenly things originated to suit our miserably altered state before him,—shall be considered, understood, analyzed, and known; and we hold that through this process alone of fair dealing with Gospel truth, logically viewed, will the bosom of a guilty man ever become so clear and calm as to catch again by intuition the light of God's countenance, and give back the image of his character.

The radical and fundamental difference we have been pointing out between Mr. Morell and us, runs through all the train of thought which the discussion of Christian Theology involves; and hence our remarks may now be comparatively brief. This whole part of his treatise we regard as one continued fallacy, of the figure *ὑστερον πρότερον*; putting the last first and the first last. Thus, admitting to a considerable extent the points of contrast he makes between religion and theology,—granting that the one may best denote the simple, direct, and spontaneous life of a Christian, while the other implies the reflective exercise of the judgment on the more or less complex details of a system,—and assigning to the soul's immediate and intuitive communion with God and the things of God a far higher place than we allot to any process of the mere logical understanding,—we must strenuously contend for the indispensable priority of the latter, at least in the case of fallen man; being convinced that he must first apprehend, embrace and believe the statements made concerning the way of his return and reconciliation to God, before he can have any religious sensibility of a genuine kind called forth towards God. It may be very true that a plain, practical believer may have but a spare and scanty system of Theology to

build on, and one that a ponderous schoolman would deem scarcely worthy of the name of system of Theology at all. Mr. Morell may be so far right in telling us of the comparative absence of Theology, properly so called, in the early age of Christianity. The first Christians may have had little of formal doctrine, such as has been drawn out into the long creeds and confessions of after times,—as much less of that as they had more of life and love, and sympathy and fellowship. But what then? Was there no explicit, articulate, and categorical announcement of the mind and will of God at the foundation of their spiritual experience? No doubt it was a time of wonder, excitement, enthusiasm; men's minds were agitated and stirred; and the burning fire passed spontaneously from heart to heart. Doubtless, also, there was then more of direct impulse and the gush of warm affection and strong emotion, and less of reflective investigation, than afterwards when leisure came, and the weeds of leisure, heresies, and iniquities abounding. Much minute systematizing was as unnecessary as it would have been unnatural. The question, however, we must remind Mr. Morell, is not one of degree. It is not a question concerning the more or less of the theological element there may have been in primitive Christianity. Was it there at all? Was it there as the source and spring of all? It may have been but enough to fill one single logical proposition. It may have been but one solitary announcement of a new way of dealing with men on the part of God. It may have been nothing more than the authentic proclamation of an amnesty to rebels of whatever character submitting to the Mediator. Still, we must insist upon it, that it was this new piece of authoritative information from heaven, effecting a lodgement in the understanding or logical reason of those who heard it, that became, through the accompanying power of the Holy Ghost, the spring of joy and hope, and charity and zeal; and we must ascribe after all, so far as the means or instrumentality is concerned, to a matter of fact or statement of doctrine with which the logical faculty has to do, the unlocking of the heart's fountain of tears and gladness.

Mr. Morell labours hard to reduce the primitive apostolic teaching to a very minimum of doctrinal statement, and nothing can well surpass the ingenuity of the vague and indefinite formulæ to which he has recourse. Thus he tells us that the apostles, having "awakened wherever they went,"—how, he does not say,—“the same deep emotions” that had been awakened in themselves, and so “drawn forth the cry, ‘Men and brethren, what must we do,’”—“presented the great fact that Christ crucified was the way, the truth, and the life.” (p. 201.) And again, he speaks of “the awakening of a new religious life by

the proclamation of human sin and human recovery by Christ, the chosen of God," (p. 203.) And these are positively the most explicit accounts of "the apostles' doctrine" (Acts ii. 42) we find him giving. How completely they fall short of what the apostles had to declare, as a direct message from God, no reader of the Book of Acts—not to mention the Epistles—needs to be reminded. But such as they are, we would like Mr. Morell to point out the distinction in kind between them and Calvin's Institutes; and we would farther ask him to say if these discoveries did not everywhere precede the awakening of deep emotions, and indeed occasion it; or, in other words, we challenge him to produce an instance in which some statement or announcement falling strictly within the category of Theology, was not manifestly the means of suggesting and calling forth the religious sensibilities that characterized that golden age.*

But the strongest and boldest of our author's flights on this subject is perhaps his passing appeal to the Reformation. We quote a passage in which he makes an important admission, fatal to his previous reasoning, and not very consistent with the instance or example that follows:—

"Theology, having once been created, can be presented didactically to the understanding before there is any awakening of the religious nature, and can even lead the mind to whom it is presented to such an interest in the subject as may issue in his spiritual enlightenment. It should be remembered, then, that in discussing philosophically the relation of theology to religion, we of course confine ourselves to the *logical* view of the question; and in this sense the order of phenomena, as we have described it, is *uniformly* preserved. Not only is this conclusion borne out by the analysis of the faculties, but it is equally verified by history itself. In the primitive Church we

* Mr. Morell misses no opportunity of having a hit at the objects of his special aversion,—the Biblical Theologians, or Divines who profess to construct their system upon the Scriptures. Thus he felicitates himself on the want of "the Christian Scriptures," at the first planting of the Church, as securing that there could be "no poring over the letter, no induction of passages, no verbal criticism whatever," (p. 203.) And again, (p. 205,) he cannot resist the temptation of a sarcastic stroke against "those who ground their theology upon an induction of individual passages, as though each passage, *independently of the spirit of the whole*, were of Divine authority." We presume he means of private interpretation, if he means anything to the purpose. It is a question, not of the authority, but of the interpretation of Scripture. Has Mr. Morell never heard of the principle of the analogy of faith, as applied to the exposition of particular texts? Does he know the use commonly made of 2 Peter i. 21? But, on his own showing, does not an induction of passages imply comparison and combination? And is not the mind of the Spirit in the Word ascertained, as the mind of any author is gathered out of his writings, by putting together all he says, in various detached portions perhaps, on any particular subject, and honestly endeavouring to make out his meaning on the whole? Surely this is a mode of dealing with the inspired record which, even though he may disapprove of it, Mr. Morell's good taste might have prevented him from treating with contemptuous scorn.

clearly trace the development of a distinctive Christian theology, *out of* the religious life of those wondrous times; and in every subsequent instance in which a new form of theology has appeared, as in the time of the Reformation, it has always sprung out of the deep religious excitement of that particular age."—Pp. 207, 208.

We certainly read the history of the Reformation in a very different light from Mr. Morell. Setting aside vague and wide agitations, of which scarcely any account is to be given,—literary, political and social, as well as religious,—proper to that critical era; and singling out, as we are entitled to do, the really Protestant and evangelical awakening, we cannot conceive a clearer case of "deep religious excitement" springing out of "a new form of theology" than that which Mr. Morell has selected as an instance of the very reverse. Was not Luther's trumpet-note of "justification by faith alone" a new form of theology in that age? And was it not that which moved the world? Nor is the connexion here merely one of accidental chronology, in the order of time; it is one of cause and effect, in the order of nature. It was a formally theological truth that Luther was enabled to seize in the firm grasp of his logical understanding, and that ever after held him sure and fast, stirring his religious sensibility to its utmost depths. And it was that same article of a standing or falling Church,—*articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*,—that revived the fellowship as well as the faith of Christendom, and made the brotherly love of the reformers of all nations—alas! for a brief space only—such as to recall the memory of the apostolic age itself.

But not to quarrel more with this instance, we thank Mr. Morell for his admission. "Theology, having once been created, can be presented didactically to the understanding before there is any awakening of the religious nature, and can even lead the mind to whom it is presented to such an interest in the subject as may issue in his spiritual enlightenment." We might ask indeed what he means by theology "having been once created?" Probably he means—created previously by man's logical understanding, out of his spiritual intuition. But may it not be—created by God himself, out of his own express and explicit discoveries of his mind and will to man? Let this, however, pass. The concession, in any view of it, is not unimportant. In his previous reasoning, Mr. Morell seems to deny the possibility of any theology, properly so called, preceding in any case the "awakening of the religious nature;" and indeed he specifies as the indispensable conditions necessary to the construction of Christian Theology these two—first, intuitional awakening, and secondly, logical thinking. We submit that the capacity or susceptibility of intuitional awakening, and not actual intuitional awakening itself, is all that need be assumed, so far as the first condition is

concerned. And as regards the other, we see not why Divine information, communicated to the logical power of thinking and understanding, may not originate the germ of the theology that is to set the whole inner man in motion.

Having considered, first, the Nature, and, secondly, the Conditions of the Christian Theology, our author comes next to the Method. He objects to the inductive method, which he thus describes :—

“It has been a very extended notion, since the prevalence of the Baconian method in scientific research, that just as the facts of natural science lie before us in the universe, and have to be generalized and systematized by the process of induction, so also the facts of theology lying before us in the Bible have simply to be moulded into a logical series, in order to create a Christian theology.”—P. 209.

And what are his objections? First, there is the usual remark, that, in point of fact, few learn their theology in this way, since most men are much influenced by tradition, authority, and other similar guides,—a remark which applies equally to the way in which we acquire our knowledge of astronomy, or any other science; and which is really not to the purpose, when the question is not concerning the actual history, but the scientific method of any study. Then there is a second and specially notable argument. We are told that we cannot apply the inductive method to the framing of a Theology out of the Scriptures, because we have to mould the ideas the Scriptures suggest into a scientific form, and adjust the formal truth into a system; and this cannot be done without some logical plan or scientific *organum*, “or, in other words, without proceeding according to certain conceptions in our very classification.” (Pp. 210, 211.) And yet, strange to say, he tells us a little farther on, that this is characteristic of all induction whatever :—

“Those who are most fluent in elevating the merits of what they term *Baconian* and *inductive* principles, as applied to theological inquiry, have commonly very little idea of what induction really involves. A thorough investigation of this very method, with the works of Professor Whewell as their guide, would show them that the classification of facts, without the proper grasp and explication of the *conceptions* in which they are to be grounded, would lead to a very unsatisfactory result, even in any case of ordinary science.”—P. 218.

So then, we cannot apply Baconian or inductive principles to the interpretation of Scripture, because in doing so, we must proceed in the very same way as in applying them to the interpretation of nature. And what Mr. Morell, after all, has proved is, either that there is no such method as the inductive at all, or that it is available for the construction of a science out of the study of the Bible, on the very same conditions on which it goes to form any

other science, out of the study of any other materials furnished by the works or ways of God.

Opposed to the inductive, or a *posteriori* method, Mr. Morell equally condemns that which, proceeding *a priori*, would "commence with the most abstract conceptions" and "purely intellectual ideas,"—"construct out of them the notion of a Deity," and thence "deduce a theory of moral government,"—"an entire system of Divine arrangements and of human duty consequent upon their primary definitions,"—making "the essence of Christianity become, to their minds, an intellectual chain of propositions." (Pp. 211, 212.)

Between the two, as a *juste milieu*, or safe *via media*, he proposes what he calls the "*reflective* method of Theology."

And it is here that he begins to open up his theory of development, of which he treats more formally in the following section of this chapter on Theology. In illustrating his "*reflective* method," he constructs, first the theologian, and then the theology. As to the first, he makes a high demand at the very outset; "the true Christian theologian must be *regenerate*,"—a pithy saying, which every pious mind will be apt to echo. But how regenerate—in what sense and by what means? All here is indefinite, mystical, transcendental. Is it that he must be born again, born of the Spirit, born by the Word, as Peter speaks,* begotten with the word of truth, according to James,† chosen to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth, to use the language of Paul?‡ Mr. Morell is by no means so explicit. What is his phraseology?

"The vital spirit of truth must have penetrated into that inmost shrine of the soul, that centre and focus of his spiritual being, that pure and essential element of man's higher nature, which is immediately connected with God, which alone holds direct intercourse with the Divine mind, to which all the other faculties stand merely in the relation of servants and emissaries."—(P. 213.)

Then he goes on to speak of "this element of the divinity within us," which—"however it may be repressed or obscured, its light extinguished, its voice silenced—can never be corrupted, never essentially perverted,"—being "the seat of the life of God in the soul of man." And after a sharp attack upon mere "logical reasoning," in which he questions Satan's gifts and qualifications as a theologian, he winds up in a sentence of surpassing beauty, which we gladly accept as a delineation of the highest and purest style of theological study. For assuredly Mr. Morell is right in saying, that adequately to describe in scientific terms the real elements of our higher life—

* 1 Peter i. 23.

† James i. 18.

‡ 2 Thess. ii. 13.

"There must be not only the keen and critical understanding, but there must be also the purity of heart, by which alone we can *see* God—the active spirit of duty, by which alone we can know of his doctrine—the love of which it is said, he that possesseth it dwelleth in God, and God in him."—Pp. 214, 215.

So far well: so far we are agreed. Alas! that at the very next step we must part company again. That the pious man, the spiritual man, the pure in heart, is the best, or rather the only true Theologian, we most frankly grant. But still the question remains, whence and how does he construct his Theology? Out of the Scriptures, we reply, by the fair and candid use of his logical faculty of understanding, quickened and guided as it will doubtless be by the spiritual discernment he has attained, but still exercised according to the ordinary principles on which we proceed in ascertaining an author's views from his books. The cases are exactly parallel. The more we know a man, with that intuitive insight which confidence and love and fellowship give, the better can we understand and interpret his writings. So is it with the writings of God. The man according to God's own heart will best gather up the indications of his mind and will in his word; but it is out of that word alone, and by its standard alone, that he will frame the articles of his creed. This, however, we fear, is by no means Mr. Morell's view.

For, having now got his duly-qualified Theologian, whither does he direct him for his theology? That, obviously, is the only relevant question. And here we find that, "to ensure the purity and adequacy of our religious intuitions," we must have recourse, first, to "the spirit of the Scriptures, the life and character of Christ, the great ideas involved in the apostolic mission;" next, to "the history of the Church, its development, and the great religious impulses under which the best and holiest men have lived and acted;" and lastly, to the practice of personal piety, that we may "realize in ourselves the spirit and elevation of the Christian life, and foster the whole by Christian activity, by fellowship, by self-renunciation, and by communion with God." The spirit, the history, the experience of Christianity, form this triple cord.

It is a high ideal, and far be it from us to find fault with it as the ideal of a fit student of Theology. He should be all this, and more. But the method of the student's preparation is one thing, and the method of the study itself is another. How the inquirer is to be qualified, is a different question from how the inquiry is to be conducted; at least, with our views, we must insist on the distinction. Not so Mr. Morell. In his view, the distinction vanishes; for in fact, according to him, the qualifications of the theologian form the materials of the theology. Given a theologian coming up to his criterion, and all Mr.

Morell would have him to do is, to translate his own intuitions into a reflective logical form, "to grasp the great moral and spiritual ideas involved in his religious life, and represent them, as nearly as possible, in logical propositions."—(P. 216.)

But Mr. Morell is no individualist. He has no idea of our relying on our own direct intuitions, or on the reflex judgments which may reduce them. We are to take into account the "facts of history, facts relating to the formation and growth of the Christian Church, facts in the religious life of our own and every age." (ibid.) And having first analyzed, or criticised, or generalized these facts, and then drawn them out, by a process of "*deduction*," "from the principles already established, to the less general notions implicitly involved in them," we must "*verify* every result, by an appeal to human experience, knowing how easily we may be led on in the ardour of reasoning to results which are entirely incompatible with the laws of human nature, and the daily phenomena of the religious life. In this way we shall originate a series of propositions, which will be as it were *authoritative expressions* of the Christian consciousness, uttering itself articulately in the ears of humanity."

This last sentence should be well weighed. It is a brief compendium of Mr. Morell's entire philosophy, as applied to the Christian system, and it is pregnant with very serious consequences. Let it be observed, that this method of constructing a Theology is altogether subjective, recognising no objective standard whatsoever. We are to be brought, or to bring ourselves, as best we may, into a certain high and transcendental spiritual state, and we are to translate the intuitions proper to such a state into logical forms and phrases. But, distrusting ourselves, we are to call in the Church, and consult the general mind of Christendom, or of its best and holiest men, as that mind unfolded itself in the beginning, and has continued to unfold itself from age to age. And between the two, our own and the Church's subjective experience, we are to "originate a series of propositions, which shall be, as it were, the *authoritative expressions* of the Christian consciousness, uttering itself articulately in the ears of humanity."

And now, a most vital question arises. Is this Christian consciousness a fixed or a variable thing? Is it one uniform experience from the beginning hitherto, or does it admit of fluctuations—of progress—from age to age? As in the individual, so in humanity at large, "every thing of an intuitional character," as Mr. Morell argues, "unfolds itself more and more, and has an organic vital development." In accordance with this axiom, he holds the Christian consciousness to have been imperfect at first, and progressive since. "In the case of the apostles, the spiritual vision was as nearly as possible perfect."

But they failed to communicate this attainment to others. "All they could do was to arouse the religious feelings; to direct them aright to their proper objects; to set the Christian life in operation; and then leave it, under the promise of divine aid, to its future development."—P. 220.

Now, let it be noted, that this Christian life, which is another name for the Christian consciousness, is the only groundwork on which, according to Mr. Morell, theology can be constructed. Theology, in fact, with him, is merely the logical expression of that life or consciousness. But, however it might be with the apostles, the community of believers generally received that life at first, and manifested that consciousness, only, as it were, in the germ or bud. The growth, the expansion, the ripe maturity, came afterwards, and is partly yet to come. The life, the consciousness, is progressive, and so also must be the Theology that reflects and moulds it.

We may observe here that there is another reason stated by our author for "the progressiveness of Theology as a science," on which we do not touch. We refer to the room there is for improvement in "the nature of the criticism we employ in constructing a formal science." We are not indeed so sanguine as Mr. Morell; we do not expect so much as he does from Germany, with all its profounder philosophy, in the way of "furnishing a more subtle instrument of analysis to carry on the work of the theologian." (p. 222.) We admit, however, that our means and attainments, our apparatus and skill available for this, as for other studies, may be progressive. And, at all events, our question with Mr. Morell relates entirely to the other factor or element concerned in the construction of Theology,—the subject, namely,—the matter or substance of the science, and not the instrument. Anatomy is in a high degree a progressive science; its dissecting-knife acquires a sharper edge, and is guided by a keener eye and more delicate hand; but the materials it deals with are unchanged, being the bones and sinews of the human frame. The rapid strides of chemistry have filled our age with wonder; the implements and organs of its analysis now, would have seemed as miracles to the cotemporaries of Priestley; but the things the science handles are the same; the contents of its crucible are what they ever were. Progress of this sort we do not refuse to own in the study of Theology, though we may not anticipate so much as Mr. Morell does from its onward course.

But the real point at issue is what relates to the materials of the science; are they fixed, or variable? Are they to be found in the written word of God, or in the Christian consciousness of men? To what test or standard is the Theologian to bring

either his spiritual intuitions, or the logical propositions in which he embodies them? Is it "to the law and to the testimony," (Isaiah viii. 20),—to the Scriptures of truth? Or is it to a certain common feeling, or common sense, floating from age to age among the *élite* of the Catholic Christian community?

Upon this last supposition, which is the opinion of Mr. Morell, we confess ourselves altogether unable to resist the reasoning of Mr. Newman, in his Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. He too holds that the Christian religion was given at first in the germ or bud, and that it was left to grow and expand in the actual history and experience of the Christian Church. Nor is he less cautious than Mr. Morell in maintaining the essential identity of character throughout between the incipient germ and the gradually-developed growth: he carefully gives tests for distinguishing between development and corruption, and these tests might almost be summed up in Mr. Morell's comprehensive caveat:—

"The only idea we would impress upon the mind of every reader is, that *development* does not imply any organic *change* in the real and essential elements of Christian truth. Different as the seed in its first germination may be in all appearance from the perfect plant, yet the latter is simply the unfolding of what that seed at first implicitly contained. And so is it with the development of Christian theology in the world."—P. 222.

Mr. Newman, indeed, calls for what he terms a "developing authority in Christianity," and finds it in the Papacy. Mr. Morell, on the other hand, feels no need of such a regulating power, and assigns no place to it. But, for our part, if compelled to choose between them, we confess we would hesitate; and at all events, the difference, as it seems to us, is accidental and unimportant, in comparison with the principle they hold in common. Let that principle be once admitted, and it is an even chance whether men go to Germany or to Rome.*

We speak, let it be borne in mind, of systems, not of men. The spirit of Mr. Morell is wide as the poles asunder from that of Mr. Newman, and has far more of our sympathy. But we cannot conceal our alarm, when we find a writer on the side of what bears the aspect of high spirituality, avowing the very views which, in the hands of a thinker of another caste—as devout, we believe, and greatly more learned—are made to minister to one of the most subtle and plausible forms which the Protean genius of Popery has ever, even in our day, assumed.

* We really beg Mr. Morell's pardon; we cannot resist the temptation to bring out pointedly our meaning. He will understand that we intend no disrespect by naming Germany, as the country where the sort of theology we dread has, for the present at least, its chief seat.

What, at the best, is Mr. Morell's theory of Christianity in its origin and advancement? A Divine person appears upon the earth, gathers around him a knot of admirers and adherents, exhibits before them, in the highest possible perfection, the Divine life, and, to a certain extent, leavens them with the same spirit with which he is himself inspired. After a brief interval, during which takes place a death and a resurrection of mysterious significance, a scene occurs unprecedented and unparalleled in the world's annals. Thousands of all nations are assembled; lambent flames are seen descending; strange utterances are heard, but such as always some in the motley audience can understand; a general commotion ensues; and a few words, reciting the recent history of Jesus, separate a large number from the general mass, whom the simple rite of baptism seals as henceforth to be a peculiar people. A society is formed, knit together rather by harmony of hearts than by express or formal unity of mind; there is a sympathetic love and joy pervading all the members; a sense of some vast evil escaped, and some incalculable blessing gained; a felt relief; a realized enlargement and escape. Few questions are asked; few conditions prescribed. There is that strange mutual understanding of one another—as in a sudden common calamity, or in a sudden and unlooked for rescue, beyond the need of words to certify, or the power of words fully to explain. There is a company of survivors, remnants of a sad and universal wreck, clustering and nestling close on a narrow rock, and eagerly waving a flag of invitation to the struggling victims of the storm all around. Gradually, time rolls on; the enthusiasm and the wild energy of the first struggle are over. The tempest mitigates its fury, though its desolations are as real as ever; and the little band of brothers, knit by the kindred sense of danger and deliverance, becoming more calm, and cool, and collected, have leisure for reflection on what has happened, and for questionings and explanations among themselves. Then comes the time for gathering up the experiences of a crisis too terrible and wonderful to be at the moment analyzed. The company, brought together at first like the hen's brood when the hawk is seen, have now to organize themselves, and embody and express their views. In doing so, they derive valuable aid from reminiscences and records of the scenes they have passed through, and the persons they have met with. But what they have to accomplish is the articulate expression of their own consciousness, in connexion with all these strange occurrences, and resulting from them. This they try to do as best they may. But succeeding generations have more leisure, and better means, and higher powers. Always, therefore, persevering in the same line,—drawing out

the same thread, but with increasing expertness and improved machinery, the body, so wondrously constituted at first, continues to unfold the original principles of its being; and they who live, and think, and feel, under the higher inspiration granted to all like-minded with the first disciples, have thus from age to age an expanding mould of Catholic Christian sentiment, in which they may cast, for the testing or the amalgamating of it, the melted ore of their own divine aspirations.

We have not meant to caricature; and we trust we have not done so. We put it to every candid and intelligent reader of Mr. Morell's book to say if this is not a favourable representation of his theory, rather than the reverse. It is distinct, but, we trust, not unfair. And now we ask, wherein does it differ from Mr. Newman's view of the rise and progress of Christianity? Or, quitting Mr. Newman, the association of whose name may, perhaps, be deemed offensive, we ask where is a tossed spirit to find a resting-place for the sole of his feet?—where but in a high-church theory?—where but in Rome itself? It may be easy for some minds of strong and sanguine temperament, to balance themselves between their own intuitions and the general Christian consciousness of the age, as Mr. Morell directs, and so to reach a logical product compounded of private judgment and the common-sense of the Christian body, that may be to them sufficient and satisfactory. But ordinary minds cannot rest here. Mr. Morell may rely upon it, that his sublime mysticism of ultra-spiritual phraseology will not meet the case of a sin-sick soul, or a conscience labouring under a real conviction of guilt. And it is with the deepest grief we express our firm belief that his theology is essentially of such a character as to send all that are thus broken-hearted to Rome's refuges of lies, while as for those who are heart-whole, and can dispense with a clear and valid ground of peace, it provides enough of vague sentiment to interest and awaken, without either any appeal based on God's violated law to subdue and to alarm, or any authentic and authoritative message of mercy to reconcile them, as sinners, to the Holy One and the Just.

We have again to apologize to our readers—first, for the detail into which we have entered, at the risk of making our articles uninteresting or unintelligible to persons unacquainted with Mr. Morell's book; and, secondly, for the necessarily imperfect manner in which our limits have compelled us to discuss the several points on which we seem to be at issue with our author. We might have treated the work before us differently, and made it the occasion of general disquisition on the philosophical and religious tendencies of the age; and for such disquisition it is

suggestive of many pregnant thoughts. But we have considered it more our duty to follow Mr. Morell step by step, and meet, as best we could, his arguments and statements in their order.

It is a humbler task we have thus assigned to ourselves, but more needful, at least in the first instance; nor are we ashamed to confess, that we are more at home in attempting to bring this new philosophy to the test of the common-sense reasoning we are accustomed to in our own British schools of Logic and Divinity, than if we were to speculate on the relations in which it may stand to the higher transcendentalisms of another soil and climate. For this reason, also, having respect to our own ignorance and incompetency, and dreading the dizzy heights where plain, practical thinkers are apt to lose their self-possession in the rare atmosphere of mystic generalization, we are anxious, before we close, to fasten down the discussion, so far as we are concerned, to certain definite, categorical, matter-of-fact issues, such as a jury of intelligent British readers may intelligently try. We are the more desirous of this, because we know not how far we may have laid ourselves open, in some of our remarks, to the criticism of that higher science, with which our acquaintance is very superficial and second-hand. We have a kind of suspicion or fear, that it might be possible to divert and draw off our available force in skirmishes about debatable outfields, in which, unskilled as we are to thread the thickets and tread the swamps of the vast Germanic forest, our feet might be hopelessly entangled. Hence we would seek to concentrate our strength upon a few positions in regard to which we feel that we have firmer footing.

The positions, however, let it be observed, are not such as to be at all affected by anything peculiar in the higher regions that we shun. For we altogether deny that Mr. Morell's philosophy in the least degree touches—either as to the state of the question, or as to the way of arguing it—any one of the great fundamental topics which the ordinary defenders of religion, natural and revealed, have hitherto considered themselves bound to dispose of. There is, no doubt, an air of originality, and a certain somewhat ostentatious display of fresh theories and modes of thought. But, after all, we believe it will be found on a perusal of the work, that there is really nothing in it very new in this respect; nothing that may not fairly be classed under one or other of the many varied phases which mental and metaphysical science is from time to time assuming in the philosophic schools. We are deeply persuaded, indeed, that no peculiar system regarding the constitution of the human mind,—the analysis of its faculties, and its laws of intuition, intellect, and emotion,—will ever have any material bearing on the momentous practical questions of morality and religion, which it concerns man as an

accountable and immortal being to have settled ; and of this, at least, we are sure, that Mr. Morell has made out no claim to be exempted from the necessity of a fair discussion of these questions on their own proper merits, and according to their own appropriate kinds of evidence. He is not entitled to envelop them in the mist of any subtle, psychological speculation, as if he would summarily sweep them all up into one aerial chariot that may waft them far aloft into a region of dim sublimity. We insist upon his coming down to deal with these questions in a more pedestrian style, taking them up in detail, and meeting them fairly in the face, with the proofs severally belonging to them. For they are questions far too vitally interesting to the welfare and the hopes of man, to be got rid of by any side-wind. They must be directly met and answered.

Passing over, then, Mr. Morell's first two chapters—on the Faculties of the Human Mind, and on the distinction between the Logical and Intuitional Consciousness—although we still think that the germ of not a little error may be found lurking, as we have endeavoured to show, in his classification and distribution of the mental powers—we proceed at once to his direct exposition of religion, natural and revealed ; and we challenge attention to the following particulars, in their order, as instances of grave omission, if not of something worse, in this Divine Philosophy.

1. In the department of natural religion, or religion in general, the inquiry into the peculiar essence of which occupies his third chapter, we repeat our demand for some account of the facts and the phenomena of conscience. With Mr. Morell, the essence of religion is a sense of dependence ; with us, it is at least quite as much a sense of duty. God, with him, is the Absolute Being ; with us, he is the Moral Governor. The ideas of law, obligation, demerit, condemnation, require to be explained. They enter into the very heart of natural religion. In fact, man's responsibility is really its sum and substance. Mr. Morell, however, takes no notice whatever of that feature of our moral nature ; the supremacy of conscience in itself, and as attesting the supremacy of a law and a lawgiver, forms no part of his natural theology ; and we complain of this as a great desideratum.

2. Postponing his inquiry, in his fourth chapter, into the Essence of Christianity, and taking up his two chapters on Revelation and Inspiration, we think it clear that he was bound, even in a philosophical point of view, to discuss the subject of the evidence of testimony, human and divine. Without such a discussion, his whole theory is one huge *petitio principii*—a quiet assumption of the very point in dispute. The intuitional and the logical consciousness are not our only sources of knowledge

and guides of thought. Speech and language—information by word of mouth or through signs—belief of what another tells,—these are real phenomena; they deserve consideration: nor can any view of man's nature, as a social and religious being, be complete and comprehensive, that does not contain in it something equivalent to a philosophy of testimony.

3. More particularly, the whole subject of miracles, which Mr. Morell has altogether omitted, must have a place in any comprehensive investigation of the nature of religion, if it is to be at all valid and satisfactory. The two questions of the credibility of miracles themselves, and their significancy as bearing upon the statements of doctrine, or systems of polity, in connexion with which they profess to be wrought, are questions which have always hitherto, in this country, received attention from all philosophic writers on revelation; and Mr. Morell should either have descended into the arena to grapple with them, or condescended to show cause why he did not. How far miracles are capable of proof, and how far they are capable of proving anything above or beyond themselves, are inquiries which we have a right to insist upon having thoroughly prosecuted, before we enter upon the contents of any revelation like that of the Bible, which throughout professes to be mixed up with, and mainly based upon, the evidence and authority of miracles.

4. We are well entitled to insist on having a much more explicit and unequivocal intimation than Mr. Morell has given us of his views on this particular question. Have we, or have we not, in the Scriptures, anywhere and anyhow, an authentic, authoritative revelation of the mind and will of God, in the common and ordinary sense of the term revelation? Has God told us there anything whatever of his manner of dealing with man that we could not otherwise have known, or that no created intelligence could have known without God telling it? Mr. Morell owes it to the Christian community of his country to be perfectly unambiguous upon this point. Apart altogether from the question—how far Divine truth can ever be adequately apprehended otherwise than by the intuitional faculty,—apart also from any question as to the necessity of inward spiritual illumination,—and apart from the farther question, how far and in what sense plenary inspiration is to be ascribed to the whole or any particular part of the Bible,—we have a right to know if he admits any communication to have been made by God to man, conveying information to be received upon the testimony of God, precisely as we receive information upon the testimony of our fellow-men. If he admits this, he ought to enter far more fully than he does into the amount and value of the information so received. If he does not, the Christian public of Britain ought to know it. Nor let Mr.

Morell say here that we wish to run him down by means of the senseless clamour of bigoted religionists. We only wish him to let us know, and to let the world know, what he really means. For our part, we consider the discussion even of the vastly important subject of Inspiration to be, so far as Mr. Morell is concerned, of very minor and subordinate importance. The real question to be discussed with him is—does he allow, or does his philosophy leave any room for his allowing, the reality of any objective revelation at all? Was there ever, on the part of God, an articulate utterance of his will to man? Did he ever commission apostles or prophets to speak in his name? We ask again—what does Mr. Morell make of the giving of the law on Sinai? or of the discourses and doctrinal summaries of Christ, say those, for instance, recorded in the Gospel by John? Nor will it do to evade these questions by reminding us that no statements, whether of fact or of opinion, communicated from without, can of themselves constitute knowledge or belief in the recipient mind—that they must be grasped and moulded by the faculties within—and that, after all, the product is the result of the intuitional or logical consciousness exercised upon these materials. All this may be true, but it is wholly away from the real question. What I say to a friend, whether in the way of discovery or in the way of argument, does not become part of his mental experience or activity, and is not properly his, until it has been subjected to the crucible of his intelligence, and undergone, perhaps, a process of decomposition and reconstruction there. But does it follow that what I say to him has no distinct and substantive existence, apart from his consciousness? My speech to him—or my letter—is a reality; let him make what he can of it. So with respect to God. It is a mere truism, and in the way Mr. Morell uses it, something worse, to reiterate the remark that even if God were to speak to us directly, and face to face, what he says would have to take its shape, and form, and hue, to a large extent, from the laws and faculties of our intellectual nature. Be it so. Let it be granted that in common with every objective communication of whatever sort to man, the utterances of the Divine voice—the messages of God—must in this way become subjective in our consciousness. What is that to the purpose, when the question is as to the actual reality of these utterances as matters of fact, and the authority of these messages as accredited from heaven? Mr. Morell, in short, knows what is ordinarily meant by a Divine Revelation, alike in the theological and in the common language of his country; and without putting a new and refined sense upon the term, he can surely tell us, and he ought to tell us, how far he holds such a revelation to be contained in the Bible.

5. Mr. Morell, we think, even as a philosopher, should have gone deeper into the rationale of the construction of a theology, whether out of the materials of Christian experience, or out of the materials of the Scriptures. His treatment of that part of his subject seems to us most unsatisfactory and unworthy. In particular, we demand of him a far fairer and fuller examination of the real theory that it concerns him to oppose. It is easy, we repeat, to get the better of a man of straw, and show prowess in presence of a wooden soldan. Mr. Morell is thus valiant oftener than once in his volume. Let him do justice to the hypothesis, granting that it were nothing more, on which a biblical theology is founded. Let it be granted that God can speak to men, either directly, or through the minds and mouths and pens of chosen individuals of our race; let it be supposed that he has done so;—and also that he can accredit by suitable and sufficient evidence, and that he has thus accredited the messages he has sanctioned. Let it be farther conceded that we have in the Old and New Testaments the substance of the communications God has made. This is all we ask here; let the degree of fulness and accuracy with which these communications have been handed down to us be left undetermined. We put it to Mr. Morell, upon the view thus assumed, to tell us what else we can do than just sit down and examine the written record, collect and compare whatever passages appear to throw light on one another; and form the best judgment we can, upon a minute examination of particulars, and a careful survey of the whole, as to what God meant us to learn from them concerning himself and his ways, and to receive as true upon his own testimony. And we farther put it to Mr. Morell to tell us what other procedure on our part would be consistent, we say not with a belief that the Scriptures are verbally inspired, but with a belief that they contain any objective revelation from God at all. It is all very well for Mr. Morell to denounce criticism and induction as methods of theology, and to ridicule what he calls a poring over the letter, and so forth. But let him speak plainly, and let us know where we are. Either we have, in the Bible, messages from God, telling us what he does, and what he would have us to do; or we have not. If we have, will Mr. Morell have the kindness to point out any other possible mode of procedure than the very induction he stigmatizes? If we have not, the Bible may give us an insight into what gifted, pious, spiritual men have thought and felt, and we may be the better for that insight, as we are the better for converse with the learned and holy dead whose volumes enrich our shelves. But it is no word of God to us any more. Let us understand clearly if it is to this that Mr. Morell's philosophy would bring us.

6. We complain of it as a great omission, that we have no full and formal discussion of the moral nature and condition of man as a fallen being. We have said enough, perhaps, upon this subject already; and would only add here, that whether it is an objective or a subjective philosophy of religion that is to be constructed, in either view the actual state of humanity ought to be ascertained, as one of the most essential elements or conditions of the process. How is man treated by God? How, under the treatment of God, does he exhibit and unfold himself? These are the two main problems of religion, in its objective and subjective sides respectively. It is in the practical solution of these two problems that man's interest, as a religious being, lies. But it is plain that neither can be satisfactorily solved, without some clear and consistent idea being formed of man's natural state before God. The existence and influence of moral evil, Mr. Morell, of course, admits, though his allusions to it are of the most vague and cursory kind. Something like an impotency in the intuitional faculty as to its power of grasping Divine truth, he recognises as the consequence of man's moral and spiritual derangement. This he expects to find to a large extent remedied, through the inward and outward influences of a subjective process of illumination. But beyond a slight hint or two of this sort, we look in vain for any deep or serious conviction of guilt or corruption, of misery or danger, in the present condition of the human race. Are the affections of the heart disordered? in what respect? and to what extent? Is the carnal mind enmity against God? Or, again, are we, by nature, dead in trespasses and sins? the children of wrath? the objects of Divine displeasure? lying under a Divine sentence of condemnation? exposed to everlasting punishment in the life to come? Mr. Morell may say that these are questions falling within the province of theology proper, rather than of the philosophy of theology. With deference, however, we submit that a survey of the map of human nature, as both experience and Scripture represent it, forms a necessary part of a philosopher's undertaking, when he proposes to sound the depths and scale the heights of that spiritual economy in which man and his Maker meet together; and, at any rate, he surely owes it to the prevalent religion of the most devout of his countrymen—and that portion, too, not the least intelligent and learned—either to set aside the current theological view of the fall, or to find a place for it in his scientific system.

7. Lastly, not to multiply particulars, we crave a more explicit deliverance on the nature of the Christian scheme. Has the Almighty really devised, executed, and revealed a plan of mercy? If so, what is it? Is the Christian dispensation remedial of the

evils entailed by the Fall? If so, in what sense, and to what effect? What does Mr. Morell admit and hold, as to the evil for which provision needs to be made, and as to the nature of the provision made for it? Does he believe in Christ as substituted in the room of all that are to be saved? Does he believe in the necessity of an entire renewal of nature, in subordination to that substitution, and as a necessary condition of voluntary consent to it? Has he any clear ground in all his system for the actual personal reconciliation of offenders to Him whom they have offended? We are quite aware of the distaste with which Mr. Morell may regard these questions, and of the loop-hole he may take advantage of, in the higher generalization into which he would sublimate or evaporate the practical essence of the Gospel. We are aware also of the reply which obviously suggests itself,—that we are seeking to involve a calm and lofty ideal of what may harmonize all hearts, in the comparatively low strife of wrangling controversialists. It really is not so. We are prepared to make large allowances for the effect likely to be produced on a mind like Mr. Morell's by doubtful disputation, and the multiplying of words without knowledge. We are not mere martinets in enforcing every iota of an orthodox creed or an evangelical persuasion. But we must be satisfied on such vital matters as these. Is there really, as a matter of fact, an interposition of God for the rescue of man from ruin? Is that interposition of a mediatorial or vicarious nature? Is the effect of it a reconciliation of the individual sinner to his Maker, exactly similar in kind, though no otherwise comparable, to what takes place when an offender among men comes to terms of peace with the party offended? Is this a reality? And we cannot see how any philosophy of religion, proposed to the acceptance of the people of this country, can be regarded as complete, which does not either set aside that idea by a valid disproof of it, or account for it by a well-weighed and well-considered analogy.

The occurrence of this last word suggests a painful but profitable comparison. We cannot speak of analogy in connexion with religion, without remembering the immortal Butler. We do not indeed consider even his work as complete; but it is on the right foundation, and in the right direction. We cannot say this of Mr. Morell's production; though we hold it to be strictly parallel to that of Butler. In other words, we regard Mr. Morell's *Philosophy of Religion, Natural and Revealed*, as an attempt of the same kind with Butler's *Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed*; insomuch that we cannot count it unfair to originate a comparison or contrast. Such a comparison or contrast we have no intention of prosecuting at present. But we see nothing wrong in appealing to the spirit of nationality

proper to the philosophy, as well as the politics of Britain; so far, at least, as to hint, that we have a fundamental philosophy of religion of our own in the work of Butler: and that, with all his wish to recommend and insinuate another, Mr. Morell has not touched the former.

We confess we would like to see Mr. Morell fairly grappling, first, with the Sermons; and, secondly, with the *Analogy* of Bishop Butler. We would like to see what he makes of the supremacy of conscience, which is the key-stone of the one structure, and of the moral government of God, which is at once the foundation and the head corner-stone of the other. The Bishop treads comparatively a plain and homely footpath. He gathers up the utterances of the common sense and common experience of mankind. He does not soar into the region of the absolute: but he has a firm grasp of the ideas of law, and government, and judgment; or these ideas have a firm grasp of him, which is more than can be said of Mr. Morell.

Not much less than half the volume remains almost untouched, including the chapters on Popular Theology, Fellowship, Certitude, (on which chapter on Certitude we made some remarks in connexion with the subject of Revelation,) the Significancy of the Past, and the Relation between Philosophy and Theology. The first two of these chapters, the Analysis of Popular Theology and Fellowship, may be regarded as Mr. Morell's practical application of the principles he has been unfolding in his discussion of Revelation, Inspiration, and Christian Theology; the former being destructive, the latter constructive; the one pulling down, the other setting up; and both together bringing the Christian community to Mr. Morell's ideal of perfectibility, bare of doctrinal truth, rich in sentimental lore. We cannot criticise these chapters; but we must have a word of parting comment on them.

The essence of the Analysis of Popular Theology lies in the following sentences, which occur at the very beginning of it.—

“First of all, then, let us look to the popular theology of our own age and country *as a whole*. We find existing amongst different communities a system of theoretical doctrine, which defines with considerable precision the truth they regard as valid and Divine respecting the relations which the Almighty sustains to man in his creation, preservation, redemption, and final salvation. This doctrine having been gradually brought into the form of clear and logical statement, now presents the above relations to us, not as though they were spiritual *conceptions*, which are involved in the awakening and illumination of our religious nature, but rather as *facts* which can be presented in their full proportions to the *understanding*.”—Pp. 228, 229.

It is an important admission, we remark by the way, that the

existing theology of our Christian country is what we may call relational; and that the question between that theology and Mr. Morell turns upon this narrow point, namely, whether these "relations which the Almighty sustains to man in his creation, preservation, redemption, and final salvation," are "spiritual *conceptions*, which are involved in the awakenment and illumination of our religious nature,"—or "*facts* which can be presented in their full proportions to the *understanding*." Will Mr. Morell abide by this state of the question? On our part, we demur, of course, to the clause "in their full proportions;" which is quietly a trick of Mr. Morell's, we are sorry to say not uncommon, by means of which he entraps his adversaries unwarily, giving his own view, and professing to give theirs, in a well-poised antithesis, while he slyly insinuates a qualifying phrase that spoils all. Who ever said—except Rationalists and Socinians—that the "*facts*" of Christianity could be "presented in their full proportions to the *understanding*," if by the understanding be meant what Mr. Morell means—the logical reason, the mere power of gathering up inferences and drawing conclusions? We have no hesitation in characterizing the insertion of the words, "in their full proportions," as a *ruse* unworthy of the theme, the occasion, and the author. But we ask again, will he abide by this statement of the question, as fair at least on his side? We, on ours, require nothing more than this explanation—that the "relations" spoken of are "facts presented to the *understanding*" primarily, but of such a character that, to apprehend them "in their full proportions," taxes the intuitional consciousness, the spiritual discernment? Will Mr. Morell consent to join issue upon this adjustment of the lists? Will he accept his own statement of his own side of the alternative? Then, will he explain what he means by the "relations which the Almighty sustains to man" being "spiritual *conceptions* involved in the awakenment and illumination of our religious nature?" The relations of "redemption and final salvation," let it be noted, are placed in the same category in this respect with the relations of "creation and preservation." What can Mr. Morell mean by telling us that the relations of redemption and final salvation are spiritual conceptions involved in the awakenment and illumination of our religious nature? We can see how the relations of creation and preservation may be so, in respect of the original discoveries made of himself by the Creator to the creature. But according to all our ordinary notions of it, Christianity is, as regards man's knowledge of it, an afterthought of the Divine mind, proceeding upon the breach of a previous and prior arrangement for man's happiness, and proposing an arrangement entirely new. And if it be so, what

is that religious nature of ours, in the awakening and illumination of which the relations of redemption and final salvation are involved? Of course, if by illumination we may understand the objective presentation of a new mode of procedure on the part of God, we may be at one with our author; but if by that term he means merely the intensifying of the power of vision, or the intensifying of the light that shows things as they are, or both, and nothing more, we repeat our assertion referring to our former argument, that Mr. Morell's Christianity, after all, is but a republication or revival of the religion of nature.

We might point out many instances of illogical and unfair reasoning, with much vague and wordy pomp of well-sounding phraseology, in this chapter on Popular Theology. Will Mr. Morell explain what he means by such verbiage as this—"revealing to the apostles themselves the Divine conceptions in which their religious vitality was all cradled," (p. 238;) or "the consciousness of redemption through a personal Redeemer," (p. 239;) or our "having in Christ holiness, rectitude, love, mercy, reconciliation, sacrifice, and life from the dead,"—a strange enough medley,—"all embodied in an historical and concrete reality—a reality to which * * * the Christian consciousness of redeemed humanity has ever looked backward as to the embodiment of its highest and purest ideal."—(p. 242.) We humbly profess our entire inability to attach any definite sense to these misty and cloudy collocations of the English tongue. We doubt much if they are consistent with the recognition of the substitution of Christ, as a sacrifice of atonement, in the room and stead of the guilty, and the actual personal negociation of peace, on the part of every soul that has sinned, with the offended law-giver, on the ground of this great propitiation.

Then there is the wretched quibble about the use of the word "facts" in Theology, which we would leave Mr. Morell to settle with the Right Rev. Bishop, who, at least in modern times, has the credit of raising it. Very far, indeed, are we from sympathizing with the outcry made against Dr. Hampden on his presentation to the Episcopal bench; as far as we believe Dr. Hampden himself will be from sympathizing with the use made of his name and cause, rather than his writings, by Mr. Morell. Will the Bishop's Introduction to his recent edition of the Bampton Lectures,—especially with reference to the meaning of the word "fact" in Theology,—modify Mr. Morell's commendation of him? Perhaps not, for it is good to have a Bishop, especially a persecuted Bishop, on one's side. But we pause for a reply.

Will Mr. Morell say what he means by his strange and startling limitation of the term in the phrase "fact of sense," as applied to the death of Christ?—(p. 237.) Is there no other fact than

one of sense? If there be, then where is all his special pleading about the historical facts of Christianity being the primary and only substantial elements of theology? Does he admit that there may be facts that are not "facts of sense?" Then, what are they? Are they facts of testimony?—Human and Divine? Are they such facts as need to be made known from above? Such as that the eternal Father hath from everlasting a co-eternal Son, and that there is in the Divine essence a Spirit breathing life into the creature from the Father and the Son? or that he who was born at Bethlehem, and died on Calvary, sustained a near and intimate relation to God—a relation as near and intimate as that which he sustained to man? or that, when he suffered, it was the Holy One and the Just taking the place of sinners, as guilty under the violated law of God? True, these are not "facts of sense." But why this qualification? I meet John in the street; that is a "fact of sense." He is the son of James, and he came on an errand from James to me. Is this a fact or not? It is certainly not a "fact of sense."

But we are ashamed of such quibbling and word-catching; and we would be equally ashamed of any attempt formally to answer Mr. Morell's *ad captandum* use of the admitted difficulty Christians of different denominations feel in holding to their conviction of the supreme authority of Scripture, and yet fraternizing with those who interpret Scripture differently. To a candid man, the explanation is to be found in the fallibility of human reason, on whatever subject it is exercised, and in the feeling and acknowledgment of that fallibility. Mr. Morell himself admits, as far as individuals are concerned, the fallibility of their intuitions. We admit the fallibility of their logical processes of thought: and hence we deduce an argument for mutual forbearance, in the exercise of brotherly love. But we must tell Mr. Morell that he does ill indeed to dress up plausibly the common Romish or Infidel objection about differences of opinion among Christians, and present it fresh as an argument for there being nothing definite at all set down as being of the essence of Christianity.

Mr. Morell longs for Christian union, and so do we. He despises the attempt to unite men who differ in some things, but agree in other things more important. This, in his view, is a confession they avowedly add their own inventions to what they receive as the truth of God. We deny the fairness of this inference: excepting only on one supposition, that an infallible authority for interpreting Scripture exists, and that they all claim to have that authority. If, on the contrary, they own their own fallibility—all of them—and simply avow a hope that in dealing as fairly as human infirmity will permit with the

Divine Record, they will experience the aid of the Divine Spirit, we submit that they have put themselves in the way of a harmony and agreement in spirit, sentiment, and doctrine, much beyond what Mr. Morell's indefinite idealism will ever produce. For, after all, the number of those who even profess to appeal to Scripture alone as a rule of faith and manners is comparatively small; still smaller those who really do so. But progress may be made towards a common understanding when there is an acknowledged test and touchstone of belief. Mr. Morell sets us all at sea. A common belief with him is out of the question. But if only men will consent not to tell one another what they believe—never to discuss questions of opinion—to abstain from even a whisper, distinct and categorical, as to who Christ really was—what he did, and why he did it on the earth,—to exercise, in short, a prudent intellectual reserve, and lose themselves in the glow and rapture of emotional brotherhood, the millennium of an inarticulate harmony is at hand. But after all, would it be any better than the wolf literally lying down with the kid, and the lion eating straw like the ox? Surely the intelligent race of men demand and deserve, through the goodness and grace of God, a more sensible union of minds, as the condition of a sentimental union of hearts.

ART. II.—*The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life ; with an Appendix containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some Remarks on Stella.* By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., &c. 1849.

THIS book contains a good deal that is new to the public. It corrects some mistakes as to Swift; it adds something to our means of judging of him, and is, on the whole, creditable to the diligence and the intelligence of its distinguished author. Mr. Wilde is the editor of the Dublin Medical Journal, and this volume is an enlargement of a professional essay, published in that useful periodical, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him by Dr. M'Kenzie of Glasgow, as to the character of the disease which clouded so many years of Dean Swift's life, and which exhibited its true character in the extinction of all mental power long before the period of his actual death.

It was impossible for Mr. Wilde to examine the case of Swift as a mere medical question, without his being led to look into forgotten pamphlets and old repositories of the thousand trifles which the interest about a great man led fanciful people to preserve. From these sources he has revived some old recollections of Stella, and others connected with Swift, and has been fortunate enough to recover what we are inclined to think a genuine portrait of that lady, which is engraved for his volume. He has been also fortunate enough to find an old almanack with verses in Swift's hand-writing bound up within the same cover, and has, in this way, added a few poems of no great merit, and of doubtful authenticity, to the mass of Swift's works already too large—for each successive editor has increased the bulk of what he was bringing before the public, by every trifle, which, whether written by Swift or by any of his acquaintances, could by any pretence be connected with his name. The book, however, is of great value. An obscure disease which clouded with mystery much of Swift's life, which, while men forbore to call it insanity, perplexed every one of his friends with strange misgivings, and suggested to himself, with painful distinctness, its inevitable termination, is here traced with great distinctness, chiefly from such records as Swift's own letters afford. The inferences from the statements made by him, from time to time, through a period of full fifty years, are compared with those which an examination of his mortal remains, strangely exposed to observation a century after his death, suggested to competent observers. The chief value of Mr. Wilde's book is as a medical tract, but it incidentally illustrates some of the topics of Swift's domestic life which have been the subject of dispute; and this is of the more moment, as Scott's

Life of Swift, an exceedingly entertaining volume, is framed on the principle of combining into one narrative all that had been told of Swift by witnesses, many of whom were far from being quite faithful. It is really a curious thing to observe how accidentally mistakes arise. How the ambiguous language of one biographer being misunderstood by the next, the whole colour of the narrative becomes insensibly changed. In Swift's case, there is really little that can be depended on in the statements of any of his biographers which is not directly affirmed in his own letters.

Of his early life, nothing whatever is known, except what he has himself told. Every addition to his record is demonstrably false; and every statement of his own, susceptible of confirmation from external evidence, has been abundantly confirmed. Swift's stern and uncompromising veracity has been tested in every conceivable way. The vanity of his own relatives, anxious to be supposed capable of adding something to what the public already knew of a great man, has been rebuked by accidental circumstances, disproving all that they stated about the Dean. Mr. Deane Swift's* book is for the most part worthless. Lord Orrery's Biography of Swift, a book not without some interesting matter, is chiefly valuable as showing the sort of calumnies that prevailed during the latter years of Swift's life, and which were all reproduced in this weak and mischievous work. The book has all the appearance of having been dictated by malevolent feeling; and as its author had for a while a doubtful intimacy with Swift, it is probable that resentment for real or imaginary slights was not unconnected with the tone of depreciation manifested throughout. Lord Orrery was anxious to come before the public in the character of an author. Without any original powers, his only course was translation or criticism. He translated Pliny's Epistles, but Melmoth distanced him there. He then remembered that there was no life of Swift, and he set about supplying the want. His acquaintance with Swift, which was the chief excuse for selecting this subject, had, however, been formed at a time when Swift was scarce himself—when his temper was soured with disappointment and utter hopelessness, and when his bodily and mental health was already greatly impaired. In fact, Lord Orrery had nothing to tell of Swift from his own knowledge; and to make a book, there was no way open to him except to heap together whatever he could collect of hearsay among the few who then remembered "the Dean." The peculiar relation of Swift to the late ministry of Queen Anne, and the part he had afterwards taken in Irish politics, had made him the

* *Deane Swift* was a cousin of Jonathan's. He was a son of his uncle Godwin's, one of whose four wives was co-heiress of Admiral *Deane* the regicide.

object of hatred and suspicion to the party who, when Lord Orrery wrote, possessed the whole power and patronage of the State. The libels published against him had thus a life more enduring than such things ordinarily have. All those were embodied in Lord Orrery's work. The work became very generally circulated, and was the text-book from which everything calculated to lower the Dean's character has been derived. Lord Orrery's book was answered, and, for the most part, shown to be utterly unworthy of credit, by Delany, a surviving friend of Swift; but Delany's "Observations," we are told by Sheridan, had but little circulation. Delany's answer was followed by another from Deane Swift. Then came a formal life by Hawkesworth; and then, Johnson's. We are obliged to mention these successive publications, as each materially influenced the more modern Lives of Swift, and as every one of them originated errors which we hope to remove.

Johnson's, published in his *Lives of the Poets*, opens with an assertion which we must notice, as it is calculated to affect our whole estimate of Swift:—

"Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667. According to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman."

Swift was wholly incapable of the deception and falsehood which this narrative implies. Of himself, as of others similarly circumstanced, he was in the habit of speaking as of an Englishman accidentally born in Ireland; and as both his parents were English, and as no one of his progenitors was Irish, there does not seem anything unreasonable in his stating the fact as it was. The account, which states his birth to have been in Dublin, is in his own handwriting, and is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. Of the authenticity of that document, and of the truth of that statement, there can be no doubt. The passage Johnson quotes from Spence, no doubt exists in Spence's *Anecdotes*; but Spence made the mistake of confusing what Swift said of his grandfather, as if it had been said of his father. His grandfather, who was born in Leicester, was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire, and this Pope perfectly knew, as is proved by his amusing verses on Swift's putting up a monument to him, and presenting a cup to the church at Goodrich. On a pencilled elevation of the proposed monument, which Swift sent to Mrs. Howard, Pope wrote the following lines, which are preserved

with an endorsement in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery :"—

JONATHAN SWIFT
 Had the gift
 By fatheridge, motheridge,
 And by brotheridge,
 To come from Gutheridge ;
 But now is spoiled clean,
 And an Irish Dean ;
 In this church he has put
 A stone of two foot,
 With a cup and a can, sir,
 In respect to his *grandsire*, &c.

In a letter from Pope to Swift, the former telling a story of an Irishman to Swift, calls the hero of the tale Swift's countryman. In a letter from Swift to Pope, (July 1737,) we have the following passage, which exhibits the sense which Swift gave to the word, if at any time he called himself an Englishman, and which negatives Johnson's ungenerous and unwarranted inference—"Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentlemen of this kingdom"—he is writing from Dublin—"and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom ;) but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred ; and they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners." In a letter from Pope, speaking of Rundle, then sent over as a bishop to Ireland, we find him saying to Swift—"He will be an honour to the bishops, * * * but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor to your unfriended and unbenefited nation." In the dedication of the *Dunciad*, where Pope brought together whatever was likely to please Swift, he does not shrink from calling Ireland his country :

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind, &c.

In the fourth *Drapier's* letter, Swift speaks of Molyneux as "an

English gentleman born here," *i. e.*, in Ireland. Swift's feeling was, that no right of an Englishman ought to have been lost by location or by birth in Ireland. This thought, and this alone, was what he expressed in very natural and very forcible language. The mistake of his meaning, for it does not appear to have been misrepresentation, has given a false colouring to every part of Johnson's narrative.

The first three years of Swift's life were past in England. His nurse, an Englishwoman, had some temptation to return to her own country, and she took the child with her. "At five years old he could read any chapter of the Bible; at six he was sent to school to Kilkenny in Ireland, and at fourteen was admitted into the University of Dublin, where, by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so much discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies, for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry, so that, when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told," we are transcribing his own statement, "stands upon record in their college registry."*

The mark still exists. Swift entered college in April 1682, and became one of a class which had for the most part entered in the October or November previous. As far as we can ascertain there was at this period but little attention paid to classics in the course of education at Dublin University. It was ascertained by an examination at entrance, that the pupil had read some prescribed books in Latin and Greek. The temptation of a scholarship in the third year of his course, which was the reward of proficiency in classics, was the sole inducement to make him continue this study, while all the permanent honours and emoluments which the college could bestow were given to what was then called Arts. For a period of four years education was conducted by prelections on Aristotelic logic, and in physics and ethics Aristotle was also the text-book. The college statutes did not allow any deviation from the course, and even the books to be used by the lecturer in instructing his pupils were rigorously fixed by statute. It was only in the reign of George the Third that an inconvenience felt almost since the foundation of the College was remedied, and power given to the governing part of the body, in conjunction with the visitors, to

* *Anecdotes of the Family of Swift by Dr. Swift.* The original manuscript is lodged in the University of Dublin.

make such changes in the course of study as circumstances might require. Swift was a boy of fourteen. At his school not one word of science had been taught. The Irish schools never invaded the proper province of the university. He found himself in a class that for six months before had been exercised in the subtleties of a formal system altogether new to him. There is reason, too, to think that Swift's talents were of slow development. It is scarce possible to imagine circumstances in which less was likely to be learned. His tutor's attention would, in the circumstances, be given to the more advanced pupils, and it cannot surprise us if the neglected boy was satisfied with formal attendance, and lived in a world of his own thoughts and dreams. At that time the test of proficiency afforded by quarterly examinations of the students did not exist, and the logical disputations for an academic degree, which have become a mere form, were then a serious thing. Swift's failure seems to have been regarded by him with deep humiliation; and though it did not lead him to leave college for three years afterwards, it probably was among his motives for taking his higher degrees at Oxford. Some confusion has arisen in examining Swift's early career, from the fact of a cousin of his of the same surname having entered college on the same day with him, and the college entries respecting the two being so made as to render it impossible in all cases to determine to whom they refer. His biographer, Deane Swift, has built a strange story out of the way in which Swift's degree was given. He says that Swift himself told him that the words were misunderstood at Oxford; and that the introduction of them into the testimonial given by Dublin College, was regarded by the Oxford men as a proof of the high regard with which Swift was honoured in his parent university. The *testimonium* has been since produced. It contains no such words, nor are such ever inserted in a document of the kind. This disposes of Mr. Deane Swift as a witness, and, in disposing of him, a good deal of biographical rubbish is cleared away.

Swift's support at school and in college was derived from an uncle, Godwin Swift. Godwin Swift, the first of the family that came to Ireland, was connected through one of his four wives with the Ormond family, and the Duke made him his attorney-general of the Palatinate of Tipperary. "Godwin," says Swift, "was an ill pleader, but perhaps dextrous in the subtle parts of the law." In the manuscript from which these words are taken, is an interlineation before the word "dextrous" of the emphatic words "*a little too.*" Swift did not think of his uncle Godwin with love. There is no trace, we believe, of any kindly intimacy between the family of the successful barrister and the retired student. Swift's was a nature not unlikely to fancy neglect,

and to resent it. There can be no doubt that at all times self-will and caprice were among the original elements of his character, and that from the first he was ambitious. The appearance of wealth, and the reality of some of the comforts of such an establishment as his uncle's, must have now and then met the eye of the meditative boy, who little thought with what real sacrifice this expenditure was maintained, and how even the pittance apportioned for his own maintenance and instruction in college pressed on the resources of a generous and improvident man, whose very occupation in the management of the business of others was not unlikely to be accompanied with inattention to his own; at all events the close of Godwin's career exhibited that he had not money either for himself or others. His mental faculties gave way. The cause, or perhaps the consequence of mental disease, was his giving ear to some speculative projectors, who proposed to realize a fortune by making the worst iron in the kingdom. His latter years were spent in a state of mental imbecility not unlike that which oppressed the close of Swift's own life. Between the Swifts and the family of Sir William Temple there had been some kindness—we believe also some obscure family connexion. Godwin Swift was the intimate friend of Temple, who held a high office in the Court of Chancery in Ireland. The mother of Jonathan Swift was related, or claimed to be related, to Temple's wife. The cousin of Jonathan, who entered Dublin College on the same day with him, had made his way to Temple's, and was already chaplain there, when Jonathan, now twenty-one years of age—too young to be ordained, and looking round for means of support—after a short visit to his mother in Leicestershire, came with some recommendations to Temple, by whom he seems to have been at once employed, probably as secretary, if that word does not express a relation more confidential than was at first established between them. It is probable that the statement given by Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, is substantially true, that Swift was paid a salary of twenty pounds a-year as his amanuensis. This is stated by Temple in language studiously offensive, and manifestly coloured by that dislike of Swift which actuated all the members of the Temple family. In fact, the regard exhibited by Sir William Temple to Swift, to whom he left his manuscripts, seems to have been resented by the family. The language of solemn courtesy, in which a distinction of rank seems to have been implied even in the ordinary intercourse between equals, gives more colour to Mr. Temple's statement than the facts themselves would perhaps strictly warrant. Swift's first residence with Temple was at Sheen, and there he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, a child of six years old, the daughter of a person who was employed

as housekeeper, or in some such capacity, by Lady Gifford, the sister of Temple. This child was destined to be known in after days, by all who knew anything of Swift, as the *Stella* of his writings. She was a general favourite, and seems to have been domesticated with Lady Gifford and Mr. Temple as a companion to a young relative of theirs of her own age, and was educated by the same masters. Intimacy, friendship, affection, any feeling but the *passion* which is called love, is likely to have grown up between Swift, who conducted parts of her education, and his young pupil.

While with Temple, Swift first felt what Mr. Wilde regards as the commencement of the cerebral disease, which only terminated with life. Swift thought it but a disease arising from indigestion. Writing to Mrs. Howard, he says, "About two hours before you were born, I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and being old acquaintances, have now thought fit to come together." Hawkesworth, and other biographers of Swift, have said that this surfeit of fruit occurred in Ireland; Scott, that it was stone-fruit. The companion of Temple was not unlikely to have enjoyed the luxury of fruits; for nowhere do we find such descriptions of all that could be brought to perfection in England as in Sir William's essay on gardening; and we almost think that a recollection of his account of his apricots and peaches, and yet more of his cherries, and the delight with which he dwells on them, might have led Scott into a mistake, for which we do not think he has any authority. The time of Swift's first illness was in 1690. In the *Life of Temple*, prefixed to his works,* we find that about this period Sir William used to wait on King William at Richmond and Windsor; and it was no doubt in Swift's attendance on him on one of these occasions that the illness occurred. Had Sir William's secretary read the essay to which we allude, written some five years before, or had he heard Sir William conversing on the subject, he would have been not disinclined to the use of ripe fruit, even as a part of medicinal treatment of such ailments as he complained of. "I can say for myself at least," says the old gentleman, "and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September; and for all sickness of the stomach (from which others are judged to proceed) I do not think any that are like me, the most subject to them, shall complain whenever they

* Edition of 1814.

eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. After Michaelmas, apples; which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic." In the same essay, we find the following passage:—"I need say nothing of apples, being so well known among us; but the best of our climate, and I believe of all others, is *the golden pippin*." It is said that the cause to which Swift referred his illness is not adequate to account for its effects. Mr. Mason's language is—"I apprehend such causes are quite insufficient to produce such permanent effects. Swift, perhaps, experienced then, for the first time, the symptoms of an hereditary disease, and probably mistook that for the cause which was truly the consequence." Mr. Wilde who, however, differs from Mason as to the cause and the nature of the disease, says—"From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms, and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) cerebral congestion, set in and exhibited itself in well marked periodic attacks, which year after year increased in intensity and duration."

It is plain that, in spite of Temple's gout, and what his sister calls "spleen,"—a favourite medical fiend of the day—in spite too of Swift's impatient spirit, little likely to endure from Temple's relatives the slights which his position left him without the power of effectually repelling, and which from the tone and temper of resentment in which they at all times speak of Swift, they plainly had not generosity or sufficient sense of justice to forbear—a strong feeling of kindness was growing up between Temple and Swift. A short visit to Ireland was made by Swift for the sake of health; but he soon returned. In some two years afterwards, on being offered a place in the Rolls in Ireland by Temple, he told him of his wish to enter the Church, and that this offer of £120 a year, in a different way of life, satisfied him that his going into the Church arose from other motives than the mere desire of obtaining a livelihood. He went to Ireland—was ordained—obtained a small living. He had, however, become necessary to Temple's existence; and in 1695, returned to Moorpark, where he resided till Sir William's death in January 1698, or—as we write—1699.

The business of the future biographer of Swift will be very much that of blotting out some of the pleasant stories told without anything of sufficient authority. Sheridan, and after him Scott, have given an account of Swift's resigning his first preferment when he was meditating a return to Temple's. "His resolution," says Sir Walter, "appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman,

with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own, rode to Dublin, resigned the prebend of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend." The great novelist proceeds to tell of the surprise and delight of the old clergyman—nay, begins to deal in the picturesque. "The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary." Ah, Sir Walter! these stories of romantic clergymen, and benevolent chief governors, thus disposing of livings, were as little true in Swift's day as in our own. The clergyman, in favour of whom Swift resigned, could scarcely have been so old and so venerable a curate as the story would give us to imagine; for we find him corresponding with Swift full thirty-five years afterwards. He was not indigent, for he had an estate in lands in the county of Antrim, and was connected with some of the leading people there. It so happens, too, that there is a record of the births of his children, the oldest of whom was not born for a year after the date of this pathetic story. Swift's successor in the prebend of Kilroot was the Rev. John Winder; and the facts we have stated, we find in Mr. Mason's Cathedral Antiquities of St. Patrick's.

During Swift's earlier residence with Temple, he had formed a personal acquaintance with King William. William offered to make him Captain of Horse, showed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion, and how to eat it too, of which Scott tells a good story. Alderman George Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, dining one day in company with Dr. Leland the historian, the conversation turned on Swift. Faulkner told of having once dined with Swift. Asparagus was one of the dishes. The Dean helped his guest, who called shortly to be helped a second time. "Sir, first finish what is on your plate." "What, sir, eat my stalks." "Aye, sir; King William always ate the stalks!" "And, Mr. Faulkner," rejoined the historian, (who was himself remarkably proud and very pompous,) "what, were you blockhead enough to obey him?" "Yes, Doctor; and if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-à-tête*, faith you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too!" William, it would seem, gave Swift hopes of church preferment; as in a letter to his uncle, William Swift, he writes, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

On Temple's death Swift employed himself in editing Sir William's works. They were dutifully dedicated to the King; but with Temple's life, Swift's chances of any promotion through that interest were at an end, and Swift returned to Ireland as chaplain to Lord Berkely, one of the Lords-Justices of Ireland. In some short time we find him holding church preferments to the amount of nearly £300 a-year, and residing at Laracor, where it is probable that the happiest years of his life were past. Swift had scarcely been settled at Laracor when he prevailed "on Esther Johnson (Stella) and another lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten *per cent.* in Ireland, and all the necessaries of life at half the price." "The adventure," says Swift, "looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal, which however soon blew off by her excellent conduct." In a letter from one of Swift's relatives, he asks an acquaintance, "whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moorpark to Dublin, (as they would have marched to the north or anywhere else,) with full resolution to engage him?" There can be no doubt that there was some want of wisdom in Swift's invitation to these ladies. It gave rise to much idle gossip, in spite of Swift's precautions to guard against injury to the character of either of the ladies. During his frequent absences in London they resided at the glebe; on the eve of his return, they retired to their own lodgings in the neighbouring town. Swift never saw either of them except in the presence of a third person. The world will not allow people to be happy in their own way; and Swift and his female friends had to pass through the same ordeal that in an after generation tortured Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. The people of the place did not understand it—Swift was to marry her—then he had married her—then he would marry her but for some mystery connected with their birth, which precluded the possibility of marriage—then the fact of marriage had taken place, but on the very day of the marriage came a mysterious revelation, whispered in the ear by Archbishop King, believed by Dr. Delany and some other old women, and now preached on the housetop by Dr. Wilde. The strange communication that Stella and Swift were actually brother and sister, both being children of Sir William Temple, was, it would seem, made to them by Mrs. Dingley, (the lady who had accompanied Stella from England,) immediately after their marriage. Such is the strange story ingeniously enough put together from some half-dozen absurd reports, every one of them capable, even at this distance of time, of ab-

solute disproof; but there being a predetermination to make a romance out of this Swift and Stella story—the mock marriage and all its mysterious incidents were got up in the style adapted to the readers of a century ago. In Swift's relations with the ladies, we think there was throughout great absurdity, and with all his knowledge of the world, much ignorance of the true character and dispositions of the female mind. There are on record against him four love stories; and a letter of his with respect to the first, gives, we think, the key to all. So early as the year 1692, his mother feared or fancied that some marriage engagements existed between him and a young Leicestershire woman, and the report was the subject of a letter from Swift to one of his friends. He says—"The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the University, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, and even then, itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world.

* * * There is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought, insomuch that these seven weeks I have been here, (*i.e.*, at Temple's, *Moorpark*,) I have writ and burnt, and writ again, on all manner of subjects, more perhaps than any man in England. I have been told in Ireland, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I did not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me busy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved just the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs." The gaiety, then, and liveliness of his manners—the cheerful excitement which distinguished the lonely student, when accident threw him out of the reserved and stately circle of the Temples, or removed him from his books into the company of any lively young woman, was construed by village gossips into love, and Swift, like any one who is fool enough to listen to such chatter, was given away in marriage to at least one Leicestershire belle. Little did the villagers know the spirit with which they had to deal; little did they know how their very talk was breaking the charm which perhaps it was endeavouring to fasten and bind more close on this most affectionate and generous of human hearts, but one that of all things was most sure to resent any effort to constrain its freedom. The report was poison to Swift's mind. "Though the people," he adds, "is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all

parts that I ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman further than a bare acquaintance." We can easily see from this how little likely any of those ladies who took a fancy to marrying Swift were to effect their purpose by bringing the opinion of others to bear upon his mind in a matter of this kind. The Leicestershire lady marries an innkeeper, and her children appear on the stage claiming and receiving kindnesses from Swift. The next of these ladies whom the preservation of Swift's letters introduces to our notice, was Miss Waryng. In the year 1696 there is a letter from Swift of the most ardent love—an earnest, almost irresistible proposal of marriage—at least it seems strange how it could be resisted. Resisted, however, it was till 1700, when Swift, whose proposal was made while he still was with Sir William Temple, but who had now become Vicar of Larcor, and had some other church preferment, found the lady very anxious to learn what he was about. There is certainly a marked difference in the tone of the letter answering what may be called the lady's proposal, from that in which his own was conveyed some four years before. Without suggesting that, in an interval of four years, other objects might have interrupted any thought of Jane Waryng—for thus the second letter is addressed—the first was to *Varina*, a more romantic sound; without saying, that about two years before Jane's inquisitorial letter, we find Swift mentioning letters to a certain *Eliza*—perhaps his Leicestershire love—perhaps an intermediate flame—certainly not *Jane* Waryng herself, as Mr. Mason, with less than his usual shrewdness, conjectures—we do think that a proposal such as Swift's, refused or treated slightly by a young lady, might have tried the temper of a man less likely to be offended than Swift; and in the second letter, we cannot read any other purpose than that of exhibiting truly the cold and stern realities of life to a young woman who was trifling with her own peace of mind and his. "Are you," he says to her, "in a condition to manage domestic affairs with an income of less (perhaps) than £300 a-year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in these methods I shall direct you, to the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable, when we are neither visiting nor visited? * * * I singled you out at first from the rest of women, and I expect not to be used like a common lover." Is this language consistent with any thing but sincerity of purpose?

It would be tedious to transcribe more of the letter ; but, making some allowance for the character of the man who wrote, we cannot but think the woman an absolute fool who could be offended by such a letter ; but such all her conduct with regard to Swift proves her to have been.

It must be remembered, when we think of the relation of friendship which Swift sought to establish between himself and the English ladies whom he had imported to the neighbourhood of his vicarage, that his only sister had, by a very strange and imprudent marriage, disturbed all his plans of life. When Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley came to his neighbourhood, we think that a rash experiment was made of trying how far a permanent friendship could go on between persons of different sexes—excluding the thought of love. The relation contemplated by the parties was of fraternal affection ; and, considering the entire circumstances of all, especially the great difference of years between Swift and Stella, and his having known and loved her as an elder brother from her early childhood, we believe that passion was not at first awakened at all—that the thought of their probable marriage was first suggested by third persons ; and how such suggestion of third persons was likely to affect Swift's mind, after the event of the Leicestershire amour, our readers will be able to judge. At any rate, the nature of Swift's affection was soon tested. A friend of his, Mr. Tisdal, proposed for Stella. Swift, regarded as the guardian of Stella, was consulted ; and his letter approving of the match is preserved. Stella—from whatever cause, and causes are suggested quite adequate, and altogether unconnected with Swift—refused Tisdal ; and Tisdal everywhere circulated the report that he was rejected because Swift wanted to marry her.

While the ladies were thinking too much of Swift, he was thinking too little of the ladies. He was busy in Cabinets and Courts. He was thinking of changes of ministry, and his whole heart was in his task. Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a Tory. He himself, in all probability, was right when he said he was a Whig in State politics—a Tory in Church matters. In joining Harley's administration, there can be but little doubt that his first strong motive was resentment against the former ministry, by whom he regarded himself as neglected. The love of mischief, we think, too, mingled with the feeling ; and the exultation which accompanies every exertion of power made him seize every opportunity which public affairs presented of bringing his peculiar talents into play. They were glorious days, when, in the full exuberance of fun, "The Tale of a Tub"—Swift's first work—forced unwilling smiles from the gravest churchmen. With Johnson, we agree in thinking it incomparably his best

work. Nothing that he afterwards wrote flowed forth with such absolute freedom and fulness of power;—the satire, coarse and vehement throughout, was throughout effective. The Church was actually offended at being so saved from dangers that were far from imaginary; and we fancy that to this indecorous defence, and the scandal it occasioned, we owe the passage in *Gulliver's Travels* where Gulliver is banished from court for his bold and unpremeditated mode of extinguishing a conflagration which threatened to destroy the capital of Lilliput. Whatever service was done by this romance, which almost equals Rabelais in humour as well as in other points of character, it in all probability lost Swift a bishopric. Johnson thought the book too good for him. Warton, following Johnson's track, says that Swift nowhere acknowledged or claimed it. Johnson never seriously expressed an opinion that it was not Swift's, though something of the kind no doubt was said by him in comparing it with those works of Swift that were more purely political. Here imagination was vigorously at work, and it would almost seem for the mere indulgence of its own capricious pleasure. Warton is wrong in saying that Swift did not claim this work. His letters to his bookseller remain, directing corrections for a new edition, and expressing extreme annoyance at the impertinence of a cousin of his, who affected to have had some share in the work. A remarkable coincidence has been pointed out by Professor Porson between a passage in *Gulliver's Travels* and one in *The Tale of a Tub*, which would be enough to fix the authorship of both, as he observes, on the same person. *Gulliver's Travels*—"On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that, on the left side, the king's smiths conveyed *fourscore and eleven* chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with *six-and-thirty* padlocks." Compare with this, *Tale of a Tub*—Introduction—"Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I writ under three reigns, and for the service of *thirty-six* factions." Whatever these numbers may mean, however arbitrarily or accidentally they may have first occurred, the repetition could not have been accidental, and may have been designed, like a private mark, to enable Swift to prove his property in either work, should he ever be disposed to throw off the mask, and claim them as his own. Swift had never shaped to his own imagination a home in any proper sense of the word. From his wretched college-rooms he had passed to Temple's, where all the appearance of wealth existed—where every incident calculated to awaken ambition was presented to his mind. His residence at Laracor was interrupted by frequent visits to

London, by his feeling his importance to political parties. Through his letters, and especially in his letters to the ladies at Laracor, there are frequent sighs for repose—there are frequent expressions of indifference to the pursuits in which he is engaged; but every page exhibits feverish and restless ambition. There are one or two passages in which he speaks of at last perhaps obtaining a competence, one at least in which he contemplates such provision for himself as chiefly valuable for the sake of the ladies to whom he is writing; for the letters, though now called the *Journal to Stella*, were addressed to her and to Mrs. Dingley jointly; yet the feeling throughout is that of an affectionate brother rather than a lover, and now and then it is that of a condescending master, enacting good-natured equality of manner with the show and reality of courtesy to persons admittedly inferior in rank and station. There was in his letters much fondness, rather as indulging a mood of his own mind, however, than from any great consideration of the objects; and there was in these communications to his womankind at Laracor a total absence of reserve, as there was a total absence of respect. The ladies to whom he each day wrote of the manner in which he actually bullied Harley and Bolingbroke he had remembered as servants at Sheen and Moorpark. They, too, had seen Swift, and the "pain" he was compelled to endure "when," to use his own words, "Sir William Temple used to look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a thousand reasons." There was at this time, and indeed throughout life, in Swift's mind, a galling sense of social inferiority of condition; and he thought to vindicate his proper place in society by overbearing and intolerable manners. Of this there are a hundred instances; and it was something to Swift to have auditors, such as Stella and Mrs. Dingley, who would be not unlikely to sympathize with him in the tone of feeling which dictated such strange conduct—conduct in which we cannot but see—be it disguised and dignified with what names men please—the commencement of insanity. We think Swift's was essentially the mind and spirit of an independent man; but we think the necessity which he felt of for ever *acting* independence, lest it should be denied, or a contrary feeling imputed, for ever placed him in a false position. "I called," he says, "at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech—told him I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was better: and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning Sir William Temple); that I expected every great Minister,

who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, and that they might use me accordingly." This was *acting* dignity. We speak not of the feeling, in which Swift was probably right, but of the way in which it was exhibited,—in which Swift was so assuredly wrong, that a true account of such an interview could scarcely have been communicated to any persons but people in precisely the position of Swift's female correspondents. We do not think there is any very distinct evidence that Stella anticipated marriage with Swift; though, of course, if such an intention be ascribed to the parties to this correspondence, it will colour the whole of it, and thus one mistake give rise to a hundred.

Whatever the relation was that subsisted between Swift and Stella, it was not such as prevented him from forming other acquaintances of the fair sex. There are in his correspondence several exceedingly graceful letters from him to many ladies of high rank, which show him playing like a moth round the flame which yet he took care not to approach too near; and from them, too, there are letters enough to show "how high he stood in the estimation of those by whom it is almost every man's ambition to be distinguished." Among his acquaintances was the widow of a Dutch merchant, who had made money in Ireland in William's days, and laid it out in the purchase of forfeited estates there. This business of dealing in estates which other men continued to think their own, notwithstanding any title that a successful revolution gave, has never been attended with as comfortable an enjoyment of rents and revenues as ought to be wished for the sake of the peace of society; and the Van Homrighs, with the name of considerable property, appear to have been, during their first intimacy with Swift, in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. We think it not easy to read the letters between Swift and the eldest of the daughters of Mrs. Van Homrigh without believing that, in this case, the Dean's heart was seriously affected; there can be no doubt the lady's was. From the time of his intimacy with the Van Homrighs the journal to Stella assumes a different tone, and becomes a mere diary, in which the class of playful topics which he at first dwelt on are no longer subjects of his thought; the "little language," as he called the playful style in which he at first wrote, no longer engages or amuses us. Many of the letters read like so many paragraphs from his history of the four last years of

Queen Anne. Meanwhile the love affair with Vanessa—so he chose to call Hesther Van Homrigh—thrived apace. The adventure lasted him full twenty years or more. Mother, and brother, and sister died; and the young lady was alone in the world, and came over to Ireland to war with doctors and proctors, and all the devilry of the Ecclesiastical Courts; and when this was done, to undergo all the torment of continued litigation in the courts of common law. Poor Miss Van Homrigh! the single acknowledged comfort to which she could look was the hope of a visit from the Dean; but the Dean feared the scandal of Dublin, and provoked the scandal which he feared by the character of mystery which he gave to his visits. “If you write to me,” he says, “let some other direct it; and I beg you will write nothing that is particular, but what may be seen: letters may be opened, and inconveniences may happen. If you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees.” When Swift went to Laracor, after his installation as Dean, he writes to Vanessa:—“At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me; but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness.” A year after, when the quarrels between Bolingbroke and Harley drove Swift from Court, his first letter from Letcombe is to her. Her delight at the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, though it would seem it contained much calculated to repress her hopes of bringing the amorous Dean to the actual point of matrimony, was unbounded. He promised her, in one of his letters, a second poem; and it is a thousand pities that it was not worked out. In a letter of a later date, when Vanessa was actually fixed on her estate at Celbridge, he writes to her—“God send you through your law and your reference; and remember that riches are nine parts of ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right.” * * *

“The best maxim I know in life is, to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot, to be easy without it.” In a letter, July 5, 1721, he says—“Soyez assurée, que jamais personne du monde a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami que vous. I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if I may myself be the judge.” We suspect that in this business of the coffee, more is meant than at first appears. There is throughout this correspondence with Vanessa an effort to give a character of coldness to parts of each letter, as if there was a fear of the letters falling into other hands. We suspect,

too, that to this fear we owe it that the strongest expression of passion on Swift's part is expressed in French. Swift had suggested to Vanessa, in one of the letters, to use something of a cipher; and, we suspect, the whole meaning of the letters is not to be seen on the surface. In the letter which we have last quoted is another passage about coffee, in which it is just possible that Vanessa's conscience suggested a meaning that did not enter into the Dean's thoughts: "Without health, you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee, and become so low as to have no *spirits*."

It is impossible to read these letters and not think that Vanessa was quite justified in thinking she had won this ardent admirer. Still the word marriage was not mentioned. Is it not probable that, as has been suggested by some of his biographers, Swift was conscious of hereditary disease which he feared to transmit? To us it is quite beyond the range of our powers of belief to imagine, that at the time Swift wrote these letters, he had actually been married to Stella; and it must be remembered that these letters were not in the hands of the biographers, who, one after another, have spoken of the marriage. A scene of great violence is stated to have occurred, when Swift rode to Celbridge, and threw upon Vanessa's table a letter containing one from herself to Stella. Of this story, there is no proof whatever; and if such a letter had existed, there is no reason why it should not have been preserved with the rest which have been published from a transcript made from a copy preserved by one of her executors. It is intimated by Mr. Mason in his "History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's," that more of these letters exist between Swift and Vanessa than came to Sir Walter Scott's hands. If so, they would furnish an interesting addition to any future impression of Mr. Wilde's book.

Our business through this article has been, to our great regret, destroying romance after romance; we shrink from a communication which yet must be made, which may account for the occasional warmth of some of Vanessa's letters—nay, perhaps, justify, in the opinion of some of our readers, the coldness which came over the heart of the Dean. There is a passage in Crabbe's Tales of the Hall, in which the Old Bachelor tells the stories of his own Varinas, Stellas, Vanessas, and Celias—and the casualties which saved him from marriage. All danger appeared to be over; he had come to a grave time of life; had done with novel-reading, and given himself to the study of serious romance; he meets—

A thin, tall, upright, serious, slender maid,
Who in her own romantic regions strayed,

* * * * *

Kind were the lady's looks, her eyes were bright,
 And swam methought in exquisite delight.
 A lovely red suffused the virgin cheek,
 And spoke more plainly than the tongue can speak;
 Plainly all seemed to promise love and joy,
 Nor feared we aught that might our bliss destroy.

* * * * *

What demon in his spite
 To love and man could my frail mind excite,
 And lead me curious on against all sense of right?
 There met my eye, unclosed, a closet door.

* * * * *

I went, I saw—shall I describe the hoard
 Of precious worth in sealed deposits stored
 Of sparkling hues? Enough, enough, is told,
 'Tis not for man such mysteries to unfold.
 Thus far I dare, whene'er those orbits swam
 In that blue liquid that restrained their flame,
 As showers the sunbeams, when the crimson glow
 Of the red rose o'erspread those cheeks of snow;
 I saw, but not the cause—'twas not the red
 Of transient blush that o'er her cheek was spread;
 'Twas not the lighter red that partly streaks
 The Katherine pear that brightened o'er her cheeks,
 Nor scarlet blush of shame—but such disclose
 The velvet petals of the Austrian rose
 When first unfolded, warm the glowing hue,
 Nor cold as rouge, but deepening on the view.
 Such were those cheeks—the causes unexplored,
 Were now detected in that secret hoard.

In Hawkesworth's *Life of Swift*, we find him quoting the authority of Delany, and in his words telling us, that Vanessa "like Ariadne devoted herself to Bacchus." Whether from this cause, or from excessive love, she got fever and died. Her will was made in a sober interval,—she left her property to Mr. Marshal, an Irish judge, a relative of hers, and to Bishop Berkeley. Swift's name did not occur in it. It is said, that she directed her executors on her deathbed, to publish the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and the correspondence between her and Swift. The poem was printed to Swift's great annoyance. Berkeley saw no good in printing the letters, and destroyed the originals. Marshal the other executor preserved a copy.

We do not believe that Swift was married to Stella, or contemplated marriage with her at any time. The period assigned for his marriage, is the year 1716. They are said to have been married in the garden of the deanery, by St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Mr. Monck Berkeley states, that St. George Ashe communicated the fact to Bishop Berkeley—from whose

widow he, Monck Berkeley, heard it. "The Bishop of Clogher," says Mr. Mason, "never could have had any communication with Berkeley upon the subject, for the former died in the year 1717, and the latter was at that time in Italy, where he had resided for several previous years." But Dr. Madden it seems, told the same story to Dr. Johnson. That such a story was in circulation, there can be no doubt. How far Madden's having told it to Johnson adds to the probability of its being true, must depend on Madden's own opportunities of information, of which we are told nothing; judging of Madden by some well-meant pamphlets of his on Irish affairs, we should regard him as an insufficient witness even of things coming within his own observation, which this could not; Johnson twice mentions the marriage in his *Life of Swift*. "Poor Stella," he says, "as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a Clergyman to prepare her for death." Scott in narrating the circumstance has translated this into,— "Dr. Madden told the story (of the marriage) to Dr. Johnson, upon the authority of Dr. Sheridan, to whom Stella unfolded the secret shortly before her death." Scott, as Mr. Mason observed, unconsciously adds to Johnson's statement, that Sheridan had told Madden, what Madden repeated to him. The only link that could make Madden's statement approach the character of evidence, is wanting.

On this part of Swift's history, we think Mr. Mason's examination of the evidence as to the supposed marriage between Swift and Stella, absolutely decisive, and it is really very curious that at such a distance of time, there should be the means of disproving such a story. Monck Berkeley's proof is dissipated at once, by shewing the impossibility of a communication between Ashe and Bishop Berkeley. Sir Walter tells us, "immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his relict) being pressed to give an account of this strange union, said that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, 'you have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question.'" Mason's diligence disposes of this story altogether. The ceremony is stated to have been in the year 1716. Swift was absent from Dublin, as the Chapter books of St. Patrick's Cathedral prove, till the July of that year—before that month therefore the cere-

mony could not have occurred, and the Archbishop (as appears from Swift's correspondence) was in England from June 1716 to May of the following year. As to the story of the relationship of brother and sister, between Swift and Stella, it is only necessary to say, that "Swift's parents resided in Ireland, from before 1665, until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April 1666 till January 1668." We think, when a report of Swift's marriage was once circulated, that the mystery attached to it was likely to prevent an idle story from dying away. The reader, too, should consider that the story which we now examine is not that which was first circulated, but a revised and corrected edition, gradually stripped of circumstances, too improbable to be now stated, but which were not unlikely to have given the story its first credit and circulation. Miss Van Homrigh was, according to the first reports, the mistress of the Dean, and Stella, if not his wife, yet the mother of "a boy, that dined at the deanery on Sundays, and was permitted to amuse himself in the deanery yard, and that he died soon after Stella." This was Mr. Monck Berkeley's story, "on the authority of Richard Brennan, the servant in whose arms Swift breathed his last." The readers of Scott's *Life of Swift*, or of Sheridan's, who theorizes in the same way with Scott on the causes why Swift did not marry, will see that gradually the story which all these old women—the Delanics, the Monck Berkeleys, and their reliefs—are evoked for the purpose of vouching, has, like the chameleon when dragged into light, actually changed colour.

Our own conviction is, that Swift was never married. Our impression is, that disappointment at his sister's marriage led him to favour the kind of establishment which Stella and Mrs. Dingley formed in his neighbourhood. We almost think Stella's verses to Swift, at a late period of her life, are inconsistent with her having any thoughts of the kind; and that such jealousy as she might entertain of the Dean's at any time marrying, if such existed, would not be very unlike the misgiving with which a sister or a niece would be likely to think of a step which, under any circumstances, must be accompanied with very doubtful results as to happiness, and which must, to a certain extent, disturb all previous relations. If Swift ever contemplated marriage, as far as either Stella or Vanessa was concerned, we think Vanessa was plainly his object.

There is a letter of Swift's to Martha Blount, in which he invites her to accompany Pope to Ireland, which, though written after Stella's death, suggests the kind of relation in which Swift had contemplated living with her. "Since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr.

Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland; he at the Deanery, and you, for reputation's sake, just at next door; and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings—a thing you could never expect to arrive at—and every year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have Catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor."

It is a grievous thing that Swift did not marry. But till a very late period of his life, Swift was too poor to venture on the expenses, which, to a man of his conventional rank, as Dean of St. Patrick's, must have been the unavoidable consequence. He received the deanery burthened with a debt of not less than a thousand pounds. A conviction that his miserable state of health arose from hereditary disease, may have been the real cause, why a man, who was very fond of female society, shrank from this union, when pecuniary difficulties no longer formed an obstacle. Nothing can be more miserable than the account of his cheerless days. Open his letters anywhere, and you find the same melancholy aspect of things. He becomes *inhuman*, because he has in truth no *home*. He writes to Pope in 1715,—“I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare,) I eat a mutton pye, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.*” Pope had said in one of his letters—“My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished.” Listen to Swift's reply:—“They to whom I would give the first places in my friendship are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least, and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them.

* * * I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence.” In another

letter, he says—"The chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it." And again—"Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it if I could with safety."

On one occasion when he left Pope's house without explanation, we have a letter from Dublin:—"Two sick friends never did well together. Such an office is fitted for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite different if you were with me. You could refuse to see anybody; and here is a large house, where we need not bear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy, and would sleep." In another letter to Pope, he says—"I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges. I mean a middle kind, with the understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once I go with them, and whom I can tell without offence I am otherwise engaged at present." Again—"I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom. * * * What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management." Again, "My frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within, or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well; but on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out."* There is a letter to Bolingbroke, (March 21, 1729,) written in a splenetic

* Letter to Pope, March, 1729,

fit, from which we can scarcely make extracts which will not mislead, so much depends on the entire context. He contrasts his old hopes and occupations in the days of Bolingbroke's power with his present employments. "The company here growing tasteless; I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt." His temper, his genius, his unrivalled talents, were in his Irish politics, but scarcely his heart. "I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of a better game. * * * I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. * * * I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knave, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment. But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get a better before I was called into the best, and *not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.*" The last letter from which we shall make any extract, was written long after the death of Vanessa and Stella, and when with increasing infirmities he was falling into the hands of the mean and fraudulent people, who never for a moment succeeded in deceiving him; whose frauds and meannesses he struggled against with absolute rage, but to which he at last was compelled to yield himself a helpless, though not unresisting victim. The letter is to Pope:—"I have nobody now left but you. Pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain. * * * My state of health is not to boast of. My giddiness is more or less constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was, which I can prove by arithmetic—for then I was double their age, which now I am not."

We have avoided any discussion on the subject of Swift's political life. It is not suggested in any way by the volume which we have undertaken to notice, and it would lead us farther than the most patient reader would be inclined to follow. It will be enough for us to say, that inasmuch as we think Swift viewed

with narrow bigotry everything connected with the Church of England, this very fact establishes his political honesty in his support of Harley and Bolingbroke's Administration. In his Irish politics, we cannot but think the rabid fierceness with which he pursued his antagonists in the battle against Wood and his halfpence in every form of persecution, was symptomatic of mental disease.

Some of his biographers describe Swift as suffering from epileptic fits. Of this there is no evidence. One or two passages in his letters are consistent with this; but as he for ever speaks of fits of giddiness, he probably means nothing more in any case. From the extracts which Mr. Wilde gives from his letters, we incline to think—and this we believe is Mr. Wilde's inference—that early in life he had a slight paralytic attack. Wilde tells us, that “several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms similar to his own;—Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, suffered from what is popularly termed, “a fulness of blood to the head.” This singular circumstance it is to which we owe Swift's giving such minute accounts of his infirmities to so many of his friends. He says in a letter, to which we have mislaid our reference, that Lady Kerry and he had become quite friends by conning over their common ailments; and in another, (*Journal to Stella*, 7th Sept. 1711,) “Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper him in that only. I dare not tell him I am so too, for fear that he should think I counterfeited to make my court.” A strange form of flattery!—yet Swift knew the human mind and its weaknesses, and was probably right.

Immediately after Swift's death the head was opened, and much water was found in the brain. Subsequently to the *post mortem* examination, a plaster mask was taken from his face; and from this a bust was made, which is now in the Museum of Dublin University. This bust is engraved for Mr. Wilde's book. He thinks it the best likeness of Swift during the last years of his life.

In 1835, some repairs of St. Patrick's Cathedral rendered it necessary to expose several coffins, and amongst others, those of Swift and Stella. The identity of Swift's skull was established beyond all doubt, and an examination of it with the bust in the College Museum, proved the bust to be that of Swift, of which some doubt had been entertained. The skull exhibited where the saw had passed after death; and, in the bust, “a deep indentation, running nearly parallel with the brow, shows where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull

found in Swift's coffin in 1835, proving incontestably the identity of both." The phrenologists and pathologists had the opportunity of discussing the subject each in his own way. There was so much appearance of diseased action during life in the membranes of the frontal region of the brain, as almost to prove the existence of insanity, which yet some of Swift's biographers would affirm to have never, in any proper sense of the word, existed; and such change of the original structure of the outer parts of the skull as to prevent any fair inference being drawn for or against the craniologists, though the organ of *wit* was found deficient, and amativeness, to their discomfiture, was in excess. The value of this investigation, we think, is confined to its decisive effect in authenticating the bust, which is now for the first time engraved. Scott mentions this bust, and says—but that is a mistake—that it was engraved for Dr. Barrett's *Essay on Swift's Early Life*.

Of Stella, Mr. Wilde has given us a portrait, engraved from one preserved in the house which, in Swift's time, had belonged to the Fords—his and Stella's fast friends—and which portrait, there seems distinct evidence, has been ever since regarded as that of Stella. "The hair," says Mr. Wilde, "is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf, and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached, and she wears a white and red rose." Mr. Wilde is a believer in the marriage of Swift and Stella. It is said by Swift's biographers, that Stella, in making her will, left her property to a public charity, instead of giving it to Swift, and that this was the dictate of impatient feeling, at finding year pass after year without his acknowledging their marriage. Mr. Wilde quotes a letter of Swift's written two years before Stella's death, which shows that this disposition of Stella's property was by Swift's wish; and in Stella's will, as well as his own, is a clause altering the disposition of the property in the event of Church of England Episcopacy ceasing to be the Established religion of the kingdom. Stella's will is in her own name—Esther Johnson; we believe she had no other. Her property was given to found a chaplaincy in Stevens's Hospital; and contains a provision that the chaplain shall be unmarried, and vacate on marriage. This, Mr. Mason thinks inconsistent with her having at the time any feeling of such a grievous injury as Swift's conduct would have been inflicting on her, if the romance which has almost passed ineffaceably into the lives of Swift had any foundation in truth. Mr. Wilde gives us the inscription over Stella's last resting-place in the Cathedral. By

her will, she had directed that a decent monument of plain white marble might be fixed in the wall, not exceeding the value of twenty pounds. He tells us, following some former critic, that the praise is not "from the pen of any skilful eulogist;" perhaps not; but Scott thought it must have been written by the Dean himself. After her name is given, she is said to have been "better known by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral." "This," said Sir Walter, when reading it in the Cathedral, "the Dean might say; any one else would have said more."* "The precise date of the erection has not been ascertained," says Mr. Wilde, "but it does not appear to have been during the Dean's lifetime." In a volume of travels through Ireland, published in 1778, the author mentions the inscriptional tablet to Stella "as lately erected." Indeed, we think Scott was scarcely right in thinking the Dean would have written the word "celebrated." "From the contiguity of the tombs," says Wilde, "it looks as if the Dean had long arranged the place of their burial." There is little doubt that in directing the precise place where his body was to be deposited, he was influenced by this thought; but it was one that did not exist in any great strength in his mind, for he not only, long after Stella's death, wished his remains to be taken to England, but when he gave up that thought, requested that his body should be deposited "in any dry part of the Cathedral." The spot where he was ultimately to rest does not therefore seem to have been so distinct an object with him as is represented. In the same nave with the tablets to himself and Stella, is one erected by him to a faithful servant.

The early habits of Swift's life, and his actual poverty when living in the highest society in England, had forced on him an attention to money matters that approached to actual penury. Such care, however, was in his case a virtue, for on that condition alone could he have secured independence for himself, or the means of assisting others; and in the periods of his own narrowest circumstances, his charities were actually munificent. When he was in power with the dispensers of patronage, and those dispensers of patronage were Queen Anne's last ministry, the Tory complaint against Swift was, that he never came to them without a Whig in his sleeve. Every author whom he knew was sure of his zealous exertions in his favour, without any reference to politics. Of this his journal gives numberless proofs. Here are two days of his life, for instance:—

"Feb. 12, 1712-13.—I dined with our Society: the greatest dinner I have ever seen. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected,

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow ; and the Lord Treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the Queen's secretary, that lately came from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night ; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the Treasury, to be paid him to-morrow ; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation in his lungs ; but I hope will do well.

" 13.—I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I went to see how he did, and he is extremely ill ; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother attends him, and he wants nothing.

" 14.—I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door ; my mind misgave me, I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before."

Of exertions such as this there are unnumbered instances in Swift's letters. We believe he never lost an opportunity of serving one whom he regarded as a friend.

We have been, in the course of this Article, compelled to exhibit the mistakes which arise from mere accident—a phrase misunderstood in one writer, misleading the next writer, and a story thus created which, examined, has nothing whatever to rest on. There is a very brilliant passage from an early work of Mr. Croker's, "*The State of Ireland, Past and Present*,"* which is quoted in Scott's *Life of Swift*, and which not only for its own great beauty, but to correct an accidental misprint, which has been copied into Mr. Mason's work inadvertently, we shall quote. The author is speaking of Ireland at the period of Swift's Irish political struggle :—"On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry ; her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared ; above suspicion, he was trusted ; above envy, he was beloved ; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future ; he first taught Ireland that she might *become a nation*, and *England that she might cease to be a despot*." The words in italics are omitted accidentally in Scott, and the mistake is continued in

* Published in 1810.

Mason ; and thus Swift's panegyrist is made to say that Swift "first taught Ireland that she might cease to be a despot."

The circumstances under which Swift obtained his Dublin degree are said to have soured his temper with respect to the Irish University. This does not appear to be the case. His most intimate friends—while his infirmities permitted him to enjoy society—were Fellows of Dublin College. It is impossible to read his letters without feeling that he regarded the College itself with kindness. He wished, indeed, that the new Professorships of Royal foundation should be open to others than the Fellows of Dublin College, and, especially considering the restrictions which then prevented the Fellows from marrying, we have little doubt that he was right. In writing to Lord Carteret, he says, that the rule he wishes adopted is that followed in Oxford and Cambridge—that which the College wished, was one "that only tended"—such is Swift's argument—"to mend Fellowships and spoil Professorships." He, however, expresses a wish, that "any person whose education has been in this University should be preferred before another of equal deservings."

At no time after the break-up of the Bolingbroke and Oxford ministry had Swift any voice in questions of Church patronage. Still there are proofs of his doing all he could to promote the interests of the best men in the Irish Church, as, for instance, Berkely and Stopford. His appointments in his Cathedral are mentioned with high praise ; and he appears to have resisted all solicitation which would interfere with the proper exercise of his duties in this respect. Lady Carteret, the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, on one occasion sought the appointment as Vicar-Coral for some person in whom she felt an interest. His reply was an honest one, though marked with his own caustic humour. "Upon my conscience, Madam, if you applied to me for a Deanery or a Bishopric, and it were in my power to give it, you should have it in an instant ; because these are preferments where merit is no way concerned. But in this, Madam, my conscience and my credit interpose : for this man's merit is to be brought to the test every day ; and how must I appear, either to my own conscience or to the eye of the world, if I prefer undeserving persons to such stations ! I know nothing of music, Madam. I would not give a farthing for all the music in the universe. For my own part, I would rather say my prayers without it ; but, as long as it is thought by the skilful to contribute to the dignity of the public worship, by the blessing of God, it shall never be disgraced by me, nor I hope by any of my successors, as long as this poor oppressed Church of Ireland lasts, which I think (as things go) cannot be long."

Swift's economical habits were of use both to the Deanery and to his successors. Better habits of business were introduced; and the funds of the Cathedral were both increased, by Swift's exacting larger rents, and were distributed in strict accordance with their original destination. The evidence before us satisfies us that, in the application of these funds, which had been before lavishly wasted, or diverted from their proper objects, Swift did good, which has lasted even to our own days. On the subject of his dealings with tenants, we are far from sure that he deserves the praises given him. In all these cases of rents paid to great corporations, the persons acting for a public body think that, in the management of landed property, all that they have to do is to extort the largest amount of money whether by rent or by fine, from the farmer. The truth is, that there are duties connected with property of the kind which bodies of the kind are unable to perform, and accordingly, with scarcely an exception, the tenants on such lands are in a most miserable condition, and the lands themselves almost everywhere neglected.

There is no very good edition of Swift. Scott's is no doubt the best, but it is carelessly printed; and the precise dates of the first publication, and many of the political tracts, are in many instances not given, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, are in many instances incorrectly given. The original edition of *Gulliver's Travels* differed materially in many passages from those that followed in rapid succession. No one has carefully collated them, or, at all events, no one has published the result of such a collation; and the readers of Walpole and Lord Hervey will be able to judge how very probable it is that such parts of the work as were intended to give a satirical description of the Court of George the Second, are likely to be rendered more intelligible by examining the changes which Swift made in the successive editions. Of *Gulliver's Travels*, the best edition is Dr. Taylor's;* and his notes are of great value in explaining much that would otherwise be obscure. Still, without a collation of the earlier editions with the present, any edition must be imperfect.

Stories resting absolutely on no authority whatever, and Swift's hatred of all affectation, have given to him something of the character of irreverence and buffoonery in his ministrations as a clergyman. Nothing could be in more entire contrast with all his habits than the slightest irreverence. It was not alone a regard for the decencies of his position, but a sincere feeling of piety that would have repressed the slightest tendency to

* London: Hayward and Moore.

levity on such occasions. We dwell on this, because this feature of Swift's mind has been misunderstood by good men. For instance, in Wilberforce's "Diary," we find the following entry :—"Looked into Swift's letters—what a thoroughly irreligious mind—no trace of Sunday to be found in his journals or his letters to his most intimate friends." That there is some ground for Wilberforce's surprise at a correspondence extending over so many years, making so few allusions to the Sunday, is natural enough—indeed we scarce remember it, except mentioned as his dinner day with Harley ; but had Wilberforce remembered Hawkesworth's account of Swift in this particular, he probably would not have spoken with such severity.

"An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking particular of Swift's character ; but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice, for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy, he dreaded the imputation of it ; and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence as others conceal those vices which custom has not made reputable. His constant attendance at church, when he was at the Deanery, he knew would be considered as the duty of his station ; but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion he always took care to hide. When he went to church in London, it was early in the morning ; so that, although he was constantly at prayers and at the sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church ; and when he went to prayers in his family, the servants assembled at the appointed hour, as it were by stealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call except the striking of the clock ; so that Dr. Delany was for six months in his family before he suspected him of this unfashionable practice."

When it is remembered, that through Swift's whole course a mysterious disease interrupted all the enjoyments and all the business of life, and more or less affected his mental health—when it is remembered that the good which he did rests on no doubtful or erring testimony, but even yet exists in the benevolent institutions which he founded—when it is remembered that the capricious cruelty imputed to him in domestic life, so far from being proved, is really irreconcilable with all the known facts of the case—we think our readers will concur with us in the feeling long ago expressed by Pope :—"My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory were I to live an hundred lives, as many of his works will live, which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit—all require as good and true a taste to be equally valued."

ART. III.—*Restauration des Sciences Philosophiques. Introduction à l'Etude de la Philosophie.* Par VINCENT GIOBERTI. In 3 vols. Paris.

GIOBERTI is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men of the present age. He has been characterized by le Comte César Balbo, one of his colleagues at Turin, as “un des premiers philosophes de la Chrétienté,” and by the Bishop of Asti, as “un des véritables sages de tous les temps.” No one who has read his writings, and traced his career in life, can fail to connect his history with the religious and social developments which are still in progress in Europe; or to acknowledge that, whether regard be had to personal, or philosophical, or religious, or political considerations, his name is invested with a peculiar interest. A thoughtful intellectual man, working under the fetters of a system powerful enough to subjugate him practically to its sway, but not sufficiently strong to repress altogether the more generous and liberal aspirations of his nature, must be an object of interest at any era, and in any circumstances; but more especially when he is called to act at one time in obscurity and exile, under the depressing influence of neglect and poverty, and at another in affluence and honour, flushed with enthusiastic hope, and cheered by unwonted, and perhaps temporary, popularity. Such has been the chequered history of GIOBERTI: and if we advert, in the first instance, to the incidents of his eventful life, it is for the purpose of illustrating, and placing clearly before our readers, the practical operation of those principles which he avows in his writings, and which afford, we think, a very sufficient, if not altogether a satisfactory account, of the course of procedure which he has pursued in connexion with the stirring events with which his name is now indissolubly associated in the history of Europe.

GIOBERTI was born in Piedmont about the commencement of the present century; in 1831, he was chaplain to the King at the Sardinian Court, and Theological Professor in the University at Turin; in 1833, political causes which have not been fully explained, occasioned his exile from his native country, without, however, subjecting his conduct to any process of judicial investigation, or himself to any criminal sentence; he remained for a time at Paris, and afterwards retired to Brussels, where for twelve years he exercised the humble duties of a public teacher in a Seminary, while he enjoyed what was to him the invaluable privilege of access to libraries, and was enabled to prosecute with zeal his literary researches; he was afterwards permitted, and

even invited to return to his native country ; but, strong as his attachment was to the land of his birth, he declined to revisit it, in the then existing state of Italy ; his health, however, began to fail, and he found it necessary to retire from Brussels, and to repair to Paris, but by this time, he had by his writings obtained extensive celebrity in France, and Belgium, and even in Italy : and an arrangement was made, alike honourable to him, and creditable to the parties who spontaneously suggested it, whereby forty admirers of his genius, including ecclesiastics, physicians, magistrates, notaries, barristers, and men of business, agreed to make him an annual allowance, sufficient to enable him to prosecute his studies without distraction, and to prepare his literary labours for the press. It was chiefly during his exile that he produced the works to which we shall have occasion to refer in the sequel of this Article ; but meanwhile, although the time has not arrived when any one could offer, with any well grounded confidence, either a detailed account of the events of his personal history, or a consistent explanation of the course of his public conduct, it may not be uninteresting in itself, and may, in some respects, subserve the practical object which we have in view, if we extract from contemporary journals, some of the more prominent incidents which have occurred in his chequered career, and which are now, more or less, mixed up with the great, the appalling events which have been passing before our eyes on the great theatre of Europe during the past unparalleled year.

GIOBERTI was living as an exile in Paris when the events of February 1848 gave a new impulse to the whole mind of Europe. He had written and published his sentiments, which were known far and wide before these events occurred. His passionate love for Italy, and its political independence ; his professed, and we believe sincere though mistaken, zeal for Catholicism ; his fearless opposition to infidel liberalism, and his equally dauntless opposition to monkish and jesuitical influence ; his personal character, his political leanings, and his literary reputation, all conspired to attract towards him the thoughts and affections of those who, moved by the stirring events of France, began at length to hope for what many had long eagerly desired, the civil liberation of Italy, while they had as yet no very distinct or definite conceptions of the kind of liberty which alone could secure the prosperity of their beautiful but unfortunate country. Accordingly, we find the following announcements occurring in rapid succession in the journals of the day ; announcements which may seem to be almost incredible, (were it not that they relate to a revolutionary crisis,) since they describe the rapid ascent of a recluse and depressed student, living in exile and poverty, to a position of all but regal power in his own coun-

try; and which may also seem to be somewhat contradictory, since they describe the popularity and applause with which he was welcomed, and, at the same time, exhibit the sad reverse, were it not again that they relate to fluctuations of popular sentiment which, at such a crisis, may occur as rapidly and unexpectedly as the events which gave them birth.

*May 6, 1848.**—The elections commenced on the 26th ult. in Piedmont. Among the deputies nominated at Turin, are the President of the Council, Cæsar Balbo, and the celebrated Vincent Gioberti, one of the principal chiefs of the party who desire to unite Italy. GIOBERTI set out on the 24th from Paris, where he was an exile, and was brilliantly received at Turin.

July 29.—When the Chamber at Turin was engaged in discussing the law relative to religious corporations, the clause expelling the Jesuits occasioned some slight opposition; but an ecclesiastic, deputy from Coni, ascended the tribune, and in a most eloquent and energetic speech, pronounced a panegyric on GIOBERTI, and held up the Jesuits and their votaries to public execration. The feeling against this Society appears universal throughout Italy. A decree was afterwards pronounced (6th September) by the Sardinian Government, banishing the Jesuits from the kingdom.

Sept. 6.—The inhabitants of Turin are signing a proposition of GIOBERTI, to centre the dictatorial power in the hands of three persons possessing the confidence of the people.

Oct. 18.—At the first sitting of the Federal Congress at Turin, Andrea Romeo, VINCENT GIOBERTI, and Terenzio Mamiani, were elected Presidents amidst enthusiastic applause. Perez of Palermo and Lucien Buonaparte were chosen Vice-presidents.

Oct. 21.—Incited by the patriots, at the head of whom is GIOBERTI, the Sardinian Cabinet has taken a decisive step towards the French Government, by declaring that if the negotiations relative to the Anglo-French mediation were not sufficiently advanced to lead to an expectation of an immediate and satisfactory result, Sardinia would resume the offensive against Austria. Lord Palmerston and M. Bastide intimate in consequence that they retire from the mediation.

Nov. 24.—The Pope quits Rome.

Dec. 13.—The members of the Sardinian Cabinet having resigned, the King summoned Count Lisio to form a new Ministry. Count Lisio is said to have refused, and to have added, that as his Majesty could not dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, under

* These notices have been extracted from the *Daily News*, the *Witness*, and other Journals of the date prefixed to each.

the existing grave circumstances, he must necessarily appoint GIOBERTI *President of the Council*, with power to choose a Ministry. The 'Concordia' of Turin, of the 6th instant, states, that a second popular demonstration had been made on that day. The mob, preceded by a tricolor flag, marched to the residence of M. GIOBERTI, and by the honours they rendered him, they appeared to salute him as the future *President of the Republic*.

Jan. 6, 1849.—The project of mediation may be regarded as abandoned. Austria only accepted the Congress on compulsion. The programme of GIOBERTI has served her for a pretext. GIOBERTI has said, that Sardinia would not discontinue her preparations for war. Austria has affected to see in this a kind of declaration of war.

Jan. 27.—An Envoy having been sent from Rome to Gaeta, and having been received by the Pope, but only in his private character, the Pope is said to have threatened, in the course of conversation, to recall his Ambassador from Turin, on account of a suspicion that the Sardinian Cabinet was in relations with the Roman Government.

Feb. 10.—The Club de la Rocca of Turin having charged a deputation to demand of the Ministry a prompt and full adhesion to the Italian Constituent, M. GIOBERTI is said to have replied, that so long as he should be Minister, Piedmont should not send Deputies to the Constituent at Rome.

Feb. 21.—In the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin on the 10th inst., the Minister, GIOBERTI, declared that he rejected as Utopian all the plans of those who desired to create a Unitarian and Republican Italy. A Republic would be only a hot-bed of divisions and dissensions in Italy, disunited during so many ages. His administration desired a strong and popular Monarchy; complete independence of the kingdom of Italy; a Federal Constituency; and a Diet representing all the States of the Peninsula,

March 17.—A fleet was reported to have sailed, and to have anchored off Civita Vecchia, with some thousand men on board, all eager to do battle in the Pope's behalf. It disappeared, and no more was heard of it. But an army was marched from Turin on the same pious errand; it turned out, however, that GIOBERTI had omitted to acquaint either his colleagues or the King, his master, with the fact of his having despatched such an expedition. He had planned an agreeable surprise, doubtless, for Charles Albert and his Cabinet, and hoped to be able to inform them some morning, without their having the least notion that he had an affair of such consequence in hands, that the Pope was once more seated in the Vatican; and that the affairs of Italy, which threatened to defy solution, and to bring so many

disasters in their train, were all amicably arranged. But the very best intentions sometimes miscarry ; and the result of GIOBERTI'S plan surprised no one so much as himself. He did *not* restore the Pope to power ; but he succeeded in precipitating himself from office.

March 17.—Concerning GIOBERTI :—three months—three little months—and the Hotel d'Angleterre conceived itself so honoured by having him for an inmate—passing as was the glory of his visit—that it placed a guard of honour, in compliment to him, at its door. The next street, catching “ the soft infection,” was delighted to change its name, in consequence of its proximity, from Via Borgognona (which conveyed no other recollection to the passer by than that of an atrocious murder, committed in it some few years ago, by a woman of her husband, with the assistance of a priest) to VIA GIOBERTI. But, alas for the mutability of human things ! already is the name erased,—covered with an ominous veil of black paint, and in its place is written, “ GIOBERTI, *il Traditore d'Italia.*”

March 31.—The success of the Austrian arms was followed by the abdication and flight of Charles Albert, who resigned the Crown in favour of the Duke of Savoy. And, on the 29th March the latter, under the title of Victor Emmanuel, appointed Gioberti to the office of Secretary of State, without Portfolio, but holding, *pro tempore*, those of Public Works and Instruction.

April 7.—GIOBERTI was commissioned to go to Paris. It is announced that the object of M. GIOBERTI'S mission to Paris is to obtain the consent of the French Government to the intervention of the new King of Sardinia in Tuscany !

May 2.—The French squadron anchored at Civita Vecchia on the 26th ult., and disembarked on the following day. “ It is affirmed to me by some of his friends, that M. GIOBERTI has been so far successful in his mission at Paris as to obtain, that the French expedition to the Roman States will take a prominent and active part in the settlement of the affairs of Central Italy, and will certainly advance to Bologna and Ferrara, and so be in a condition to menace the rear of the Austrian army, in case hostilities should commence in the course of the many complex questions which the situation of Lombardy, Piedmont, the Duchies of Parma, &c., of the Roman States, and of Venice, may create.

“ The French squadron has arrived on the Italian coast, and taken possession of Civita Vecchia. *The real object of the expedition is still to some degree involved in mystery.* The force is a formidable one, and is about to be supplemented by additional corps. There can be no doubt that the equivocal movements of the Austrians, and the hard terms they are imposing in Pied-

mont, have at least as much to do with this expedition as the re-erection of the Papal Government at Rome. But, if the report be true, the greatest obstacle in the way of the return of the Pope to the Eternal City is the Pope himself. He will consent to be reinstated, it is said, only on condition that he shall enjoy his full absolute power. And though France is willing to restore him as a Spiritual Ruler, she is not yet prepared to restore him as a Temporal Sovereign. *Perhaps she may yet consent to go even this length."*

May 9.—De Launery is said to have resigned. GIOBERTI has been applied to, to accept of the Presidency of the Council; but the King is said to be personally opposed to him.

These notices, brief and cursory as they are, exhibit, better perhaps than a more elaborate description, a graphic picture of the career of this extraordinary man. He is first introduced to our notice as an exile, devoted to solitary study, and supporting himself by public teaching, while he is slowly but surely laying the foundation of a wide-spread celebrity. The scene changes; and the exile is recalled. The recluse student is summoned by the irresistible voice of patriotism to take his share in the labours and perils of the great struggle for liberty, and is welcomed with enthusiastic plaudits by the populace, while he secures the countenance and support of his lawful Sovereign. Again the scene changes; and within a few short months, the idol of the people is denounced as a traitor, and deprived of office, while his Prince, defeated and heart-broken, abdicates his sovereignty, and betakes himself to flight. But still GIOBERTI re-appears on the scene; he is recalled to the councils of the son and successor of Charles Albert. We obtain a glimpse of him; or at least we see his shadow, as he passes from Turin to Paris; and soon after the French squadron leaves Toulon and anchors on the coast of Italy. His influence survives even after the ebullition of popular resentment, and the temporary loss of office; and perhaps at this hour the question which agitates the whole of Europe respecting the future fate of Rome and the settlement of Italy, may be determined in a great measure by the councils and plans which GIOBERTI suggested to the Government of France.

In such circumstances, it may not be uninteresting to consider the questions that are naturally suggested by these incidents in his personal history: First, what estimate we should form of his character as a patriot and friend of liberty; and secondly, what expectation we should cherish as to the probable tendency and issue of his counsels in regard to the future fate of the Pope. These questions can only be satisfactorily answered by referring to his recorded opinions—opinions published long before the occurrence of the startling events to which we have referred, and

avowed with fearless intrepidity at a time when there was little prospect of any other reward for their author than a continued exile, and general opposition on the part both of liberals and bigots. It is not unlikely that the events to which we have referred may be quoted as evidence against him, as if he were not sincere or not trustworthy; seeing that, in apparent opposition to all his liberal professions, he is seen to be an active friend of the Pope, and the advocate of foreign intervention. It would not even surprise us to find him branded by others besides the mob of Turin, as a traitor to the cause of liberty, or quoted as an apposite proof of the proverb so generally current among a certain class of liberals, that the clergy are not to be trusted—that no faith must be reposed in a priest. We are not advocates of the Romish Priesthood; nor are we even, in the slightest degree, disposed to become the partizans of Gioberti;—but in public questions, we would have justice done to all parties, however much we may differ from them, or they from us; and it is our deliberate conviction, that the friends of constitutional liberty in Europe need to be warned that there are other principles besides perfidy to which the conduct of such a man as Gioberti may, and ought to be ascribed; principles which are only the more tenaciously held in proportion as they are vigorously assailed, and which may be maintained and acted on in perfect consistency with personal honour, although not without injury or peril to the public cause. It may, we think, be satisfactorily proved that the principles which Gioberti had fearlessly avowed, and eloquently defended in his various writings long before the occurrence of those events which summoned him into the arena of political life, have only found a consistent practical development in the course of his public conduct; and that those who have expressed disappointment and dissatisfaction with his policy, and branded him as a traitor to the cause of liberty, have less reason to charge *him* with perfidy, than to blame *themselves* for expecting him to act in direct opposition to his avowed and most cherished convictions. And the lesson, although dearly bought, may perhaps be found to be worth all the price that has been paid for it, should it lead the friends of constitutional liberty to reflect somewhat more profoundly than many of them have been wont to do, on the necessary conditions and fundamental principles of the great problem which they are so eager to solve,—to investigate, especially, the indissoluble connexion, and manifold relations subsisting between religious and political freedom,—to discriminate aright between the respective provinces and functions of the spiritual and temporal authorities,—and to see that there is, and can be, no effectual security either for national or personal freedom that is not based on the general prevalence of

enlightened views respecting some topics which in theory are too often neglected by politicians on the plea that they belong to the domain of theology; but which are found in practice to exert a powerful influence on the public policy of the world. Were any one to charge Gioberti with having acted either an inconsistent or dishonourable part, he might, we think, fall back on his published writings, and draw from them the materials of an ample personal vindication. He had avowed himself, indeed, as an ardent friend of liberty, and especially as a strenuous advocate for the national independence of Italy. His undisguised hatred of Austrian domination, combined with his high talents and literary celebrity, gave him a foremost place among the band of patriots who longed for the emancipation of their native land; and we can well conceive how the heart of the restored exile would swell when he took his place among the popular Deputies at Turin, and was received with enthusiastic applause. But it was equally true, and he had never disguised his sentiments, that from the first he had avowed his utter want of sympathy for the Republican spirit, his dislike to Republican institutions, his decided preference for constitutional Monarchy, his devoted attachment to the See of Rome, and his inflexible determination to subordinate not only his politics, but his philosophy itself, to the authority of the Infallible Church. That he was both sincere and ardent in his detestation of the Austrian yoke, and in his professed regard for the political emancipation of Italy, is sufficiently proved, we think, by his resolute declaration that Sardinia would not discontinue her preparations for war; by his firmness in withstanding every representation whether of the French or English Government, at a time when there was apparently little ground to expect the success of the Piedmontese in such a struggle, except what they might find in their own valour; and by his constant adherence to the same policy in the face of all the perils by which his king and country were threatened,—he cannot be justly charged, so far as we know, with having deserted or betrayed the popular cause, or abandoned any one position which he had undertaken to defend. He had more than once denounced the Jesuits, as being, equally with Austria, foes to the public liberty; and by the publication of his remarkable work, “*Del Primato Morale et Civile degli Italiani*,” he had not only arrayed against himself the members of that formidable society, but even forfeited the friendship of some of his most intimate associates.* “Is not the foreigner,” he had

* Silvio Pellico, and his brother Francesco Pellico, Father Curci, Giuseppe Romano, and Luigi Taparelli, are mentioned among his numerous assailants on this occasion.

said, "the great enemy of the Italian people and their princes? Undoubtedly; and it is precisely for that reason that the Jesuits are so much to be dreaded,—who, present everywhere, yet being subjects nowhere, are most emphatically foreigners in Italy." "Is it surprising that Austria and the Society have become friends and allies,—they whose object is one, and who mutually assist in attaining it? That object, common to both, is to weaken and divide the Peninsula, in order the more effectually to place it under their yoke, and twist their chains around it." "As it is evident that this faction, which cannot dispense with the authority and support of barbarous rulers, is the principal cause of the miseries of Italy,—so every sincere and devoted friend to our common country ought, resolutely, and without one individual remaining in the background, to arise in opposition against it." The best comment on these emphatic words is to be found in the fact that the Sardinian Government published a decree banishing the Jesuits from the kingdom. In so far, therefore, as the Austrians and Jesuits are concerned, no suspicion can rest on the sincerity and consistency of Gioberti. But as the crisis became more violent, there may seem, at first sight, to be some symptoms of vacillation in his conduct, if not of reaction against his professed principles. Did he not betray somewhat of an aristocratic spirit, when he proposed to centre the dictatorial power in the hands of three persons possessing the confidence of the people? Did he not return an answer to the Club de la Rocca at Turin, strongly expressive of his determination not to fraternize with the Italian Constituyente, thus severing himself from the free brotherhood at Rome? Did he not declare in the Chamber of Deputies against the creation of a Republic in Italy as a Utopian dream? and did he not affirm his determination to maintain a strong and popular Monarchy? Did he not make an attempt, which success might have dubbed chivalrous and heroic, but which, having proved abortive, has exposed him to the shafts of ridicule, to reinstate the Pope by the power of the Sardinian army, risking, and actually forfeiting office in the pursuit of this darling object, and thereby showing his sympathy and zeal for the sacred See? Did he not repair to Paris and obtain the intervention of the French Republic for the same end? and if, by the joint efforts of France and Austria, the Roman liberties shall be suppressed, and the ancient régime restored, to whom, if not to Gioberti, will the credit or scandal of that change belong? All this is true, and more; there is evidence, we think, to show that Gioberti, zealous as he is for the political emancipation of his country from Austrian domination, has yet very imperfect ideas of civil liberty; that his prevailing leanings are aristocratic rather than democratic; and that he views with con-

tempt and scorn many of the speculations and plans which the more ultra-liberals have propounded.* Add to this that he is a zealous Roman Catholic—a devoted son of the Church—a stern defender of St. Peter's chair,—and we shall find little cause for wonder, and none whatever for any dishonourable personal imputation, in the course which he has pursued. For his principles on all these points had been often and openly proclaimed; he had avowed them in days of exile, and neglect, and poverty; he was prepared to act upon them when the proper time for action came; and now that the time for action has at length arrived, disappointed and dissatisfied as many of his quondam associates may be with his conduct, they cannot, we think, fasten upon him the charge of treachery, although they may have reason enough to bewail the consequences to the sacred cause of liberty, which may result from his policy. The question whether that policy be or be not consistent with his avowed principles is widely different from another and much more important question—whether these principles and that policy be, or be not, consistent with the sacred cause of freedom; the former can only be determined by a reference to his professed opinions, as these have been long before the world in his published writings, which are sufficient, we think, to vindicate him from every dishonourable personal imputation; but the latter must be determined on other and more

* Many incidental expressions confirm this remark. He speaks of "Ce qui arrive des sociétés civiles, où la raison des sages est mise de côté, pour faire place au caprice de la multitude." "J'ai grande confiance dans la puissance du génie Italien, je veux dire du *petit nombre*, car la foule est, en Italie comme ailleurs, pareille aux moutons qui marchent en aveugles, serrés les uns contre les autres, sans s'inquiéter si le chemin qu'ils ont pris mène au but ou au précipice." "L'élément plébéien domine dans toutes les parties de la vie civile; les médiocrités, les nullités ont le pouvoir; et de même que dans certaines républiques du moyen-âge, les nobles étaient seuls exclus des charges politiques, de même aujourd'hui, il arrive bien souvent que le mérite éminent seul est éloigné des affaires, et privé des honneurs et des avantages de la société. C'est ce qu'on rencontre même dans les pays gouvernés par des rois; de là on peut conjecturer ce que arriverait, si la plèbe parvenait à être la maîtresse dans le gouvernement, si la démocratie pure s'établissait comme le veulent une foule des gens qui professent un grand amour pour les progrès de la civilisation et pour le bonheur de notre espèce. Si les démagogues l'emportent, l'Europe aura le sort de l'ancienne Italie et de l'ancienne Grèce; la liberté et la civilisation seront détruites dans le racine, parceque *l'esprit de la plèbe* est sensuel et violente, c'est-à-dire, *tyrannique et barbare*. Pour prévenir cette ruine éminente il n'y a pas d'autre remède opportun que de reconnaître et d'organiser l'ARISTOCRATIE NATURELLE selon l'idée primitive; et pour cela, *il faut faire prédominer le principe aristocratique* bien entendu, dans la religion, &c. C'est justement sur l'idée Catholique que doit se baser quiconque veut faire refluer le principe de l'aristocratie élective dans les divers ordres de la société humaine, sans se perdre dans les Utopies et les chimères. Qu'on affranchisse l'Europe civilisée de l'empire inepte de la multitude; qu'on reconnaisse que c'est aux véritables nobles, c'est-à-dire, au petit nombre des meilleurs d'entre les hommes qu'appartient en tout la direction des choses humaines; et l'on aura fait beaucoup pour la multitude elle-même; car grossière et misérable, elle ne peut être améliorée et civilisée que par ceux qui possèdent les biens qui lui manquent."

general grounds, by a reference to the real import and right application of certain great principles, bearing directly on the relations subsisting between the temporal and spiritual powers, and especially on the claims and prerogatives of the Romish See. Should it be found that, in the opinion of its most enlightened and liberal defenders, the Papacy involves an element that is in direct antagonism with the civil and religious liberties of mankind, and that this is the real and, perhaps, insurmountable obstacle to the political independence and social improvement of the Italian States, surely it may be expected that considerate statesmen will at length open their eyes to the magnitude and importance of those theological questions which they have been hitherto so anxious to *ignore*; and that they will seriously grapple with them as problems which must be solved, and solved, too, on sure scriptural grounds, before the liberties of Europe can be placed on a secure and permanent basis. We are not ignorant that the Romish Church has a wonderful facility in adapting itself to every change in the political state of the various countries in which it has obtained a footing; that Romish Ecclesiastics mingled with the revolutionary mob of Paris, and blessed the "trees of liberty;" that some have even taken part in the banquets of Socialism, and striven to lead a movement which otherwise they might have failed to control; nor are we unmindful that several of the most influential writers of that persuasion have given forth the general maxim that, "when an established Government is recognised by the various powers of the nation and by neighbouring States, it ought to be held legitimate, whatever vice may attach to its origin?"—and hence the legitimists in France are severely censured by Gioberti for raising any question as to the title of the reigning family. It has, indeed, become quite the fashion with a certain class of Romish writers to set forth the perfect compatibility of Popery with the existence of free popular Institutions, and even with Republican equality.* But on this subject the *experimentum crucis* is about to be made; it remains to be seen whether these principles apply to—the subjects of the Pope! It is com-

* For example :—"L'Eglise rappelle continuellement aux peuples, la nécessité d'un pouvoir législatif et administratif, la source divine de ce pouvoir souverain et la sainteté de sa mission. Mais ces maximes ont également leur application dans les états démocratiques, dans les états Monarchiques, dans les états Mixtes, en un mot dans toute société régulièrement établie. L'Eglise rappelle aussi . . . que tout peuple possède naturellement le droit inamissible d'être gouverné de la manière la mieux appropriée à ses intérêts et à ses besoins. Voilà pourquoi les Catholiques peuvent être, sans nulle contradiction, Républicains dans les Cantons Suisses et aux Etats-Unis, Constitutionnelles en Angleterre," &c.—ABBE DE VALROGER, *Etudes Critiques sur le Rationalisme contemporain*, 1846. pp. 604.

paratively an easy task to make out a plausible case in regard to the members of the Romish communion scattered throughout the other States of Europe, where they are exempted from the temporal sway of the Roman Pontiff, and subject only to his spiritual authority—although even in their case there may be good ground for alleging, as our forefathers did allege, that there was danger to the cause of liberty in their divided allegiance, owing to the intimate relation subsisting between the spiritual and temporal powers. But it will be a much more difficult task to prove that free civil Institutions may flourish under the shade of the Vatican, and that either a Constitutional Monarchy or a free Republic can consist with the claims of St. Peter's chair within the States of the Church itself. Will it be admitted, with regard to the subjects of these States—the only subjects over whom the Pope can exercise his full power—that they are entitled to the fair application of Valroger's maxim, “Que tout peuple possède naturellement le droit inamissible d'être gouverné de la manière la mieux appropriée à ses intérêts et à ses besoins ?” Or suppose that there should still continue to be, as there has hitherto been, a difference of opinion between the people and the Pope as to the method of Government which is best adapted to their interests and wants, will it be contended that, on this subject, the Pope's authority must overrule the popular voice, or will it be conceded that the Roman citizens have the same right to dethrone their temporal sovereign and to inaugurate a new constitution, which is recognised in the citizens of Paris? *Nous verrons*; but meanwhile, the difficulty is strongly felt; and it arises wholly from the union of the secular and spiritual power in the hands of the Pope. PRO NONO has himself acknowledged it, when he said, with equal simplicity and truth, that in the case of a mere temporal sovereignty nothing could be more simple than to change the form of Government; but that in the case of the Romish Pontiff, it was necessary to take time for deliberation, since the temporal and spiritual power being combined in his person, it must be regarded as a case *sui generis*, and dealt with *per se*. And the only reply that has yet been offered to the bold demand of the Red Republicans—Why, if France and Austria are entitled to put down the popular Government of Rome, it ought not equally to be held that Russia or England was entitled to suppress the popular Government of Paris?—is one to this effect, that Rome being the centre of Christendom, all the nations of Europe have an interest, and consequently a right to interfere in the settlement of its form of Government; and that the native citizens, the born subjects of the Pope, are not entitled, as other citizens and subjects may be, to remodel their institutions according to their own pleasure;—a reply which may be found in effect

to amount to this—that, for the general good of Christendom, the inhabitants of Rome must continue to wear their shackles, while all other States are springing into political freedom; and that they must console themselves, as best they may, with the privilege of being the helots of Europe, because the system to which they are inevitably *thirled* does not admit of their political enfranchisement.

We are still speculating in the dark and at a venture on topics which may be cleared up by the progress of events in a few short months. But if we would form a probable conjecture of the issue of the movements already begun, with reference to the influences which originated and directed them, we can have no difficulty in ascertaining what will be the aim of GIOBERTI and his associates, or what will be the practical result, unless they are compelled to bend before the force of some uncontrollable necessity. *The restoration of the Pope in the full plenitude of his spiritual authority as the Visible Head of the Catholic Church, and his restoration also to the temporal powers and prerogatives of his Monarchy, as head of the Roman States,* are the objects which, in perfect consistency with their avowed principles, they will steadfastly pursue; and popular rights and privileges will be respected only in so far as they do not really conflict, or may be made at least apparently to harmonize, with the ascendancy of the Papal power. With all his popular leanings, GIOBERTI is, and ever has been, a sturdy, bold, and uncompromising adherent of the Infallible Church. He is described by his French editors as a theologian profoundly attached to the orthodox faith, “*passionné, comme l’a dit Silvio Pellico, pour l’Eglise et pour la liberté;*” and what his notions are, both of the Church and of liberty, may be gathered from his own emphatic words—“Truth is in itself *one*, immutable, indivisible; Catholicism, the perfection of moral and religious truth, has the same attributes, so that nothing can be taken from it, nothing added to it, without destroying it. He who believes with entire faith in the teachings of the Church, *one article excepted*, is no more a Catholic than another who rejects the whole; you may say he is not so far removed from Catholicism as the other, but you cannot call him a Catholic without destroying Catholicism. *The essence of Catholicism consists in acknowledging the absolute supremacy of the Church in the definition of moral and religious truth*, a supremacy which one annihilates by changing it in the smallest possible respect (*pour la plus petite partie possible*) as well as in denying it altogether.” “I hold the Catholic religion to be, not only a respectable doctrine, as the condescension of modern eclectics ignorantly calls it, but to be the *only* doctrine which has really any scientific validity in matters of speculation; the only

philosophical doctrine that has power to promote the progress of civilisation. And far from believing the principles of the old theology to be out of date, withered, or stale, I hold them to be more full of growth, freshness, and fecundity, than the theories which date from the year when the author published them. A return to Catholic belief throughout the whole civilized world appears, even humanly speaking, indubitable. Religious eclecticism, theological rationalism, humanitarian Christianity, and other chimeras of the same kind, devoid of all solid foundation, will disappear with the *prestige* of novelty which attended their first introduction, and will have no more importance or renown than the dreams of the Cabalists and Gnostics." "I will believe in the accomplishment of the civil redemption of Italy, when I shall see her—*Catholic*, and proud to possess the See of Religion and the glory of the Christian pontificate. As long as they revered the majesty of the Senate, the ancient Romans were free at home, and abroad masters of the world; but from the time when they began to despise that civil paternity, they fell under the imperial yoke, only to pass from it under the yoke of barbarians. The Italians of the Middle Age saw everything flourishing—liberty, commerce, arts, letters, arms; and they were illustrious as long as they bowed before the spiritual paternity of the first citizen of Italy (la paternité spirituelle du premier citoyen de l'Italie); but when they began to despise him, slavery came on them." "The salvation of Italy cannot come elsewhere than from Rome. By an eternal decree of Providence, Rome has received for its portion to be the metropolis and mistress of the world (d'être la métropole et la dominatrice du monde.) The ancient republic, the ancient empire paved the way for the cosmopolitan unity of the Pontificate (à l'unité cosmopolite du pontificat.) He who cannot apprehend this great truth has no eyes for the reading of history. But know you on what the power of Rome depends, even in such affairs? It depends on the obedience of her children. Crescenza, Arnaldo da Brescia, Nicolas de Lorenzo, F. Baroncelli, Etienne Porcari, wished to effect the restoration of Rome by reviving a phantom of Pagan liberty, and they perished. Nor could their attempt have any other issue: to restore Rome Christian by reviving the Institutions of Paganism was a too enormous anachronism. Would you unite Italy? would you extricate it alike from the distractions of internal tyranny and the ignominy of a foreign yoke? Deliver it from the yoke of false opinions; reunite it in the profession of the holy faith; begin by rejecting the mad theories of a licentious liberty, the mother of despotism, theories which sprung from the rebellion of Luther, (de la félonie de Luther), and which have grown under the culture of English and French

sophists. If you consecrate these fatal doctrines, (*ces funestes doctrines*), instead of overthrowing and extirpating them, (*au lieu de les abattre et de les déraciner*), can you wonder if the authority which is the conservatrix of the truth be hostile to your designs? The redemption of Italy, I repeat, must come principally from that faith which has its supreme seat at Rome. But if it be thought that it must come from Paris, and that we must import from thence those pure ideas which are to nourish the intelligence and taste of Italy, our infamy will be eternal (*notre infamie sera éternelle*)." But his views are not confined to the States of the Church, or even to the States of Italy: he seems to cherish a far nobler vision—the vision of a Universal Monarchy, having its seat at Rome, and its affiliated but subordinate monarchies in all lands, which shall substitute the Paternal for the Feudal element all the world over, and unite the human family in one bond of brotherhood, so as to restore the unity of the race itself! The Papacy is spoken of as the rival and antagonist of the empire (*l'empire*), and the beneficial influences of the former (*les bienfaisantes influences de la papauté*) are contrasted with the evils engendered by the latter, and the vicious institutions which it maintained. The empire is regarded as being in one respect the personification of Pagan unity, and as becoming a fertile cause of discord in the Christian world, by its opposition to the pontificate, which ought to hold its place, and which would have filled it better, in proportion as *right* is more noble and more fruitful than *might*. "The empire, restored by Charlemagne, was a dangerous privilege to France, and afterwards a misfortune to Germany, since it perpetuated the principle of national independence, and prevented that unity which can only be produced by the organizing power of the Catholic hierarchy, (*la force organisatrice de la hiérarchie Catholique*.) If the empire had not found a restorer, the FEUDAL system would not have been so tenacious, and Germany would have been one, like France. Nay, the unity of Europe, and the ultimate unity of the whole world, depends on the recognition of the Pope and the Catholic hierarchy! The political unity which succeeded the feudal and municipal subdivisions at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was obtained at the expense of liberty and independence:—this unity would have been a bundle of free institutions, (*un faisceau d'institutions libres*), had it been the work of the Popes; but it occasioned division, because it was the work of kings. But Italy has retained her glorious pre-eminence. Italian nationality has one peculiar and exclusive privilege. It consists in this, that absolute truth is an intrinsic possession of Italy as a nation. The Catholic religion, as true, ought to be dear to every people; but

to us Italians, it ought to be dear and precious, for two reasons; as it is true, and as it is national. The Catholic religion is ours in a special manner. It is ours, because Italy received it at its birth, and was the chief instrument in developing and spreading it over the world, barbarous and civilized;—it is ours, because it reigns over the whole Peninsula, where dissenting worship scarcely exists, if at all;—it is ours, above all, because we possess the supreme See of its priesthood, because we owe to that See the glory of having amongst us the religious capital of the universe, and of seeing the Roman greatness restored, without the tears and the blood of the people. I know that, by a deplorable infatuation, a party among the civilized Italians are unwilling to understand these truths; I know that many regard that as a burden, some even (O madness!) as a disgrace to the common country, which constitutes its highest glory.” “For it is not Italy alone; it is the whole world that has an interest in this question. The unity of the race was destroyed by the Fall, and its miserable division consummated at Babel; but unity was destined to be restored by Divine interposition; a commencement was made with the family of Abraham, and a more Catholic system introduced by the Saviour, when he instituted a Church and a hierarchy, *sous un chef unique et suprême*; and the Catholic hierarchy being the only organism which, by its successive development and expansion, can produce the moral unity of the human race, its visible head is the organic principle on which depends the future unity of the world. The pontifical authority, therefore, is the spiritual and elective paternity which is necessary to form the unity of the great human family, just as natural paternity forms the unity of particular families; and it follows that Italy, which contains within its bosom the chief of the moral unity of the world, is the mother-nation of the human race.” (*La nation mère du genre humain.*)

These singular extracts can leave no reasonable doubt as to the policy of GIOBERTI and his associates in regard to the question of the Pope's restoration; and we are not sure that, after such an explicit avowal of their sentiments, they could justly be taxed with perfidy to the liberal cause, even should they consent to measures which will leave little more than the semblance of free institutions at Rome. It is true, that the strong language in which Gioberti censures the legitimists of France for disturbing the peace of an established government, and the still stronger language in which he condemns the attempts of some priests in Spain, might furnish materials for a cutting retort on the part of the Roman Republicans. They might say that—The Pope has been deposed as lawfully as were Charles Dix and Louis Phi-

lippe;—that a regular government has been instituted by the popular will;—and that it is just as unlawful for the partizans of the Pope to create disturbance in Rome now, as Gioberti said it was in the legitimists at Paris. But it is replied, that there are two peculiarities in the case of Rome which exempt it from the application of such principles; the first is, that the Pope is, either *jure divino*, as some say, or at least, as others maintain, by *le droit publique*, the Head of the Universal Church, and as such, the supreme head of the Roman Government; and the second is, that Italy, possessing the peculiar and exclusive privilege of being the seat of the Pope's residence, must be even more than other nations subject to the interposition of external authority; for, although in all common cases, the maxim of Abbé Valroger may be admitted,—“*que tout peuple possède naturellement le droit inamissible d'être gouverné de la manière la mieux appropriée à ses intérêts et à ses besoins*,” yet in the peculiar case of Italy it is necessary to apply the more guarded maxim of *Gioberti*, and to give full effect to its restrictive clauses,—“*quand un gouvernement établi est reconnu par les différents pouvoirs de la nation, et l'ensemble des autres peuples civilisés et Chrétiens, il est en tout point légitime—quelqu'ait pu être le vice de son origine.*” The Roman Republic is supported by the general consent of the citizens; but it is *not* recognised by Austria, and France, and other States: its legitimacy, therefore, is not fully proved, while the Pope is the lawful successor of St. Peter, the Supreme Head of the Infallible Church!

The writings which constitute the groundwork of Gioberti's celebrity, and which were chiefly instrumental in raising him to political influence, may be described generally as a *mélange* of literary, philosophical, and theological speculation, all animated by the same spirit, and directed to one common end. In early life he published his “*Teorica del Sovrannaturale*,” a treatise written in Italian, and devoted to the discussion of those questions in Philosophy which are most intimately connected with religion, but afterwards translated and reprinted at Brussels under the title of “*Théorie du Surnaturel.*” It was followed in succession by a work, in 3 vols., “*Degli errori Filosofici di Antonio Rosmini*,” by a treatise “*del Buono*,” and another “*del Bello*,” by a dissertation, entitled “*del Primato morale et civile degli Italiani*,” and by the work which we have placed at the head of our Article, which contains a full development of his philosophical opinions, as well as his “*Considérations sur les Doctrines Religieuses de M. Victor Cousin*,” which are inserted as an appendix in the third volume.

The work to which we propose to dedicate our remaining

space bears, as its general title, the somewhat grandiloquent inscription of "Restauration des Sciences Philosophiques ;" * but is more correctly, as well as more modestly, described in the second title as an "Introduction à l'Etude de la Philosophie." It is a translation into French from the second Italian edition, published at Brussels in 1844, and is executed by two Abbés of the Romish Communion and Co-Professors at Rheims—the Abbé Tourneur, and the Abbé Defourney. In a sensible preface, written by the translators, some account is given of GIOBERTI, and of the estimation in which he is held, which is followed, as is usual in France, with an *aperçu* of his system. They tell us, that in republishing his Philosophical and Theological Speculations, they conceive themselves to have rendered an important service to the cause both of science and of religion : to the former, because these speculations are so new and so beautiful, that, whether received or rejected, they must influence, to a large extent, the current and direction of philosophical thought in Europe ; and to the latter, because they constitute one of the most solid and serious apologies for Divine truth—and are, in short, a complete arsenal, richly furnished with all needful weapons for overthrowing (*abattre en brèche*) Pantheism, Scepticism, and Rationalism, which are described as the chief, or rather, the only heresies of the present age. The publication of a work devoted to the Restoration of Philosophy is held to be, if somewhat bold and apparently presumptuous, yet highly seasonable, and, in fact, urgently required ; partly because the philosophy of Germany, radically defective in principle, can avoid utter Scepticism only by falling into Pantheism or Atheism ; partly because the philosophy of France, as represented by the Eclectic and Humanitarian Schools, is either a mere derivative from the German, or, in so far as it has any original character, is continually fluctuating and eminently dangerous : while the philosophy of Scotland (*la philosophie Ecossaise*), although successful so far, as serving to shed a clear light over many of the obscure problems of Psychology, has been all but stationary since the days of Reid and Stewart. The philosophy of reason (*la philosophie rationaliste*) is brought into contrast with another and a very different system, the philosophy of the Church (*la philosophie Catholique*) : and Gioberti is described as one of the ablest opponents of the former, one of the most successful advocates of the latter ; while, with characteristic caution, the French Abbés are careful to add—that in giving their commendation to

* This title does not occur in the Italian edition published at Lausanne in 1846, and may have been added by the French editors. The Italian edition has just come into our hands ; and from a somewhat rapid inspection of it, we are satisfied that the French version is generally accurate and trustworthy.

the work, they are far from affirming that every thing contained in it is true; Gioberti himself having apprised us that there is no philosophical system which does not involve some error, "*et que l'Infaillibilité est un privilège exclusif de l'Eglise Catholique*:" a statement which irresistibly recalls the celebrated "*Declaratio*" of Le Seur and Jacquier, the Romish editors of Newton's *Principia*—"Newtonus in hoc tertio libro, Telluris motæ hypothesim assumit. Autoris Propositiones aliter explicari non poterant, nisi eâdem quoque factâ hypothesi. Hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam. *Cæterum latis a summis Pontificibus contra Telluris motum Decretis, nos obsequi profitemur!*" *

GIOBERTI has characterized his own work as "un Nouveau Système Philosophique;" but if the British reader, accustomed to the systematic treatment of science, shall expect to find in it any thing bearing the slightest resemblance to the scientific works of his own country; to the patient analytic of Locke, or the profound practical wisdom of Reid, or the polished refinement of Stewart, or the subtle eloquence of Brown, or the masculine vigour of Macintosh, or the calm reflection of Abercrombie, he will be greatly disappointed: and yet there is a breadth of view, and, on some points, a profound insight, which sufficiently evince the existence of a genius for philosophical speculation; and these, combined with a vivid perception of the radical defects of certain modern systems, and a graphic power of delineating their most prominent features, in a bold, fearless, and *tranchant* style, constitute the peculiar charm of the volumes before us. Certain principles, directly opposed to the systems now in vogue, are here and there presented, not as in the calm, clear light of day, but as in the blaze of a lightning-flash; we seem to see them for a moment clothed in vivid brightness, but instantly we are reminded of the "darkness visible." Still, the "*Restauration des Sciences Philosophiques*," by Gioberti, has some resemblance to the "*Instauratio Magna*" of Francis Bacon; in this respect, that as the latter dealt largely in criticism on the past history and the then present state of philosophical speculation, and sought to emancipate the human mind from the bondage of scholastic forms, so the former is at least as profuse in its criticism, and as condemnatory in its tone, of the post-Baconian systems, and seeks to emancipate the human mind from the fetters of Rationalistic formulæ, in order that it may enjoy the invaluable privilege of learning eternal truth at the lips of an Infallible Church. It is a vigorous and often eloquent specimen of that kind of reaction which might be expected to occur in the progress of

* *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*.—perpetuis commentariis illustrata: Communi studio PP. Tho. Le Seur et Fr. Jacquier.—Vol. iii. p. v.

philosophical inquiry, when the *Inductive* is found to be at variance with the *Authoritative*, whether in matters of philosophy or of faith. And hence, in a great measure, arises the peculiar interest which belongs to it, as a work, written by a man of unquestionable genius, and of liberal views, but in defence of a system incompatible alike with individual and public freedom; a system which substitutes the authority of the Church for the authority of the Word, and disowns the right, or discourages the exercise of private judgment in matters of faith, as if God's own word were insufficient, without an infallible human interpreter, to guide our feet into the paths of peace.

By far the most striking passages in these volumes are those which are descriptive of the past history or present state of philosophy. And it might be interesting, did our limits admit of it, to extract some of the vivid pictures which he has drawn of men whose names are "familiar as household words" to all the lovers of speculative inquiry. His portraits of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Cousin; his delineations of Alfieri, Vico, and Galluppi; his estimate of Locke, Condillac, and Helvetius; his occasional references to Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin; above all, his graphic descriptions of German Rationalism, and French Eclecticism, with his withering exposure of the Progressiste or Humanitarian School, might be quoted as specimens of the power with which he portrays both the strong and the weak points of those with whom he is called to deal. But as he proposes a method of his own, antagonist in most respects to the prevailing spirit of the age, we shall devote the remainder of our space to a brief elucidation of its more prominent features, with a few remarks illustrative of the points at which it comes into collision with the philosophical and theological beliefs of our own highly favoured country.

We should grievously err did we suppose that the leaders of the Catholic party in Europe are either indifferent to the progress of philosophical speculation, or unable to advance at least a plausible explanation of the principles for which they contend. They have been called to maintain a close and almost unintermitted conflict with the infidel tendencies of the age. And we know few more instructive studies than that of the spectacle, sad and depressing in many of its aspects, which is presented to the thoughtful mind, when, surveying the present state of Europe, it singles out, for special consideration—such as well befits its transcendent importance—the battle, often renewed and still pending, between faith and unbelief. On the one side we see arrayed a motley and seemingly heterogeneous assemblage of men, all contending for the independence of reason, the rights of science, the progress of society, and the blessings of civilisa-

tion ; but in their camp there are ominous sounds of discord, and every detachment has its own party-coloured banner. On the other, we see a formidable power, darkly looming through the haze which envelops it, and the more impressive by reason of the very darkness which shades its boundaries ; often silent, always mysterious ; but when it does speak, using one cabalistic watchword, which summons every partizan to its standard, and rivets them, as with bolts of iron, to its cause ; while between the two, and doing battle alternately with both, there is a small but ill-organized body of serious, thoughtful, enlightened men, Bible Christians, who recoil alike from the reveries of Rationalism and the superstitions of Popery, and who refuse to resolve their faith either into the light of reason or the authority of tradition, while they submit with the docility of little children to the teaching of the Word and the Spirit of God. This small but select band, maintaining a constant conflict with each of the great antagonist powers of Evil, and bearing on its scroll the honoured names of Olshausen, Hengstenberg, D'Aubigné, Monod, Gasparin, Tholuck, and others, all more or less devoted to the cause of Christian truth, is at the present time the "forlorn hope" of Europe, and they deserve, as much as they need, the sympathy and prayers of their brethren in England. It is sad, deeply sad, to think that they are called to contend as strenuously against the nominal Protestantism, which in its Neological guise is akin to infidelity, as against the restless and growing power of Popery. It is still more sad to know, that, at the present moment, a larger portion of Bible truth, and a greater number of the cardinal articles of the Christian faith—including the doctrine of the fall, of original sin, of real supernatural interposition, of the inspiration of Scripture, of the incarnation, of the atonement, of the influence of the Spirit, and the historical truth of Christianity—may be found, although mixed up with many human inventions, in the creed of the Romish Church and the writings of her clergy, than any impartial eye can discern in the meagre and lifeless systems of some professed Protestants, insomuch that many a thoughtful mind might hesitate, were it reduced to the alternative of choosing, whether with the one to adhere to the historical faith of Christendom, corrupted though it be by many human additions, or to abjure that faith and all its blessed hopes for a cold and cheerless scepticism. Nor are the positive truths which the Popish party have retained, and which too many of the Protestants have abjured, the only elements of their strength ; they have amongst them men of splendid talents and vast acquirements, who have surveyed the whole field of science, mental, physical, and theological, with an eye ever wakeful and ever

intent on the one object to which their lives are devoted—the maintenance of the Catholic cause. With such men as Wiseman in England, Valroger in France, Bautain in Strasburg, and Gioberti in Italy, enlisted on her side, the Church of Rome will not fall without a vigorous struggle; and rather than surrender her arms she will fight on in the assured hope of ultimate victory, if she be assailed by no other weapons than such as Rationalism can furnish; for Rationalism, whether philosophical or religious, is no fit antagonist for Popery; the only weapon that can effectually destroy it is “the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.”

Rather than that the Church should suffer, modern science must be revolutionized: and so Gioberti aspires to be the Bacon of the nineteenth century. He proposes a radical reform in philosophy, and undertakes to prove its indispensable necessity, as well as to expound the principles on which it must proceed. And just as Bacon set aside the scholastic in order to introduce the inductive method, so Gioberti seeks to set aside the Rationalistic or heterodox, in order to establish the Ontological or Catholic philosophy. To show the urgent necessity of some such reform, he begins by establishing the startling proposition—“*qu'il n'y a plus aujourd'hui de philosophie en Europe,*” and by explaining the causes which have led to what he calls “*la nullité actuelle de la philosophie.*” His theory is, that Descartes and Luther—the one in philosophy, the other in theology—broke the chain of Catholic tradition, and were the real authors of that system which has prevailed during the last three centuries, and which is now producing its proper fruits, viz. Scepticism, Neology, and Pantheism. He admits that they might not be fully aware of the consequences which flowed inevitably from their avowed principles, and that the Reformers generally, (with the exception of Ulric Zwingle, whom he designates the first of modern Pantheists,) would have recoiled from many of the heresies which have sprung up among their followers in modern times: but he holds that these heresies were contained as a germ in the fundamental principles of their system, and that they are its natural and inevitable developments. Assigning to Descartes a prominent and not very enviable position, as the Head of Modern Heterodox Philosophy, he describes him as a Catholic in profession, and perhaps from prudence, but as a Protestant in spirit, and maintains that he borrowed his philosophical method from Luther; so that the Reformer was the real author of the prevailing Psychological systems.

“René Descartes, quoique français et Catholique de profession, était, par inclination et par principes, et peut-être sans le savoir, hété-

rodoxe."—"La spéculation française fut, dès son principe, et dans la personne de son chef, *filie de Calvin*."—"Descartes a emprunté sa méthode philosophique à Luther."—"De ce que nous venons de dire, il sort une conséquence d'une très-haute importance, c'est que l'invention du psychologisme doit être attribuée à Luther plutôt qu'à Descartes. L'hérésiarche a jeté en terre le germe fatal, le philosophe français l'a développé."—"De Luther et de Descartes sont nées la fausse philosophie et la théologie menteuse, deux fantômes monstrueux qui règnent maintenant partout où le principe Catholique est éteint ou languissant. La philosophie et la théologie moderne, nées d'une même méthode vicieuse, ont suivi une marche tellement analogue, je dirais même tellement parallèle, qu'elle mériterait d'être l'objet d'une étude spéciale. Toutes les fois que l'une fait un pas dans la funeste voie de l'erreur, l'autre en fait autant. Les égarements de l'une trouvent un écho dans les égarements de l'autre, et elle se répondent en tombant dans l'abîme. Sorties du néant, elles sont retournées au néant."—"Cette science (la philosophie Catholique) après avoir heureusement traversé les siècles de barbarie, et dissipé par sa clarté les épais nuages, fut, ensuite obscurcie elle-même et enfin éteinte en Europe, *par l'opiniâtreté d'un Allemand et la folie d'un Français*."

The fundamental error of the system, whose origin is thus traced up to the Reformation, is said to have been the substitution of the *sensible* (including under that term both "*les sensibles spirituelles et internes*," and "*les sensibles matériels et externes*") for the intelligible as the starting-point of philosophy; or more generally the substitution of Psychological reflection for reason, or of Psychologism for Ontology, as the principal, or, at least, primary instrument of philosophy. The "initial doubt" of Descartes, and the "private judgment" of Luther, are classed together as homogeneous elements of the same system which is supposed to have for its aim the impracticable task of founding a dogmatic faith on a sceptical basis. From the era of the Reformation till the present day, the inductive or experimental sciences have been rapidly advancing; while Philosophy, properly so called, which has for its object God, Man, and the World, has been retrograde: and the result is the almost universal prevalence of Psychologism and Sensism, the precursors and parents of Scepticism in Philosophy, and of Pantheism in Theology. In these circumstances, it is not wonderful if thoughtful and earnest men should put forth their strength to bring about a reaction against the prevailing system, and to supersede it by the substitution of another, more in accordance with the ancient methods, and with the teaching of the Church. Accordingly, Gioberti, with fearless intrepidity, throws himself into the breach, and calls aloud to his compatriots and allies to draw their swords and throw away their scabbards while they fight manfully for the philosophy which alone consists with the integrity of the

faith. His aim is a magnificent one—the restoration of European orthodoxy after three centuries of error and anarchy.

“Notre siècle est propre à cette œuvre sainte, et tous les hommes doués de haut génie et de grand cœur devraient y concourir, et consacrer tous leurs travaux au but sublime de la *restauration de l'orthodoxie Européenne, détruite depuis trois siècles.*”—“Il vous faudra défaire l'œuvre de trois siècles, et renouveler la situation morale de la société. La tâche est grande et glorieuse ; aussi exige-t-elle *une volonté de fer*, une indomptable résolution, d'immenses efforts.”

He compares the task which he has undertaken to that of Copernicus, when he revolutionized Astronomy.

“Le système du philosophe Allemand (E. Kant) répond en métaphysique à l'hypothèse de Ptolémée en Astronomie : tandis que celui dont nous nous faisons les renovateurs répond à la doctrine de Copernic. Dans l'un le centre de l'intelligible est l'homme, dans l'autre, c'est Dieu.”

In prosecution of this task, he proposes to reconstruct a Catholic and orthodox philosophy ; not that it is or should be sectarian, or distinct from that which is “the common heritage of civilisation ;” but it is so called, “parce qu'on la chercherait en vain hors de la Société Divine, privilégiée de ce nom.” The Church and the Catholic Hierarchy are the sole depositaries of a sound philosophy, as well as of a sound faith.

“La philosophie est impossible, si elle n'est fondée et appuyée sur la religion ; celle-ci est la base, celle-là le toit de l'édifice. Luther, par sa rébellion, a déraciné les fondements, et les allemands, ses contemporains, furent bien coupables en se laissant entraîner par la déplorable faconde de ce moine forcé.” (i. 49.)—“La science ontologique, véritable substance de la philosophie, est perdue, et il est nécessaire de la refaire en entier, en empruntant les principes à *qui seul peut les donner.*” (P. 52.)—“Après une longue suite d'égarements, la fausse philosophie a expulsé l'idée de Dieu de la science humaine, et elle est devenue intrinsèquement et substantiellement athée, bien que ceux qui la cultivent de bonne foi parlent encore de Dieu à chacune de leurs pages. La vraie philosophie a pour but de *retrouver le Dieu scientifique*, de reconcilier, au moyen de la science, les esprits avec la religion, et on peut la définir, *la restauration de l'idée Divine dans la science.*”—“Dieu, qui parle intérieurement et naturellement, par son Verbe, à chaque individu, a parlé extérieurement et surnaturellement au genre humain tout entier. Et de même que la lumière intellectuelle est le milieu par lequel l'homme appréhende la manifestation naturelle du Verbe, de même l'Eglise est l'organe par lequel l'espèce humaine prend connaissance de la révélation, éminemment élevée audessus de l'ordre naturel. Il suit delà que l'autorité ecclésiastique est, par rapport aux vérités révélées, ce qu'est l'intelligible dans la sphère de la raison. En conséquence, le vrai génie est Chrétien et Catholique ; la soumission du génie aux oracles de l'Eglise est sincère, profonde,

illimitée, parfaite." (P. 244.)—"L'Eglise Catholique est la société conservatrice et propagatrice de l'idée. La prérogative qui distingue le genre humain, selon l'ordre primitif, c'est l'infailibilité. L'infailibilité, considérée dans son principe, est objective ; c'est l'impossibilité qu'a le vrai d'être faux ; c'est l'identité nécessaire du vrai avec lui-même. Si l'ordre primitif s'était conservé intact, l'universalité des hommes aurait été exempte d'erreur, parceque l'idée l'aurait informée. Quand l'unité morale de l'espèce humaine cessa, avec elle périt le privilège qui en est une dérivation : l'infailibilité passa du genre naturel au genre élu."—"L'infailibilité devint une prérogative de cette grande société, dans le sein de laquelle l'idée renouvelée choisit son siège perpétuel et visible. Si l'Eglise est la réorganisation du genre humain, il suit de là que l'homme acatholique est dans un état excentrique, en dehors de sa condition naturelle, exclu moralement de sa propre espèce : il est, relativement à l'idée, un homme hors la loi, hors de la société, un sauvage ; il correspond, dans l'ordre intellectuel, à ce que serait, dans l'ordre matériel, un homme nourri et élevé hors de toute société. La maxime, bien entendue, hors de l'Eglise point de salut, est souverainement rationnelle, puisque le salut est la vie de l'esprit et que la vie n'est ni imaginable, ni possible hors de l'idée, qui en est le principe. Toutes les fois que la Providence veut, par des voies extraordinaires et ignorées, communiquer la vérité à quelqu'un qui se trouve sans sa faute hors de la société élue, il est clair que cet individu, par le fait, même de son initiation à la vérité, devient membre du corps auquel un privilège divin a confié la conservation intégrale du dépôt des vérités idéales."—P. 284.

We have offered these extracts as affording a sufficient illustration of the general aim and scope of Gioberti's scheme, in its relations to the past history and existing state of Philosophy in Europe. Before attempting to estimate its intrinsic merits or defects, we may be permitted to remark that it does appear somewhat strange at first sight, that Descartes, the acknowledged founder of modern Rationalism, should have been nevertheless a professed Catholic ; while Leibnitz, who is claimed as one of the foremost advocates of the orthodox Philosophy, was an avowed Protestant : and furthermore, it is passing strange, and not very easily reconcilable with Gioberti's theory, that the French, who have perhaps been more thoroughly imbued than any other nation with the principles of Descartes and his successors, belong generally to the Infallible Church, while the German and the British, who are Protestant in profession, and who might therefore be expected to fall into the worst extremes of philosophical error, were for a considerable time and to a large extent, preserved from its infection. The fact is too palpable to have escaped the notice of such a man as Gioberti ; and it is acknowledged by him, while it is attempted to be explained in accordance with his favourite theory. He admits that Descartes was

in profession a Catholic, but more than insinuates a doubt as to his sincerity ; he admits that Leibnitz was in profession a Protestant, but maintains that in spirit he was essentially Catholic ; he cannot deny that France, with its sensualism, its scepticism, its infidelity, its Pantheism, belongs, at least nominally, to the Catholic fold ; nor that Germany, although Protestant, retained for a longer time, and with far greater tenacity, its positive religious beliefs ;—nay, he is constrained to do special homage to the English and Scottish philosophy, as having been, even in its worst specimens, less infected with the spirit of heterodox rationalism than any of the continental Schools. He tells us that down to the days of Kant, the German philosophy, although cultivated by Protestants, was in a great measure Catholic ; and that the Lutheran Leibnitz was Catholic in his speculations, while the Catholic Descartes was Protestant in his meditations ; that Descartes took the fatal germ of his doctrine from the reform that sprung up in Germany, and this fatal germ was planted in philosophy by a Frenchman and a French Catholic ; that it has grown and fructified much more in an orthodox country where it was a stranger, than in the country where it was produced—the country where analogous beliefs might have seemed to aid and further its development. He admits the fact, but attempts to explain it, by ascribing it partly to the difference of race and natural temperament, and partly to the difference in point of social condition, and especially of public institutions ; while he still adheres tenaciously to the idea that philosophy has been retrograde chiefly because it has divorced itself from the Infallible Church. He shews a just appreciation of the solid, sterling philosophy of England, and especially of the judicious and profound writings of Thomas Reid ; but he qualifies his eulogium in a way that is at once instructive and amusing.—

“ La philosophie Anglaise occupe une place moyenne entre la philosophie Française et la philosophie Allemande.”—“ Le génie Anglais est avide de positif et très habile à étudier et à pratiquer la science de la vie extérieure ; mais il n’oublie pas pour cela que la véritable valeur des choses matérielles dépend des concepts rationnels, et que le sens pratique ne peut exister sans la morale et la religion.”—“ Le sens commun milieu entre la connaissance idéale pure et l’appréhension sensible, est le caractère le plus général de la philosophie Anglaise, interposée entre la philosophie Allemande, où domine l’intention idéale, et la philosophie Française, où règne la perception sensible. Aussi l’ÉCOLE D’ÉDIMBOURG, dans laquelle la raison prend les formes du sens commun, renferme-t-elle la doctrine Anglaise par excellence ; elle est comme la moyenne dont les autres sectes qui tendent aux extrêmes se rapprochent ou s’éloignent plus ou moins. On ne trouve certainement en Angleterre ni un Leibnitz, ni un Vico, ni un Male-

branche, qui sont les rois de la sagesse moderne, et les seuls pairs des grands sages de l'antiquité. *La raison de cela est qu'ils sont catholiques*, et que la philosophie Britannique sort des sources infectes de l'hérésie religieuse et de la doctrine Cartésienne. *S'il eut été catholique*, Berkeley aurait pu donner à son île un Malebranche, à qui il ne le cède ni en sagacité, ni en génie. En revanche, on ne trouve pas non plus en Angleterre un seul exemple illustre en fait de panthéisme et d'autres rêveries pareilles non plus que de certaines brutalités, certaines crudités du Sensisme Français. Locke était beaucoup plus religieux que tous les Encyclopédistes."—"Si le Cartésianisme, père du sensisme et du panthéisme n'a pas produit en Angleterre les mêmes fruits qu'en France et en Allemagne, c'est aux *institutions religieuses qu'il faut l'attribuer!* Parmi toutes les sectes hétérodoxes, l'Anglicanisme est en effet une des moins éloignées du Catholicisme; par sa hiérarchie elle tient un milieu entre le Catholicisme et le Protestantisme. Aussi la Réforme Anglicaine, en conservant en partie le principe vivifiant de l'ordre hiérarchique préserva les dogmes traditionnels d'une ruine totale, et ces dogmes font que l'idée morale et religieuse est universellement considérée en Angleterre comme un héritage inviolable; héritage public et privé, héritage de la société et de la famille."—"THOMAS REID, le premier philosophe de l'Angleterre, sinon par son génie, au moins par la bonté de sa doctrine, fut moins subtil et moins profond que Kant, avec lequel il a beaucoup de ressemblance, mais aussi il fut bien plus judicieux; il évita les paradoxes les plus énormes des autres sectes sorties du principe commun en légitimant au profit de la philosophie les vérités traditionnelles, sous le nom d'instinct et de sens commun. Le sens commun n'est en substance que la vérité idéale transmise par la religion et la parole, et connaturelle à l'esprit humaine, tant par sa vertu intrinsèque que par l'effet de l'éducation et d'une longue habitude."—P. 146.

Now, how do these facts bear on the exclusive claims of Catholicism as the mother and mistress of true philosophy? A professed Catholic is the author of the Heterodox Rationalism, which Gioberti condemns; a Catholic nation nurses and develops it, till it issues in the extreme of sensualism and infidelity. A professed Protestant revives the Ideal Theory which Gioberti wishes to restore; and German and British Protestants retain and cherish their religious convictions; the mind of England and Scotland is thoroughly alienated from the Infallible Church, yet confessedly imbued with a sound, moderate, and healthful philosophy. Why? Because the Church in England retained something of Catholicism in still upholding the Hierarchy! Yet Bishop Berkeley would have been a second Malebranche, had he been only a Catholic! and THOMAS REID, the first philosopher of England, was unfortunately a Presbyterian Pastor in the least hierarchical country of Europe! Still the poison of Rationalism

was counteracted by our religious institutions. Most true; but by institutions based on Protestant grounds, and powerful only because, under the blessing of the Spirit of God, they tended to leaven the public mind with the grand, eternal, immutable principles of Bible truth.

The peculiar theory of Gioberti may be described generally as an expansion and completion of Malebranche's Ideal Vision. It is his avowed aim to divorce philosophy from the Rationalism of Descartes and his followers, and to reunite it to the Church by the chain of Catholic tradition. In a letter on the philosophical and political doctrines of M. de Lamennais, he gives an account of the way in which he was led to the adoption of his present views. "Having given myself," he says, "with confidence, for more than ten years, to the principle of abstract being, which I believed to be certain; and having followed it out by a rigorous logic to its legitimate results, I found myself unwittingly a Pantheist. After making many a vain effort to modify this involuntary Pantheism, the corollary from false but specious principles, and sanctioned by some respectable names, I came to know that I had been deceived, and felt that I must retrace my steps, and resume my syntheses and analyses. I saw that to avoid that error, it was necessary to add to the idea of Being some other notion which was at once primordial and yet subordinate to it. Now, we may attain this second notion, by taking being out of its *state of abstraction*, and considering it in the *concrete*, as the absolute, the creative, since *being* thus considered implies the idea of an effect, (possible or actual,) *i.e.*, of an *existence* which forms no part of its nature, but which, being the free product of will, is connected with it by creation. According to this view, there would be one only principle whence the human spirit sets out, *i.e.*, the idea of a Being pure and necessary, who created contingent existences, and this fundamental truth would produce a fundamental fact, *viz.*, the reality of *existence* itself, and would explain the substantial distinction between being and existence by the intermediate idea of creative action. He ascribes his first glimpse of this truth to the sacred tetragrammaton, "I AM THAT I AM," viewed in the light of the Catholic philosophy, as taught by Leibnitz, Vico, Malebranche, Gerdil, St. Thomas, St. Anselm, and St. Augustin. Premising that God, the supreme object of philosophy, although intelligible in Himself, is not in all respects intelligible to us, owing to the finitude of our minds, he lays down a fundamental distinction between the intelligible and the sur-intelligible; and adds, that in so far as He is intelligible, He is apprehended by reason; but in so far as

He is sur-intelligible, He is made known by revelation. In the former aspect, He is the immediate object of our mental intuition, and that, too, not only in the necessity of His being, but also in his character as Creator, for we intuitively apprehend God as absolute in Himself, and moreover, as producing the world out of Himself. Reflection merely repeats, or throws into the form of definite expression, the twofold judgment that is involved in this primary intuition, which may be expressed by saying either, "God is, and creates the world," or more generally, "*L'ETRE CREE LES EXISTENCES*," a proposition which he denominates "the Ideal Formula," and which he describes as a fundamental truth, having all the properties of a first principle. By being, (*l'Etre*,) he understands the absolute, necessary, Eternal Being, independent, having no bounds or limits, whether in respect of duration or perfection, which is the first substance and first cause. By *existence*, (*l'existence, or les existences*,) he understands contingent beings,—an idea which he conceives to be implied in the etymology of the term, (*ex-sistere*,) which involves at once the notion of *reality* and of *derivation*. By creation, he means that action which brings into existence what did not exist before, by virtue of a power which belongs necessarily to the First Cause; for, while he carefully guards against the error of Cousin, who represents creation as a necessary effect, and describes it as the product of a free and sovereign will, he holds that an infinite and perfect being is necessarily creative in the sense of having necessarily the power to produce such an effect. The judgment which is thus expressed in the Ideal Formula is held to be intuitive and self-evident; it is founded on evidence, but on evidence which is prior to reflection—on evidence which is not subjective, but objective; it flows in upon the mind from the *Object*, like a ray falling on the eye from the sun: it exercises an imperious sway over the mind in the very act of enlightening it; it is the voice of God, (*l'Etre*,) who, placing Himself before the soul of man, and revealing Himself as intelligible, says, "*I am*;" or, as the French editors express it, "*L'evidence est objective—elle est donc la voix de l'Etre, qui se posant en face de notre âme, lui dit, Je suis nécessairement.*" To this idea the author attaches great importance, for otherwise, the first judgment, which is the basis of all certitude, would be purely subjective, and then scepticism would be inevitable. But God reveals Himself to our mind by virtue of His intelligibility; the mind contemplates Him by simple intuition or immediate aperception; the mind is merely the hearer and witness of that judgment, objective and divine; and when reflection follows, we throw the judgment into the form of a proposition, which the mind recognises as legitimate and valid,

because it sees in it only the simple repetition of the judgment pronounced by the Being (l'Être) himself.

The Ideal Formula, thus explained, embraces two cycles, or processes, the one bearing on the *fact*, the other on the *end* of creation. The first cycle proceeds from being to existence, through the intermediate act of creation; but, in creating existence, God cannot terminate in that as his last end. The creative act must therefore, so to speak, return to the source whence it set out, by leading up existence to being. Hence the second cycle, which is the necessary complement of the first: in the former, God is the sole agent; in the latter, created beings concur as second causes, under the direction and influence of the first cause: existence returns to God, not to be identified with Him as Pantheists dream, but to be united with Him by love and knowledge, without losing its proper substance and personality.

This formula is offered as a basis for universal science, and a reason for all truths, of whatever kind—the whole encyclopædia of human knowledge being but the development of the fundamental principle thus announced. The ideal formula exhibits what he calls the *premier philosophique*, which is the sole principle and base both of the intelligible and real; and this again includes both the *premier psychologique*, i.e., the first idea, and the *premier ontologique*, i.e., the first being: and in proof of the scientific universality of his formula, he proceeds, after referring to the genealogical trees of human knowledge that were formerly sketched by Bacon and D'Alembert, to furnish one of his own; dividing all science into three branches, viz., Philosophy, (i.e., Ontology or the knowledge of the Intelligible,) Physics, (including Psychology as well as Natural Science,) and Mathematics; and attempting to show that these three correspond respectively with the three terms of his formula, and that all the particular sciences comprehended under these generic titles admit of being referred to it in one or other of the two cycles which belong to it. Thus to the subject (l'Être) belong Philosophy, properly so called, which takes cognizance of the intelligible, and Revealed Theology, which makes known the sur-intelligible. To the predicate (l'existence) belong the Physical Sciences, including the mental, as well as material objects; while to the copula (créé) belong Arithmetic, which has its origin in the concept of time, Geometry, which is founded on the concept of space, Logic, which has reference to the true, and Ethics, which treats of the good. A similar formula is furnished as applicable to Revealed Theology, or the science of the sur-intelligible;—“L'ÊTRE RACHÈTE L'EXISTANT;” the fall being presupposed, and redemption in the revealed taking the place of creation in the

rational formula; or otherwise "Dieu crée l'Eglise." We think it unnecessary, and it might be tedious, to enter into any farther exposition of this singular theory: but we may be permitted, before bringing our Article to a close, to offer a few remarks upon it, having a special reference to those points at which it may seem to come into contact and collision with the views generally prevalent in our own land.

And, 1. We think it must be evident to all who are competent to form an opinion on the subject, that the proposal of such a formula for the adoption of any class of men who are disposed to doubt or dispute the being of God or the existence of the soul and the world, will be regarded and treated by them as an enormous *petitio principii*; and if an appeal be made to their own consciousness in favour of the self-evidence of the proposition, we doubt whether, apart from proofs of a different kind, one would be found among ten thousand to respond to it, in the only sense in which it could be of any practical avail for the purposes either of a sound philosophy or of a sound faith.

2. We think it equally clear that the proposal of such a formula at the present time affords sufficient evidence that, as yet, the spirit of the Baconian philosophy has made little progress abroad, and is far from being adequately appreciated by our Continental neighbours. The synthetic and deductive method is still obstinately adhered to in matters to which it cannot properly be applied, and used as a means of proving what can only be proved by the evidence of experience and observation. Thus Gioberti may be perfectly right in saying that both the "*principe téléologique*" and the "*principe de causalité*" are furnished by reason and not by experience, while it is nevertheless true that the *facts* to which these principles are applied are known only by observation *a posteriori*. And yet, insisting on a rigorous deduction of all human knowledge from some one radical and fundamental principle, he goes so far as to say that a Catholic proves *the existence of man* from the existence of God; that the proof of the real existence of other things depends for its validity on the intuitive apprehension of God as creator; that we do not infer the being of God from the existence of order, but the existence of order from the idea of God; and that the common term Judge, which is applied both to God and man, is not transferred analogically from the latter to the former, but *vice versa*.

3. We might remark on the very equivocal use of the words *parole* and *foi*, which severally represent the method of Divine manifestation, and the method of human reception, in so far as the Truth is concerned, whether it belong to the intelligible or the sur-intelligible. But not to insist on this, although it affects

materially the value of many parts of his theory, we proceed to observe—

4. That his views in regard to the relations subsisting between Psychology and Ontology appear to us to be defective, and his fears as to the pernicious influence of the former, whether on the truths of Philosophy or Faith, grossly exaggerated. It is true that he indicates more than once a distinction between Psychology and Psychologism; the former denoting the inductive or experimental philosophy of mind, the latter a speculative system which commences, like that of Descartes, with initial doubt, and professes to found on mere sensibles, external and internal, but apart from the intuitions of reason, a philosophy of God, of man, and of the universe. We have somewhere seen the term Psychologue applied to designate a student of the one, and Psychologue to designate a partizan of the other. And it is due to Gioberti to give him the full benefit of this distinction, since he admits more than once the value of Psychology, as a useful preparative or propædeutique, and specially commends to his countrymen the careful study of the writings of the Scottish and Italian Schools. And farther, when he defines the term Psychologisme, we see that he means something very different from the Inductive science of mind. “*L’hétérodoxie dont nous parlons peut se définir la substitution du sensible à l’intelligible, comme point de départ de la philosophie.*” Or, in other words, “*la substitution du sensible interne à l’intelligible, comme premier principe, et de la réflexion psychologique à la raison, comme instrument principal ou au moins initial de la philosophie.*” “*Ce système, qui part du sens intime pour en tirer et en fabriquer tout l’édifice de la Connaissance humaine, peut être justement nommé Psychologisme.*” It corresponds, in short, with Sensualism, taken in a large sense as including the facts of consciousness as well as those of sensation. He seems to think that the radical vice of modern speculation consists in this—that the right order between Psychology and Ontology has been reversed, that an attempt has been made to found the truths included in the latter on the data furnished by the former; and that the only method of restoring a sound philosophy is to revert to the methods of former and better times, or in his own words, “the abolition of Psychologism, and the re-establishment of a strong and profound Ontologism, is the only plank that can save European Philosophy from a total shipwreck.” Now we submit, in the first place, that Psychology, considered simply as the Inductive science of mind, does not necessarily exclude a sound system of Ontology, but serves on the contrary to furnish certain data which are indispensable for the construction of such a system: secondly, that the germ of a sound Ontology exists,

although perhaps it has not been fully developed, in the best systems of modern Psychology, as is in fact admitted by himself with reference to the works of Reid, Stewart, and Rosmini: and thirdly, that Psychology does not supersede, nor in any way interfere with the peculiar province and functions of Intuition, whatever these may be—but taking cognizance of the whole contents of the human consciousness, notes and registers every concept, and every belief of whatever kind, without foreclosing any question that may be raised as to their origin, and leaving it perfectly open to every inquirer to account for them as he best may, either on the principles of the Sensationalist or on those of the Idealist. There might be a risk, no doubt, of scepticism, were the whole of human knowledge resolved into the materials furnished by sensation and reflection, unless it were clearly shown at the same time that the latter includes those intuitive perceptions, those first principles of reason, those fundamental laws of belief, to which the Scottish School have given so much prominence in their invaluable writings. But there need be no fear of scepticism, nor even of subjective idealism, if our Psychology be large enough to comprehend, and wise enough not to tamper with the province of Intuition.

5. In regard to the most solemn topic to which his theory applies—the Being of God—his doctrine of Intuitive Vision, or immediate aperception, appears to us to be liable to many serious difficulties which do not attach to the method of establishing this fundamental truth which has been generally followed in our own country. He holds that the Being of God is not argumentatively proved, but intuitively perceived; that any arguments which may be adduced in confirmation of our primary belief in it, are conclusive only by reason of their being mere *reconnaisances*, or faithful reflections of our prior Intuitions;—that we do not infer the Being of God from the existence of order in the physical and moral worlds; but, inversely, we derive our concept of order from the primary perception of God;—that the finite cannot represent the infinite, nor the contingent the necessary, nor the created the uncreated;—that God reveals himself directly, and is intuitively perceived by the soul of man. “The idea of God must be an immediate perception of the object itself, *i.e.*, of God, discerned by our Intuition in his substantial reality.” Now, we have no doubt that the proof to which we usually appeal on this fundamental article of our faith rests ultimately on a perception which has all the characteristics of Intuition. But the question is, whether it be mediate or immediate? whether it be the direct Intuition of the object, or the perception of that object by means of certain SIGNS? This is the hinge on which the whole controversy turns:

Gioberti holds that Signs are indispensable in the processes of reflection, but not in the act of Intuition; that Intuition seizes its object immediately, "*sans l'intermédiaire d'aucun signe.*" And yet we think his own admissions on some kindred questions might have suggested to his mind a different view. He says that the Ideal world is to the soul what the Material world is to the senses: that in both cases there is an immediate perception of the object; that the question as to the Being of God is very similar to that respecting the existence of an external world;—nay, "that the perception which we have of God corresponds exactly to the perception admitted by the Scottish School with regard to body." Now, the Scottish theory of perception, while it excludes *ideas* as representing body, is not exclusive of *signs*: on the contrary, Gioberti himself marks it as one of the excellencies of the Scottish theory, that it recognises other signs besides words. "*Les paroles sont les principaux signes, mais non les seuls: tous les sentiments sont de véritables signes des choses, selon la belle et profonde doctrine de Thomas Reid.*" Now if Reid's refutation of the Ideal theory with reference to body be applicable, as Gioberti says it is, to all the objects of our intuitive knowledge; and if the intermediate use of signs be admitted in the case of sensible perception, without destroying its intuitive character and certainty, why may not *signs* be admitted also as media through which God reveals Himself to His intelligent creatures? Why may not the adaptations of nature, the manifold indications of design, and the order and harmony of the universe, be the signs or media through which our intelligence discerns His Being, His personality, and His perfections?

But whatever may be the defects of his Philosophical theory, it gives us pleasure to add that, retaining, as he does, many of the human inventions by which Popery has corrupted the simplicity of the faith, he exhibits, in a clear and impressive light, not a few of the *positive truths of Revelation*, which have been too often neglected or discarded by the nominal Protestantism of the Continent. Many a learned Lutheran may well stand rebuked when he reads such testimonies as the following to the eternal verities of God from the pen of a devoted Romanist. On the doctrine of the Fall he thus writes:—"Christianity fully explains the inclination to evil which prevails universally amongst men, by ascribing it to the first sin: and it attributes that sin, not to a perverse and prior instinct, but solely to the nature of free-will—which might incline either to good or evil."—"The only rational view which can be taken of human perfectibility leads us to consider man as *actually fallen*, and bound to return to his chief end, so as to rise to the high destiny which Provi-

dence has marked out for him.”—“The psychological study of the human heart confirms the sad truth of a *fact*, whose origin can only be explained by the light of heaven. The dogma of the first fall is the sur-intelligible revealed, which illustrates the present and universal fact of the inability of man to fulfil his destiny, and which renders a reason for a phenomenon at variance with the general harmony of the universe.” On the doctrine of Original Sin, or the influence and effect of the Fall on all the generations of our race, he adds: “It may be shewn in the most rigorous manner, that without the dogma of Original Sin, Manicheism is inevitable.”—“The first transgression has infected the whole of human nature, and appears reflected in every part of it.” And so on the doctrine of Predestination: “It cannot be denied that there is a predestination for nations, as well as for individuals; and that in both cases the Divine ordination has a double aspect, according as we consider the gifts of grace or the bounties of nature. From the sum and combination of these diverse predestinations spring the moral harmony of the world, and the history of Providence. To deny Predestination, natural or supernatural, is to exclude Divine interposition in the affairs of men; to exaggerate it, by suppressing or limiting free-will, is in effect to destroy it.”—“Gratuitous Predestination establishes the absolute dominion of God over the universe, and even over free spirits, which must be in subjection to the first cause.”—“Predestination is the demonstrable consequence of the absolute right pertaining to God, who, without predestination, would cease to be the first cause.”—“God is the supreme and free Ruler, who, having the power to make a difference between men in temporal respects, has equally the power to make a distinction and difference between them in things spiritual and eternal.” And so on the kindred doctrine of Election: “Man cannot be born again otherwise than by spiritual generation, and the election of grace. To speak properly, Grace is nothing but Election.” On the doctrine of the New Creation Christianity is described as the perfect restoration of the primitive state of humanity, and the direction of humanity towards its final state: and it is affirmed that this restoration can only be effected by an act of creation; for a body infected with mortal disease can find in itself neither antidote nor cure. Wherefore the renovation of man is a supernatural effect; and as such it is described in Scripture, where it is called a second creation, by which the Almighty renews the works of the first creation. The supernatural order of things, being a new course of existence, a new spiritual Cosmos, appears to us as the effect of a second creative act.” On the influence of the Holy Spirit, and especially its effect in enlightening the mind to discern the evidence

of Divine truth, his remarks bear a striking resemblance to those of Dr. Owen on "the reason of Faith." "The light of grace may well suggest, illustrate, and fortify the reasons of faith, but it cannot constitute them; otherwise it were impossible to discriminate between faith and fanaticism or superstition, and Christian assent would no longer be rational. If the reasons which prove the doctrines of the faith were not credible in themselves, then we must say that they are not true reasons; and Divine grace could never give them force. That heavenly gift is not designed to give to the truths of faith an objective validity which they do not intrinsically possess, but to dispose the mind to receive them, to taste them, to feel their preciousness and their efficacy, by dissipating the darkness of the understanding, by subduing the rebellious affections which prevent that tranquil consideration, and that loving adhesion to the truth in which the perfection of faith consists." On the doctrine of miraculous interposition—a doctrine, alas! rejected, and even ridiculed by many bearing the name of Protestants—his views are clear and strong. "The order of nature, although uniform and stable, is not immutable; being subordinate to the Creative power, it may be changed in the measure, time, and way that may seem best to the overruling wisdom. A miracle, which is contrary to the inferior laws of material nature, is in conformity with the moral and supreme law of the universe. That supreme law is the subordination of matter to mind, of the sensible to the intellectual order of the world. God, therefore, far from disturbing universal harmony, maintains it, by interrupting the course of physical forces in certain determinate cases, and for a most wise end." "A miracle is not incredible on the supposition of a God." His thoughts on life and death, and especially on the new revelation that may be expected on the instant of our transition from time into eternity, are profound and noble: "Religion imparts an infinite value to the temporal life of man, by connecting it strictly with life eternal; and death, which is the passage from the one to the other, receives from religious beliefs a new aspect and character. The faith beautifies death, and makes it sweet, agreeable, precious, desirable, by separating it from the idea of annihilation, which makes it dreadful to most men, and representing it to us as our deliverance from that earthly prison-house in which we agonize rather than live, and as a second birth into a true life. But death acquires a peculiar value to the man devoted to the study of truth, and accustomed to fix his eyes on the impenetrable veil which conceals a great part of it from his view, for it appears to him as the *transformation of the sur-intelligible into the intelligible, and the complete Revelation of God.*"

And on the doctrine of the future, eternal punishment of the wicked, his "trumpet gives no uncertain sound." "The eternity of rewards or of punishments will be in a great measure the effect of virtuous or vicious habitude, now become natural to souls good or wicked, and inseparable from their condition."—"The eternity of punishment is a doctrine frightful to the weak understanding and corrupted affections of men;" but "it is an article of the criminal code established by God and promulgated by revelation. Man has no right to judge the justice of the law and the equity of the penalty; the Divine jurisprudence has no resemblance to that of the ten (or twelve) tables which were publicly exposed, that the citizens might make known their advice before their promulgation. Human logic has neither the necessary principles nor the force of judgment requisite to weigh and estimate the code of God. Instead of rejecting the eternity of punishment, because it appears too severe or unjust, reason ought, on the contrary, to regard it as perfectly just and right, because it has been revealed by Him who cannot lie. Human reasoning cannot avail against a Divine fact; but the Divine fact ought to convince the reason of man."

We have referred to these testimonies, to what we conceive to be the unchangeable and eternal truths of God, partly with the view of doing justice to the character of a bold and manly opponent, whose sentiments on other topics we have ventured to controvert, but chiefly in the hope that his Protestant antagonists may be impressed with the conviction, that the presence of such positive doctrines may impart, even to a system of error, a strength and stability which cannot belong, in the nature of things, to any set of mere abstractions or negations, such as has too often been exhibited in the cold, dead, lifeless Rationalism which so grievously misrepresents Protestant Christianity on the continent of Europe.

- ART. IV.—1. STEIN.—*Sozialismus in Frankreich*.
 2. FRÖBEL.—*System der Sozialen Politik*.
 3. GRÜN.—*Die Soziale Bewegung in Frankreich und Belgien*.
 4. BRUNO BAUER.—*Die Bürgerliche Revolution in Deutschland seit dem Anfang der deutsch-catholischen Bewegung bis zur Gegenwart*.

THE literature of Socialism* indicates at best but imperfectly the strength and practical tendencies of the movement which it undertakes to represent and to direct. No sect which ever attempted to convert the world has been so variously distracted by internal differences, while yet in a militant state, without any footing in actual and real life. Most of the prophets of social regeneration denounce all the rest as fanatics and impostors. The French phalanstère looks down on the English parallelogram; the rights of freedom are vindicated by the bold anarchism of Proudhon against the social despotism of St. Simon and of the Icarian Communists; and the lively disciple of Feuerbach, the Humanist Grün, complacently ridicules as illogical charlatans all who would strive, in a perfected world, to retain the names or the shadows of religion, morality, and law.

But in the mean time the vigour of the crusade against property is little affected by the dissensions of its leaders. It is easier to act in concert than to think in unison; and all the schools of Socialism have one immediate purpose in common—the overthrow of the existing form of society. The means to be used are as intelligible as the object to be attained—universal suffrage, as an experiment; and if it fails—barricades and bayonets. Thus far the Socialist leaders are agreed with their followers and with each other; and the mass of their supporters look no farther. The Parisian artisan may speculate on a guarantee of labour, and a minimum of wages, while the landless peasant hopes for a new division of the soil: in all cases the poor man can hardly fail to believe that he would profit by a more equal distribution of wealth. What he asks from his teachers is not so much a theory for the reconstruction of society, as an assurance that such theories will be forthcoming when they are required: and he farther requires some plausible arguments to satisfy him that his cause is just and honest, as well as conducive to his own interest. The polemical discussions of theorists supply these wants, and keep public interest alive, without

* In the absence of any term which includes both the positive organization of Socialism and the negative doctrines of Communism, we have applied the term Socialist, as the more general and more familiar, to all the different schools of social regeneration.

dividing the multitude into parties, or weakening their common enthusiasm. The differences on which the controversies turn all affect the future ; and all assume the possibility of a future which, however indefinite, will at least be in its social organization unlike the present and the past. Whenever an attempt to equalize or to annihilate property shall succeed in any part of the world, the theoretical difficulties of Socialism will begin to divide the mass of its adherents into opposing or hostile factions. For statesmen, the numbers and strength of the opponents of property form a more serious matter of consideration than the special banners and watchwords which they may have been induced to adopt. The statistics of Socialism deserve little reliance, in consequence of the party-feeling of those who have professed to examine them ; but there can be little doubt that, in the departments of France which have returned the minority of the present Assembly, in Switzerland, Suabia, the Palatinate, Silesia, and Poland, and, to a smaller extent, in many other parts of the Continent, the ancient belief in the sacredness of property has given way to hopes of a new system of rights, under which the problem of social and economic equality may be wholly or approximately solved. It is not by elaborate reasoning that the old faith has been shaken, and it will not be, at present at least, re-established by argument. The adherents of property must be content to rely for their security on the numerical majority which they probably retain, and on the superior strength which they certainly possess. The final decision of the questions at issue belongs perhaps to a remote future ; but the permanent resistance and ultimate victory of property will depend on the existence of a conviction in the minds of its advocates sufficiently solid and well-reasoned to resist the passionate enthusiasm of the social revolutionists.

It is, for this reason, far more important to the opponents of Socialism, than to the Socialists themselves, to understand the different systems which have been proposed for the reconstruction of the world. As long as the destructive process is the only practical business of the time, the assailants will be abundantly supplied with reasoning sufficiently plausible to satisfy and to unite them. The evil which exists can always be attributed to the institutions which it accompanies ; and the undeniable interest of proprietors can be represented as the only ground on which they defend the rights of property. Experience, which teaches that the actual world is by no means perfect, can never show the imperfections which might exist in Utopia. It is proverbially impossible to prove a negative.

Fortunately, the leaders and representatives of Socialism have been led by inclination, or compelled by their position, to under-

take a responsibility from which their followers were exempt. There has been no want of imaginary republics and future Edens, or of comprehensive dogmas, in which the germ of the institutions of the future is involved. By a natural and happy propensity, the Socialist writers have also, as we have already observed, supplied the negative as well as the positive elements of the controversy—criticising each other with a zest and an interest which none of them have excited in an equal degree among those who are fundamentally opposed to them all. Proudhon and Considérant are more formidable enemies to each other than either of them has found in Thiers or Guizot; and the slaughter of Utopian philosophers by Grün resembles that which Strauss effected among the rationalist interpreters of Scripture—*Ottomanorum more regnare non possunt nisi cum fratres omnes contrucidaverint.*

It is by a similar investigation of the reconstructive systems which are proposed by the enemies of existing society, that the true meaning of their demands must be understood, and the answer to them discovered, if at all. We are far from thinking that it has been found as yet. To all who have rejected Socialism without inquiry, and to many who have unconsciously admitted its principles, the chimerical visions of Fourier, and the anarchism of the modern Humanists, furnish matter only for laughter. The innumerable caricatures of Considérant with his tail, and of Proudhon with his anti-proprietary pickaxe, addressed to the half-socialist middle classes of Paris, by artists who are possibly Socialists themselves, represent perhaps fairly enough the mixture of practical common sense and of loose reasoning which in all countries constitutes ostensible public opinion. The uneducated multitude, less shocked by strange results, reasons perhaps less inconsistently. If a phalansterian Utopia is necessary for the organization of labour, the many have faith strong enough for the Phalanstère itself; nor will they shrink from the logician who proves to them that law and property and marriage must be abolished before equality can be realized upon earth. To the critic who wishes to understand Socialism, and to the conservative moralist who would oppose it, a similar conviction of the consistency of socialist deductions might not be without its value. The wildest speculators have an instinctive sense of unity and proportion; and even Fourier's dreams may perhaps not have been wholly delirious. Like Alnaschar,* he may have

* The comparison between Alnaschar and Fourier is not wholly arbitrary. The barber of Bagdad's brother calculated that, by successive re-investments of the capital represented by a basket of eggs, he would become rich enough to marry the Vizier's daughter. Fourier undertook to pay the English national debt, an amount many times greater than all the dowries of all Viziers' daughters from

imagined no events but such as were necessary for his imaginary paradise ; nor will his life have been entirely useless, if he should eventually have taught the world that the societarian harmony which he preached depends on the economic conditions which he prophesied. M. Louis Blanc would lament to learn that labour can never be efficiently organized until we live, ourselves with the stature of giants, in continents more fertile than the gardens of the Hesperides, studded with Fourierist palaces, lit up and warmed by new Fourierist moons, inhabited by animals yet uncreated for our use, and washed by an ocean of lemonade.

In other words, the question between individualism and socialism is conveniently simplified by the admission of the Phalansterian prophet, that the regeneration of the world must, if it is to succeed, be preceded or accompanied by an increase of material wealth, not only vast in itself, but so sudden as to anticipate the advance of population. The question is thus removed into the sphere of political economy, a science which, according to the just definition of a Communist contributor to the *Deutsches Bürgerbuch*, is in its present form the philosophy of self-interest ; and it will remain to inquire, first, Whether the proposed multiplication of wealth is practicable ? and, secondly, Whether, in the production of it, the motives of individual interest can be dispensed with ? For we are indebted to the clear-headed Proudhon and to the thoroughgoing Grün for a farther simplification of the problem, in the unanswerable proofs which they supply, that the fractional rights reserved to property in the Fourierist world are a mere inconsistency and illusion, a compromise with prejudice, as useless as the *fainéant* deity of the Cabetists, and likely to be much more troublesome. It is Proudhon, also, whom we have to thank for the just and pregnant antithesis that if property is fatal to equality Communism is the destruction of liberty. Logical honesty like his is a quality most welcome even to those who may oppose or criticise his views ; and the want of it is sometimes partially supplied by the sense

Grenada to Bassora, with eggs alone, in six months. His calculation is as follows :—Assuming a dozen good fresh eggs to be worth half a franc, or fourpence-halfpenny, we require fifty thousand million dozen to pay off the English national debt. Now, in each of 600,000 phalanstères, it will be easy to keep 12,000 hens, which will lay every day in the year, instead of about 200 times, as at present ; but, assuming only 200 eggs as the yearly produce of each hen, we have in a phalanstère daily, 1000 dozen of eggs, at one-half franc per dozen, 500 francs, yearly, 100,000
and in 600,000 phalanstères, 60,000,000,000
or, taking the number of hens at 10,000, 50,000,000,000
or £2,000,000,000 yearly, and therefore £1,000,000,000 in six months, as the value of eggs alone.

Yet this crazy charlatan supposed himself, and is said by his disciples to have been, a profound calculator and logician. He never asked who was to buy the eggs,

of harmony which influences the castle-building even of such moonstruck philosophers as Fourier, through all the rubbish of their mimic deductions and sham mathematical apparatus.

Of the works now before us, that of Fröbel is the only independent and complete scheme of society and politics. Stein is no Communist or Socialist, being, in fact, distinguished by a remarkable faith in monarchy, founded on arguments such as occur only to German scholars. Having undertaken the history of the French Social schools, he has accomplished his task with an elaborate tediousness worthy of his learning and of his nation. The true German book-writer will never pass over a point, and never approach a problem, but by regular parallels and orthodox zigzags, as prescribed by the laws of dialectic war. It is in vain that his readers wish to point out the openness of the breach, and the absence of resistance or of difficulties. He is too cautious to spare them a definition or a distinction, or to let them know that an egg is an egg, till he has ascertained that they thoroughly understand the *Begriff* or abstract notion of an egg. It would, however, be ungrateful to deny the industry and care with which Stein has studied the literature of Socialism, or the fulness of the account which he has given of the various sects which have been produced by French ingenuity and French credulity. His own general answer to the arguments of the writers whom he criticises is irreverently, but not unjustly, summed up by the scoffer Grün. "Louis Blanc begged me for God's sake to tell him what a German scholar, who had a four hours' talk with him, two years ago, had made out of the conversation. Probably Mr. Stein, I said. 'Yes; exactly so. Has he written a book? (The French are totally ignorant of our literature, which certainly is often a blessing.) What does he say?' As we were close to the Palais Royal I could not give a proper answer, and I merely said, 'Not much. He says the state is the state, and the *prolétaire* cannot overthrow the state, because the state is sacred—and is the state —."

Stein, in a subsequent edition, avails himself of the opportunity of criticising Grün in turn; but he candidly admits the value of the information which his work contains. We are inclined to think that it is the most able and most instructive, as it is beyond comparison the most readable work in the historical literature of Socialism. The boast of Feuerbach that he was the first to introduce humour into philosophy derives some countenance from the amusing vivacity and ready irony of his Socialist disciple. The value of his criticism is greatly increased by the circumstance that, in revolutionary boldness, his opinions go beyond those of all the sects whom he reviews. The advocates of property are apt to censure innovators, in proportion to the extent of the

changes which they advocate. The Humanist, or Social Jacobin, on the contrary, ridicules them for shortcomings and for timidity, and points out the inconsistency with which they shrink from the consequences of their own principles, and the untenableness of their half-way position. Grün is no Stoic to be scandalized with the cakes and ale of the sensual paradise which Fourier and *Enfantin* would have realized on earth, but he has as little respect for theories of compromise as he would entertain for Blackstone's Commentaries or for the Whole Duty of Man. Democratic revolution he advocates only as the first step in the course of improvement, although he confesses that he occasionally finds himself singing an old bloodthirsty Jacobinical *carmagnole*. American equality finds little favour in his eyes. "It disgusts me more," he says, "than the old world, because this shopkeeping egoism wears the flush of an ostentatious healthiness; because in America they have not yet come to the split which goes through the heart of the old world, since every thing there is so much on the surface, so devoid of root, I would almost say so provincial. (*kleinstädtisch*.)" His criticism of Robespierre's Declaration of the Rights of Man, as far as it concerns property, is a fair specimen of his manner:—" 'The right of property must not interfere with the safety or freedom or existence of others.' (Art. 8.) The right of property must not interfere with property! Yes, Robespierre presses into one article the whole contradiction of *political* Socialism. 'Every act against the freedom, security, or property of a man, by whomsoever exercised, even in the name of the law, beyond the cases for which it has provided, and the forms which it prescribes, is arbitrary and void. Respect for the law itself forbids submission to it, and if it is attempted to be executed by force it may be resisted by force.' (Art. 25.) That is, property is legal. Property may be legally violated. Yet property cannot be legally violated. Resistance to legal violation of property, if such violation is illegal, is legal. An honest man you may have been, Maximilian Robespierre—a genius you were not."

It is to be feared that Fröbel's System of Social Politics would have found little favour with the Humanist critic, if it had come within the range of his discussion. Since the publication of the work in 1847 the author's name has become generally known in consequence of his mission to convey to the Vienna insurgents of October last the sympathies of the Left of the Frankfort Assembly. We are not aware of the reasons which induced Prince Windischgrätz to release Fröbel when he shot his colleague Blum, but from the book before us we should suppose him to be a well-meaning bookish theorist, and by no means a formidable agitator. In a first edition he had assumed the name of Caius Junius; but his careful and elaborate method, and his abstract

conclusions, are as little akin to the acrimonious pungency of Sir Philip Francis as to the revolutionary violence symbolized by the name of the conventional hero of regicides. Some of the remarks which have been made on the national pedantry of Stein will apply equally to Fröbel. He begins at the beginning, and will take nothing for granted. He has a system of anthropology, a system of psychology, he adds a long essay on ethnology, including an account of all existing nations and tribes; and, finally, he arrives at his system of Social politics as the child in the story book got his bread and butter after the blacksmith had forged the ploughshare, and the farmer had sown the corn, and the miller had ground the grain, and the baker had baked the bread. A deep foundation is no doubt desirable; but in some cases the question occurs, whether in so various a substructure there may not be some flaw, endangering the whole edifice? Practical men prefer building on the natural rock, which has been shown by experience, and admitted by general consent, to be solid and secure.

It is true, that in the most elaborate synthetic politics, where, from some innocent-looking axioms about free-will or human nature, an ingenious writer deduces a system of democracy or socialism, or perhaps of limited monarchy, it is easy to see that the conclusions were formed before the premises were invented to support them; and that if one set of metaphysical doctrines had obstinately refused their sanction to the scheme, another would have been summoned to supply their place. Fröbel required a system of absolute democracy which should admit of individual freedom, and allow the possession for life of private property, to relapse at death to the community. It would perhaps have been as useful to assert at once that such a form of society was desirable, as to occupy a volume in an examination of the nature of man, and of society in general, before coming to the foreseen conclusion. Those who approve of the scheme will find a philosophy to justify it without wading through Fröbel's laborious proofs that the individual precedes society, that society is necessary to the individual, that morality consists in the subordination of means to ends, and that the social compact of Rousseau is immoral. It would have been more satisfactory to show that the unrestricted government of a majority is compatible with the freedom of a minority, and that the arguments which are used to support the limitation of the right of property might not be extended to prove the necessity of its abolition. To the rights of minorities we must admit that Fröbel, who seems to be a very honest and candid inquirer, pays considerable attention; but he is hampered by his entire repudiation of authority, and of the social compact. He says, and in the ab-

stract with perfect justice, that the will or opinion of another cannot have any moral weight with the individual until he has adopted it as his own. It can only be recognised as an external force, to be resisted, if necessary, by force. In other words, the only absolute freedom is that which is exempt from all law and government,—a proposition which is as useless as it is true. But Fröbel is a democrat as well as a philosopher; and although he has repudiated the supposed right of the individual to alienate his absolute freedom by contract, he requires a justification for his faith in the right of majorities. To one of the conditions which he lays down we have no objection,—entire freedom of opinion, and of theoretical attempts at proselytizing. But this is evidently a mere reservation of a part of the freedom which he is about to sacrifice to his democratic system; as, indeed, he must have renounced it before he could have established any political system whatever. The second condition by which he would secure individual freedom is, that all persons shall be at liberty to emigrate, if they are dissatisfied with the Government at home. In other words, I will provide you with a polity in which you can always follow your own views, and I will secure your enjoyment of it by authorizing you to go elsewhere if your views are interfered with. The same guarantee for liberty is already offered by most European Governments. Even Russia provides Siberia as an alternative for the discontented. We had thought that the problem was to establish a perfect polity in Utopia, and not to send us out of Utopia to look for it.

As a socialist Fröbel is amiable and moderate, and, therefore, unavoidably inconsistent. He would wish to have all the advantages of equality, and to retain all the conveniences of property. He is perfectly aware that, with the present proportion of material wealth to numbers, an equal division would annihilate luxury and refinement without perceptibly improving the condition of the poor. It is therefore necessary to his scheme, as to all others of the same kind, that production should be increased; and how it is to be increased he does not show. The real difficulty of Socialism will always be found to resolve itself into economic pressure. Alter the laws of production, and it would become possible, when, perhaps, no one would care to realize it. In the same syncretic spirit Fröbel would retain the use of money, which is denounced by the stricter schools of Socialism; and he would even allow those who profess to follow intellectual pursuits to enjoy a maintenance without the necessity of resorting to manual or productive labour. Proudhon, once himself a working compositor, is less considerate to the literary craft, of which he is now no mean member. "I say, and I believe," he writes to *Considérant*, "that such and such a workman expends

more talent in shoeing a horse than such and such a *feuilletoniste* in writing a novel. * * * I am waiting with impatience for the ten volumes of the 'History of the Consulate and Empire,' announced by M. Thiers, to prove that the little corporal was not a giant."

On another point, in which Proudhon stands alone among socialists, Fröbel adopts the popular view first propounded by the disciples of St. Simon, of the necessity of the emancipation of woman; an object which, as he gravely remarks, is already realized in the greatest part of Africa. "Far from applauding," says the obstinate Proudhon, "what is at present called the emancipation of woman, I should rather incline, if it was necessary to come to this extremity, to place woman in seclusion." The formidable anarchist of Paris would be more inclined to agree with the solemn German on the question of religion. In accordance with the tendency which, notwithstanding some phrases of religious sentimentalism still used by Louis Blanc, and by the Fourierists, at present characterizes all the different sects of Socialism, Fröbel would reject all religion and all belief in a future state. Faith, he says, is principally used as a consolation to the unfortunate; and these are the very persons in whose case it is important to the progress of the world that their patience should be worn out. This is exactly the converse of Robespierre's argument, when he put on his celebrated blue coat and nosegay to proclaim his *Etre Suprême*. Such a belief, the Dictator said, is necessary for the consolation of the people, and for the terror of tyrants. One argument is worth exactly as much as the other. What can the political utility of an opinion have to do with the fact to which it refers? It is, however, not inconsistent in the sects which assert the perfectibility and potential omnipotence of mankind to ignore all motive power but the human will, and, in the interest of their paradise here, to reject what the Germans among them significantly call *das Jenseits*—the Beyond.

There are several points of resemblance between Fröbel's scheme and a work half a century old by a far greater writer, who has not generally been classed among socialists. Fichte's *Geschlossener Handelstaat*, or State self-contained for trading purposes, contains a large proportion of the theories which distinguish modern Socialism. Louis Blanc's Organization of Labour still more strongly resembles Fichte's imaginary system in its denunciation of free trade, and in the social despotism which is offered as the alternative for free individual competition. As we entirely acquit M. Blanc of any acquaintance with the obscurer parts of German literature, we cannot but think that the coincidence between the conclusions of the profound metaphysician

and the off-hand theories of the flashy journalist is in some degree curious and instructive. The French writer expanding popular notions, and generalizing on a few real or assumed facts, with an entire disregard to science, seems scarcely shallower than the great philosopher descending into the uncongenial sphere of political speculation. The reason seems to have been, that Fichte's inquiry was a mere dialectic exercise, an example to illustrate his philosophic doctrines, a Platonic Republic less successfully executed. He disregarded facts as easily as M. Blanc neglects the laws of political economy; in the assumption, for instance, that England and France must be united into one State before his ideal polity could be applied to either. The *Handelstaat* was a really synthetic system, in which the premises came before the conclusion. What is wanted is an analytic examination of the materials which are supplied by experience and history. Fröbel's, as we have already said, is the analysis of a preconceived result. The chief merit of his inquiry, beyond its apparent honesty and calmness of tone, consists in his estimation of the element of individual freedom as the first condition of a just form of society. Almost all the schools of social regeneration proclaim some one similar truth. Fourier himself was right when he taught the economical advantages of association, and the necessity of basing social harmony on the recognition, instead of the suppression, of natural feeling and passion. A complete knowledge of all modes of socialist thought would perhaps furnish the raw material for a perfect philosophy of politics. Sects err from one-sidedness; but it is something to see even one side of truth.

It forms no part of Stein's purpose to give a history of the Socialist tendencies of his own country. He might, perhaps, have devoted more attention to them if he had written three or four years later, when the German and Swiss movement had become more decided and conspicuous. His own views are of a kind probably not uncommon among the numerous Continental adherents of moderate liberalism. He lays great stress on the increasing predominance of social questions over mere political discussion, and shows historically how the triumph of democracy necessarily leads the victorious party to seek for some mode of using the power which it has acquired, beyond the mere boast of possessing it. Disapproving of universal suffrage as inconsistent with the maintenance of property, he yet recognises the want which democratic socialism seeks to satisfy, and complacently refers to the so-called statistics which are used to prove the impoverishing tendency of free trade and individual competition. He would have property used, but not abused; and he would provide for a distribution of wealth less unequal than that which

at present prevails, but without establishing equality as a principle or a right. In this well-meaning compromising spirit he praises the good tendencies and censures the excesses of the French sects of Socialism, from St. Simon to Proudhon. He thinks that the strange cosmogony of Fourier affords no justification to those who neglect his opinions on social economy; and he intimates his approbation of Louis Blanc's scheme of annihilating competition by ruining all individual producers at the expense of the tax-payer. As Fröbel would retain the advantages of property in his Socialist world, Stein would willingly import into existing society some fragments of philanthropic improvement from the distant Utopia. We cannot, however, see that, with all his methodical formality, he has sounded the depths of the question. The right of property is not an ultimate or inviolable principle. But all legislation and all society having hitherto been based on a recognition of its existence, it is scarcely probable that a fragmentary and occasional interference with it will be found consistent with the maintenance of the advantages which it is intended to secure. As long as individual self-interest is the moving power of society, it may admit of voluntary benevolence as an occasional check and corrective; but an attempt to hamper it, and yet to rely upon it, to take care that the machinery does not move too fast, without being prepared with any force which can supply its place, is an inconsistent and empirical subterfuge. The thoroughgoing Socialists are wiser. Most of them—Babœuf, St. Simon, and Cabet, as well as Louis Blanc, who can scarcely be called a systematic Socialist, would establish a social despotism, by which all should be compelled to do equally what men in the existing world are induced by interest to do in unequal proportions. They show a partial acquaintance with human nature, even when they forget the conditions of political economy.

Writers like these seldom notice either the approximate equality of distribution of the necessities of life which prevails under the present system of society, nor the probable effect of a farther distribution of the superfluities, or apparent superfluities, of the rich. In other words, they take issue with the advocates of Socialism on a moral or political ground, when the fundamental question is strictly economic. If A and B are swimming from a wreck, it may be difficult to argue, on grounds of abstract justice, that A has more right than B to a particular plank which floats near them. If the plank, however, will only hold one, it is better that A should have an exclusive property in it than that both should be drowned. The Socialist always argues on the assumption that the plank will bear the weight of both; and if an opponent admits the premise he may be led farther than he expects

or intends. The question, after all, is, whether the plank will serve for two as well as for one? It is, however, scarcely worth while to complain of a want of positive contributions to our knowledge, in a work which is professedly intended only as a criticism of the opinions of others.

Grün's purpose also is critical; but, belonging to the extreme school of Socialism, he necessarily lays down his own principles as the standard of comparison for those which he discusses. While Stein blames the different sects for their rejection of principles which they never professed to admit, the Humanist, inquiring how far they are consistent in carrying out their own doctrines, conveys a more distinct impression of the essential and positive characteristics which distinguish all forms of socialism from systems in which the full right of property is recognised. Though by no means above the use of common-places when they suit his purpose, though he is ready to infer from the co-existence of poverty and wealth that each is the cause of the other, although he can see in country life nothing but its pauperism, and in factories only strikes and stoppages, Grün never really relies on the popular and shallow arguments for Socialism, but assumes all its utmost results as proved and admitted. In pointing out the defects of the different systems, he rather stigmatizes as heresies than opposes as errors such fragmentary relics of exploded doctrines as the belief in the utility of money or in the possibility of religion. One weakness to which he finds the French peculiarly liable is a tendency to value their separate nationality, rather than to extend to the world at large the social unity which is to be realized among individuals. He scarcely attempts, however, to conceal his own German pride of intellectual superiority. He has himself, not content with leaving theology behind him, gone farther than Hegel could lead him, and passed under the guidance of Feuerbach even out of the domain of philosophy:

Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world he followed him.

He rejoices to repeat that the work of philosophy is done; that, after annihilating religion, it has dissolved itself in its own critical medium, and that actual, sensuous, concrete reality alone remains. But he knows that the French have not gone through the same experience, and he entreats them to leave Hegel alone, or else to learn to understand his meaning.

"Give up coffee and wine," he says, "for a year. Avoid exciting yourselves by any passionate feeling: let Guizot govern, and let Morocco subdue Algiers: sit in a garret and study Hegel's Logic and the Phenomenology. When the year is over, and you come into the streets with pale faces and bloodshot eyes, and tumble, for all I care,

over the first dandy or street-crier whom you meet, do not alarm yourselves; for you will have become great and mighty men, with a spirit like an oak tree, nourished by wondrous juices. All you see will reveal to you its hidden weakness; you will pass as spirits into the heart of Nature; your glance will be deadly; your word will remove mountains; your logic will be sharper than the sharpest guillotine. You stand before the Hôtel de Ville, and the bourgeoisie is no more; you advance to the Palais Bourbon, and it falls asunder, and all its Chamber of Deputies dissolves into thin air (*das Nihilum album*.) Guizot vanishes, Louis Philippe fades into a historical formula; and out of all these fallen 'momenta' rises, in the pride of victory, the 'Absolute Idea' of free society. Seriously, you can only master Hegel by first becoming Hegels. Moor's love can die only by the hand of Moor.*

In the same spirit he quotes an eloquent and brilliant passage from Heine's book, *De l'Allemagne*, which corresponds with the German *Salon* and the *Romantische Schule*, to the effect that Germany will yet outdo in boldness and horror all the revolutionary deeds of France. "The eagle will fall dead from the air at the crash, and the lions in the farthest deserts of Africa will hang their tails, and creep into their kingly dens. A drama will be performed in Germany, to which the French Revolution is a harmless idyl." It seems that Heine is a St. Simonian as well as a Republican. His compatriot justly appreciates his genius, and claims him for one of the foremost leaders of Socialism. Probably he was not aware that the patriotic poet, while he associated and sympathized with the conspirators and Socialist reformers of both France and Germany, retained for himself some of the advantages of the old régime. When Louis Philippe's secret pension list was published by M. Taschereau in April 1848, the name of Henry Heine appeared as the recipient of two hundred a year.

In Belgium, which was the first stage of his inspecting and proselytizing tour, Grün found but little to satisfy him. He smiled with complacent indifference at the controversies between the clerical or jesuitical party and the liberalism of the middle classes, and rather inclines to give the preference to the priests. "What is the use," he asks, "of telling the people that the man who gives them food and drink is a Tartuffe? It is indif-

* Heine, in one of the most humorous passages of his *Deutschland*, pretends that this process is actually taking place in France; explaining to "Father Rhine," who inquires after the liebe kleine Franzosen, whom he has not seen since Napoleon's time, that they have taken to philosophy, pipes, beer, and skittle-playing, like true Germans.

Sie studiren Kant, Fichte, und Hegel,
 Sie rauchen Tabak, sie trinken Bier,
 Und manche schieben auch Kegel.

ferent to the people, provided that Tartuffe does give them food and drink. What do you do for them, you liberal bourgeoisie?" Among socialists he found a few leaders; De Potter the well-known revolutionist, Bartels the editor of a paper called the *Débat Social*, and Jottrand, an early advocate of the organization of labour. But the *Débat Social* had only two hundred subscribers, and the public took no interest in the schemes of reformers who went beyond political questions. Belgium is too busy and industrious a country to have leisure for schemes of social regeneration. There, as in England, it is only among manufacturing operatives, and under the pressure of distress, that the abolition or reorganization of property is likely to be seriously discussed. It was among this class that Grün found the ablest socialist agitator in a demagogue named Jacob Kats, who appears to possess in a high degree the requisites of a popular leader. In company with Freiligrath, whom he states to have become a thorough Socialist, he attended Kats' *Flämische Meeting*, which seems to be a singular institution. On the Sunday morning Kats addressed an audience of working men and women on the subject of social change; in the evening, with some assistance, he performed a play of his own composition, in which his opponents seem to have been ridiculed with a good deal of rough humour, worthy of the original dramatic satires,

Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.

In the interval the German scholar and the Flemish weaver talked "of terrorism, the guillotine, Robespierre, and such Nürnberg playthings;" and Kats, though a devoted admirer of Robespierre, was pleased to accept from his new friend a demonstration that the fall of the Dictator was unavoidable, because neither he nor any of his contemporaries were prepared to introduce the social changes which alone could have completed the revolution. In return, Grün makes allowances for some shortcomings in the agitator's Socialist doctrines, and especially for a habit of using Christian phraseology to express his philanthropic conceptions. As Kats in his definition of religious liberty includes an express prohibition of any kind of priesthood, perhaps he may not really have fallen far short of the standard of socialist orthodoxy. The patronizing air with which the German missionary notices and applauds the plebeian agitator is not the least amusing part of his Belgian experiences. But it is time to follow him to the wider sphere of Parisian Socialism, in the hope that he may find it less dull and prosaic than its utilitarian neighbour, which seems to him on the whole utterly uninteresting. Money and religion, he says, are dominant there, though not protected as in France by the arm of power. "Belgium is little America."

The extinct school of the St. Simonians naturally calls for his first attention, as the earliest in point of time among the different sects which have made themselves conspicuous during the last twenty years. He approves of the philanthropic tendencies of St. Simon, of his profession of reconciling spirit with matter, and of his proposed abolition of the right of inheritance; but the enthusiast, who wished to found a new Christianity, is only pitied for the confusion of his views by the Humanist critic. All the truths of Socialism, he says, are to be found potentially in St. Simon, but none actually—"He is the most captivating of Socialists, and the unsoundest." Grün is perfectly right in objecting to the St. Simonist formula, that it substantially recognises social distinctions and unequal possessions, although it would alter the basis on which they at present rest. "To every one according to his capacity, and to every capacity according to its works," is but a new rule of aristocracy and property, differing only from the existing law of society by substituting despotism for the mixed reign of chance and of free competition which at present exists. Civilized life is a composite game of chance and skill, where the luckiest and the cleverest is the winner. St. Simon and his followers would have substituted for this rough machinery of freedom a tribunal which should absolutely award the stakes to the most skilful and persevering player. It has been evident to all critics of this celebrated formula, that it involved a submission to the despotic authority of the tribunal, which should measure capacities and performances. St. Simon, in the successive stages of his vanity and caprice, would have vested the government of his society in several different authorities, of which the first was, we believe, a council of men of science, who were to leave a vacant chair for their imaginary president, Sir Isaac Newton. In later times he invented his new religion to conceal the rudeness of his political scheme; and his disciple, Enfantin, the picturesque prophet of sensuality, enthroned in the vacant place the priestly pair, consisting of himself and the destined "coming woman." As Grün justly remarks, the system was copied from Catholicism, and whether the priest, who was to govern society, "wore a cassock and received the tonsure, or walked about in a frock-coat with hair on the crown of his head," is a matter very indifferent.

Pierre Leroux, who left the St. Simonian Church in virtuous indignation when Father Enfantin delivered himself of his revelations on marriage, approaches several degrees nearer to the standard of orthodox Socialism. His demand of absolute equality, his substitution of the wants of men for their capacities as the rule of distribution, for a moment seem to satisfy the severe German critic. But, on closer examination, he finds that even in Leroux

there remains a portion of the old leaven of religion and inequality which taints the whole mass of his theory. Leroux, conscious perhaps that some power is requisite to move society, would found his future equality like St. Simon, on a new religion consisting of general sentimentalities on the love of God and of man. Then, exclaims Grün, the door is opened to prophecy, priesthood, and sovereignty of the religious over the irreligious. Leroux says that Robespierre was wrong in *forcing* religion on the people. Grün declares that the mistake was in the religion and not in the force, and on his own principles he is perfectly right. A polity entirely founded on religion must be directed on religious grounds by religious persons. The irreligious would become an opposition party, and if the weaker, an oppressed *proletariat*. Leroux farther talks of aristocrats, consisting of the most learned and most loving, who are to live on equal terms with the general democracy. "Undoubtedly," says Grün, "Pierre Leroux is one of the most learned and most loving; but I will be no democrat where he is an aristocrat; and with my good will, no Pierre Leroux, no George Sand, no Hegel, and no Goethe shall establish himself as an aristocrat by the side of—that is over—the meanest besombinder."

To an acute and humorous observer Fourier offers more ludicrous peculiarities than all other Socialists together, including St. Simon and Père Enfantin. And yet Grün, although he rejects the scheme as impossible and obsolete, not only devotes a larger space to the discussion of the Phalansterian system than to that of any other form of Socialism; but he is unusually sparing of his irony, and scarcely alludes to the rich fund of absurdities with which the prophet might have supplied him. He might at least have alluded to the tame whales which are in future to draw ships through the lemonade sea, or to the light and aromatic bodies in which the ghosts of departed Socialists are to skim around the earth with a motion compounded of swinging, of skating, and of rolling over smooth roads in a well-hung carriage. We believe that the organic theories and political economy of Fourier deserve as much and as little attention as his physical and cosmogonic speculations. He called himself a mathematician; and Grün, although he censures his abuse of mathematical formulæ, in common with many other writers, takes him at his word. We are more inclined to think that, among the numerous defects of his intellect, a want of the power of mathematical reasoning may have been one of the most decided. The claim which he always urged to be considered the demonstrator of passional attraction, as Newton of physical, is a proof that he neither understood what Newton had done, nor to what kind of magnitudes calculation was applicable. The use of mathematical symbols and forms in

classifying motives and passions was an error that never could have occurred to a mathematician. Coleridge, who was remarkably incapable even of the study of simple geometry, delighted in applying the forms of the science which he had not penetrated to the metaphysical inquiries to which his genius naturally tended. But the abuse of arithmetic has seldom been carried so far as in the long addition and multiplication sums with which Fourier decorates his whimsical classifications and analogies. When he lays down the rule that the affection of a child = $\frac{1}{3}$ d of the affection of a parent, he only exemplifies his usual abuse of quantitative terms to express qualitative relations.

The tenderness with which the uncompromising critic treats so tempting a victim may probably be ascribed to the consciousness that the Fourierist system is the only elaborate scheme of construction which Socialism has yet produced. Although incapable of standing before the test of severe inquiry, it has at a distance the appearance of a substantive reality to be opposed to the reality of actual civilized life. Its internal incoherence, and the incompleteness with which it carries out social principles, must necessarily be discussed in a work like Grün's; but its inconsistency with the laws of nature, and its practical impossibility, may be more delicately handled. The pyramid may be shown to be imperfect in its proportions without calling attention to the circumstance that it is standing on its point. Some of Fourier's most monstrous fancies, especially his prophecies of fifty-fold production, and unlimited wealth, are too much in the general spirit of the Socialist propaganda, to be unnecessarily censured or refuted. We have already said that the recognition of the economic conditions of the new society implied by Fourier's promised Eldorado is the most rational part of his entire scheme. Even of the bearing of population on wealth he was not entirely ignorant, although the means by which he proposed to regulate it bear the stamp of his strangely constituted brain. In general, Grün takes little notice of the economical laws of the Phalanstère, although he tacitly assumes their possibility.

It is impossible, however, for him to tolerate the maintenance of private property, of money, and of religion, which Fourier attempted to secure. The produce of the Phalanstère is to be subjected to a three-fold distribution according to labour, capital, and talent. Landed proprietors are to be expropriated, but to receive compensation in the shares of the great joint-stock companies into which mankind is to be divided. Of the whole profits the labourer receives the largest share in lieu of wages, and is at the worst secured in the enjoyment of a minimum of income, which, as Fourier announces, will provide him with more luxury

than the richest potentate can now obtain. Next to the labourer's share come the dividends of capital, and lastly the reward of talent, or in other words, the extra payment of skilled labour. It would, however, be an error to suppose that the capitalist and the labourer are necessarily different persons, or that the skilful workman or the poet may not also be a pavier or a street-sweeper. It was the boast of Fourier to supersede civilisation by making labour attractive; and it was with this view that he invented the complicated system of groups and series which seems profound to shallow observers, and which has excited admiration even in the vigorous mind of Proudhon. Twelve passions, five corresponding to the senses, four to the affections, and three which were called, *la cabalistique*, *la papilloniste*, and *la composite*, which we may translate intrigue, caprice, and enthusiasm, were, by these different combinations, to attach each of the 1800 members of the phalanstère to thirty or forty series practising as many different occupations, and subdivided into groups corresponding to the natural divisions of their labours. As the series were to receive the dividends due to labour and talent, and to distribute them through the groups to the individuals, every member of the association would be a receiver under thirty or forty different heads, in addition to his share, if any, as a capitalist.

It requires no extraordinary ingenuity in Grün to show that the position allotted to capital in the new world is equally inconsistent and superfluous. As the minimum, which is to be the first charge on the profits, and which will generally be exceeded, is sufficient to ensure extreme luxury, and as labour is to become a pleasure instead of a trouble, it is difficult to see why the rich should wish to retain their wealth, or how they are to employ it. The claims of talent or skilled labour are still more unreasonable. Where every man, woman, and child follows inclination alone in the choice of work, they can claim no special reward for gratifying their own tastes. Fourier had the negative merit of understanding that if the present motives which lead to production were superseded, other forces must be substituted. With his usual facility he found the requisite impulse in the promised attractiveness of labour; but in retaining the system of payment, and even of proportional payment, he forgot that wages are intended to meet the old-fashioned case of labour which is not in itself so attractive as to be its own reward. His critic is perfectly justified in requiring him to rely on his great discovery of passion as attraction, without helping himself out by props taken from an obsolete system of civilisation. Whether labour is in fact attractive, or can be made so, is a question which both Fourier and Grün consider as little as the traditional philosophers regarded the experiment whether the fish would spill the water of the full pail,

when they were discussing the reasons which explained why it did not spill it.

In a similar spirit, he objects to some remnants of prejudice which still disfigure Fourier's singularly liberal views on the emancipation of women. Some honorary privileges allowed to the so called Vestals call forth a just censure on their inconsistency. When inclination is the only rule, one inclination is as much and as little entitled to reward as another. We conjecture that Grün's practical theories on this subject are much more in accordance with right feeling and decorum, than his critical views. He would make inclination the rule of conduct; but he would probably not believe with Fourier that the standard of natural inclination in a healthy state of society corresponded exactly with the practice and principles of the hero of a French novel. But in all his views of society, as well in his tea-garden paradise, with its incessant processions and music and absence of privacy, as in his judgment of women and of their relations to men, Fourier was essentially a Parisian Cockney. And yet this strange enthusiast was possessed with a belief in the truth and practicability of his scheme, which many a sober and cautious reasoner would find it impossible to entertain in the case of the most simple and probable results. In his early works he invited rich capitalists to assist him in establishing a single phalanstère, promising them in return unlimited wealth, and the eternal gratitude of mankind. He announced that he would be at home daily, at twelve o'clock, to receive the proposals which the rich might offer him. No millionaire attended to his call; but year after year Fourier came home daily at the appointed hour, that no default on his part might occasion an obstacle to the easy, and yet impracticable, regeneration of the world, which £50,000 would have realized.

Although Grün is perfectly alive to the absurdity of Fourier's arithmetical abstractions, although he not untruly remarks, that his is the broadest expression of "the egoism of civilisation," he treats him with a respect and deference, which he is by no means inclined to extend to his much abler and more vigorous disciple and successor, Considérant, the now pugnacious editor of the *Démocratie Pacifique*. In an amusing narrative, somewhat after the manner of Heine, of a visit to a Phalansterian meeting, he dwells chiefly on the monotonous ticking of a clock, which first disturbed his nerves, and then illustrated to him the mechanical character of the school. Their conversation appeared to him heavy and flat—commonplace observations mixed with feeble jests, and criticisms which referred all opinions to the standard of Fourierist orthodoxy. At first he thought that the ticking proceeded from the wood on the fire, supposing that among the miracles of Fourierism, wood might have acquired the property

of marking the time ; but as the disciples talked of the heterodoxies of Cabet and of Proudhon, " I almost fainted from ennui ; the magic seemed to have left the room, and I now heard distinctly that it was the clock that ticked, and not the wood ; the scales fell from my eyes. I saw mere ordinary men living on the fat of one, and that a dead man." Considérant's fault in his eyes consists partly in a blind and affected worship of Fourier, but still more in his attempts to conciliate opinion by announcing, on behalf of his school, their indifference to political change—even to the extent of dedicating a book to Louis Philippe himself.

By this time Grün must probably be satisfied that Considérant is by no means restrained either by timidity or constitutional prejudices from advocating revolutionary measures. There is, however, little necessary inconsistency between the pacific arguments of the preacher under the Monarchy, and the summons to arms of the agitator of 1849. We have no doubt that in both cases his object was almost exclusively social. To realize the Phalanstère by bloodshed or by the peaceable influence of the possession of power, was at all times probably Considérant's exclusive object. It is far from impossible that in the chances of French affairs he may even yet have the suicidal fortune of seeing his chimera explode as it comes into contact with reality. Grün, writing at a time when Considérant was flattering the middle classes and the lovers of order, shows with little difficulty the inconsistency of socialist organization with the existing law and the actual polity ; but we may safely believe that the maintenance of Monarchy or of the Charter was never a serious object with the Fourierist leader. In his newer character as a Red Republican, he would probably receive more sympathy from the revolutionary Humanist ; but Grün's condemnation of his real and characteristic opinions would not be revoked. The *Démocratie Pacifique* had given its doctrine the title of Social Liberalism. Messieurs the Fourierists, or liberal Socialists, says Grün, may get themselves buried, " except that they are buried already."

The more popular and political advocates of the organization of labour offer little interest to the German critic. But, in tracing their origin, he takes occasion to give a history of earlier French Socialism, which may be instructive even to those who differ most widely from the writer's opinions. In Morelly, whose *Code de la Nature* was published in 1753, he finds the principal elements of Fourier's social organization, combined with a complete abolition of private property. In the development of his scheme Morelly appears, like L. Blanc and St. Simon, to have unavoidably arrived at the conclusion of the necessity of compelling men to labour, or, as Grün truly says, of making them slaves : " From

Plato to the latest French Socialists they are all tyrants and triflers with human nature,"—a just remark, which will go far to counterbalance all the plausible arguments which may be urged against law and private property, until Grün or Proudhon has proved as well as asserted the power of society to move itself without the agency of individual interest. The Humanist and the Anarchist are in so far profounder than their rivals that they admit the dilemma which nature has established between freedom and equality under every form of civilisation and every theory of socialism but their own. In existing society there is no real equality. In Communism and in St. Simonianism there is no freedom. We have yet to learn that the antinomy can be reconciled by the abolition of law as well as of property; but in the mean time we may profit by the criticism of Grün, though expecting little from his positive philosophy.

After noticing the incomplete and fragmentary socialism of Rousseau and of Mably, the historian naturally proceeds to the practical attempt to realize the doctrines of the *contrat social* which characterized the Revolution. We have already referred to his criticism of Robespierre. He quotes some declamatory phrases of Condorcet's, as to the injustice of the existing distribution of property with a personal sympathy for the writer, which does not blind him to their untenable and irremediable inconsistency with the maintenance of any portion of the actual social system. It is an utter error, he says, to try to patch and palliate the evils of property, by attempting to settle the question within the limits of the social compact. "The organization of labour—a phrase which might have a deep and beautiful meaning, if the organization was combined with a new foundation of society itself—has become an odious French-German copper-coin for journalist-idlers to toss about. Organization of labour forsooth, with excise, with customs, with the possibility of war, in a political world and its magic cauldron, in which constitutionalism, republicanism, and absolutism seethe together—it is fit for Bedlam, for Bicêtre, for Siegburg. Why, who is to organize? The State? Is industry, as well as every thing else, to be given into M. Guizot's hands? * * * To wish for the organization of labour in our present *status quo*, a man must be either a Fourierist or a fool."

This is the true answer to popular dabblers in Socialism. Their new cloth will not suit the world's old garments. The maintenance of private property combined with the abolition of inheritance, subdivision short of equalization, or equalization without perpetual redistribution; the use of money without trade, as in Fourier's scheme, or trading without money, as in some rival theories, are all demonstrable absurdities: and yet any of these

innovations taken separately, is more likely to meet with popular favour than a complete and logical proposal for the entire destruction and reconstruction of society. Louis Blanc's shallow and specious book on the Organization of Labour has imposed upon thousands whom Grün's uncompromising audacity would have frightened and repelled. The German critic treats the French journalist with a good humoured and friendly contempt, little flattering to his intellectual pretensions. M. Blanc's occasional pious sentimentalisms do not escape his notice: "Certainly," he says, "the little rogue has very religious eyes."

His view of Cabet's Communism, which is popularly known from the *Voyage en Icarie*, may easily be anticipated. The abolition of property, and the equalization of enjoyment, might seem to entitle the scheme to his approbation; but the democratic despotism, which, as in all similar Utopian politics, is the main-spring of Icarian society, is as repulsive and as ludicrous to Grün's critical judgment, as to the feelings and associations of ordinary men of the world. From long habits of dictation to admiring disciples, Cabet has become even more minutely vexatious in his legislation, than is the case with reformers generally. He prescribes the very dress of his imaginary subjects, who as his critic observes, might surely in a regenerated world be competent to choose their own. He appoints the age of marriage, the method of education, the very meal-times of the Icarians—above all, he would not only prohibit the freedom of the press, which as he gravely says, cannot be wished for in the Icarian republic, however desirable in oppressive monarchies, but he would have all bad books burnt by a public officer after the traditional fashion which has now become almost obsolete.

Grün supposes himself a citizen of Icaria, and the author of a work on the constitution of that free republic. He must denounce, he says, their slavish education, their slave-press, their slavery in general; he must complain that they are the most wretched and contemptible of mankind, he must compare them with the happier and freer organization of the old world. But he finds that the Republic alone has the right of printing, that he is subject to imprisonment for even writing in so detrimental a spirit. One resource only remains. He will raise an *émeute*, he will overthrow the constitution, he will express his own opinion, and let others express theirs, and the liberated Icarians will send for Heine to compose immoral poems for them—"Arrive ce qui peut, even though a constitutional monarchy should come after the revolution. There are still Coburgs, and Louis Philippe has yet sons unprovided for. The question will be which can make most interest with me, England or France."

The atheistic communism of *Dezamy* is in Grün's opinion

preferable to Cabet's theory, and he speaks with interest and sympathy of the followers of Babœuf, who would not only prohibit inequality, but destroy cities and works of art, and all the materials and implements of luxury. But it is only on account of the destructive tendency, and the aspirations after anarchy, which characterize these rude sects, that he tolerates their incoherent schemes. They are all founded, he says, on self-interest, or the principle of individual isolation, while Socialism can only be realized by the entire and absolute identification of the inclinations of each, with the interests of all. Among all modern French teachers, he can only find one, who has advocated his favourite principle. Proudhon, the ablest and boldest innovator of the present day, seems in some respects almost to rise to the height of orthodox German Humanism.

The bold paradox that property is theft, has perhaps led to some misapprehension of Proudhon's position. In recognising the right of possession, he seems almost to bring back the proprietary system, which he had rejected, and in retaining the use of money, though for the payment of equal wages to all, as well as in his allowance of penal laws, and his obstinate refusal to make women independent of men, he might appear to have less claim than some of his rivals, to the designation which he assumes for himself, of Anarchist. But this very profession of anarchy, both involves a sound principle, and distinguishes him from the theorists, who would found absolute freedom on the despotism of the greater number. Proudhon holds that the administration of society is strictly a matter of science, and more peculiarly of political economy. To ascertain and not to dictate the laws which govern it, is he thinks the duty of the legislator; and in his own case it is only as far as he believes himself to have mastered the science of legislation, that he undertakes to teach the community. The startling results at which he arrives, by no means affect the soundness of the principle with which he sets out. The temerity and the one-sidedness of the self-taught student, are visible in every part of his system; but he has disposed for ever of much rubbish accumulated by his Socialist predecessors and opponents, and he has established two propositions which might powerfully hinder the accumulation of rubbish hereafter, that the rights of men do not originate in the will, and that the key to social organization is the science of production and consumption.

Grün rejoices in the opportunity of making the French proletariat leader, for the first time, acquainted with the doctrines of Feuerbach, and especially with the euthanasia of philosophy by self-absorption. In his later writings Proudhon has almost entirely renounced the religious residuum which is to be found in

his original *Essay on Property*. His heresies, in admitting of money, and of positive law, are tolerantly passed over by his friendly critic; and the only point on which they seem finally to have differed was the question of the freedom of women. "You must cook well for Proudhon when he comes to see us," he writes to the female correspondent to whom all his Belgian and French experiences are addressed, "and then you may perhaps convert him, which would be as great a victory as Rosbach; but mind you do not forget your cookery."

When we leave the criticisms of the various Socialist sects, and inquire into the positive opinions of the critic, our task becomes much more difficult. It is no part of Grün's purpose in the work before us to develop the theory of absolute Socialism, by which he tests the incomplete systems of French speculators. He would evidently abolish all legal compulsion at the same time that he annihilates individual self-interest. Nationality he repudiates; political discussions have no interest for him; and he treats the advocates of philanthropic harmony and of self-sacrifice as mere sentimental dreamers. He is too acute not to be aware of the economic difficulty which lies at the heart of the social puzzle; but he cuts the knot by an assertion, which, in its ordinary sense, is so false and shallow, that it would be satisfactory to find some indirect meaning which might be better worth encountering. His favourite doctrine of political economy is, that consumption causes equivalent production; and that the consumption of each is therefore guaranteed by the consumption of all. With mere consumption, he says, the world would die of inanition; with mere production, of a surfeit.

When he illustrates his proposition by examples, he only confirms the first impression of its falsehood and shallowness. The production, he argues, of bread is consumption of all the materials and implements employed; not only of corn, milk, eggs, but of mills, ploughs, carpenters' work, smiths' work, and the rest: so, by the act of reading a book, the paper manufacturer, the typesetter, the printer, and the bookbinder are set in motion. The reader perhaps writes a new book, and so produces more paper, more types, and more work for the artisan. Those who wish thoroughly to understand this mode of reasoning, which is substantially the same with the commonplace argument in favour of luxury and extravagance, that "it is good for trade," will find it fully discussed and exposed in Mill's *Political Economy*; but the general fallacy is easily understood. The demand for a book may divert capital into the manufacture of types and paper, but it does not furnish the means of producing them. On the contrary, consumption, in all cases, diminishes the means of production. The consumer, as such, is a mere

burden upon society. That the desire of obtaining the means of consumption is the chief occasion of production is undoubtedly true; although, by admitting it, the socialist necessarily lets in all the motives of individual interest which he professes to exclude; but the transfer of the causative power from the human mind to the material relations of produce is a sophism too obvious to be dangerous.

In another passage, with a juster appreciation of the real point at issue, Grün borrows from Liebig a much stranger proof of his dogma, that consumption and production are necessarily correlative and equal. Without attaching our belief to his assertion, and passing by the confession of helplessness involved in the dependence of the fundamental doctrine of Socialist economy on the alien science of chemistry, we may observe, that the relation can at most hold good between the consumption and production of food. Liebig may prove that as grass produces beef, so oxen produce grass; but he will scarcely tell any Socialist reformer that sleep has any tendency to produce feather-beds, or that our study of Grün's book has in any way provided the elements necessary for casting future types. As far as we can understand it, the only positive value of this part of the Socialist scheme consists in the admission that there is an economic question to be solved; while a not less valuable negative conclusion may be drawn from the entire failure of the writer to produce a solution.

An inquiry into the positive philosophical ground of Humanistic Socialism, would require far more abstruse investigations. At first sight it might seem that theories concerning law and property might be independent of opinions on religion and philosophy amounting to the negation of both. But when we find so acute a reasoner as Grün invariably asserting the identity of his theoretical belief with his practical conclusions, and rejecting every form of French Socialism in succession, on the ground that they all fall short of the scientific completeness of Humanism, and when we know that in common with other German writers of his school, he looks up to Feuerbach as the great Socialist teacher, we cannot but feel desirous to know his real meaning, whatever may be the reasons by which he supports it.

We are not aware that Feuerbach has himself treated directly of the question of property, although in an oracular aphorism he makes a socialist confession of faith. "What are my principles? *Ego* and *Alter Ego*—Egoism and Communism; for the two are as inseparable as the head and heart—without Egoism you have no head—without Communism no heart." * The ge-

* Fragmente zur Charakteristik meiner Philosophischen Curriculum vitae. Feuerbach, Werke, vol. ii. p. 413.

trations of the arguments against Socialism. They may be found more or less forcibly urged in well-known publications, such as Thiers' *Essay on Property*, and Barante's *Questions Constitutionnelles*. Their office is to influence popular opinion and to confirm the wavering adherents of property. Against thoroughgoing speculators on social regeneration they can have little effect; for they generally assume the present state of society as their point of view, and they raise mere objections of detail to the changes which are proposed. The day-dreamer, like Fourier, would meet their statements with a denial, the uncompromising Humanist would admit that all changes are inconvenient, and that partial changes would lead to confusion. The theorist who has satisfied himself of the general justice and practicability of Socialism, will never be deterred from the attempt to realize his schemes by mere inconveniences in practice. If any advocate of existing civilisation can either deduce by his own reasoning, or find in the theories of his opponents the ultimate form, the logical consequence and completion of Socialism, he will at least have a tangible enemy to grapple with, a definite and measurable force to overcome. If he can say to the discontented multitudes who once believed in political democracy, and now in social regeneration, this is the embodiment of your aspirations, and to their teachers, this is the essence of your doctrines, it will remain to show that the conclusion which he attacks is repugnant to reason and inconsistent with experience. It is possible that the question may not be yet ripe even for theoretical decision; but speculation must be prepared to keep in advance of practice, or the old world may be destroyed before the existence of the Utopia which is to take its place has been finally affirmed or denied.

In the mean time the agitation of Socialist theories sufficiently explains the failure of all recent attempts to establish Constitutional Governments on the Continent. The purposeless character of merely democratic changes has been recognised by the great body of the democracy. Their leaders are either chosen for their advocacy of Socialism, or compelled, like Ledru Rollin, and many other political agitators, to adopt its language. Proudhon, Considérant, and Leroux, have sat in the French Assembly; Fröbel was a member of the Frankfort Parliament; Grün himself belonged to the extreme left of the Prussian Legislative Assembly. Discussions on public measures for the maintenance of order and for the security of property are shared in by those who openly profess to wish for the overthrow of order as the first step to the destruction of property. It is idle to suppose that such discrepancies can be reconciled by debating, or by voting. Proudhon smiled when the Constituent Assembly unanimously censured his scheme of taxation, as he had smiled when the

which haunt him are a part of himself, and that not only the commands of others, but his own past resolutions, together with all doctrines and dogmas which have influenced his conscience or his practice, are chimeras which will no longer control his will, as soon as he is fully awake to the truth. To the emancipated Socialist, the will of a majority will be no more binding than the commands of a usurping despot, nor will a law to which he has consented bind him otherwise than if it had been imposed by force. To him the desires and opinions of others are merely external forces; his own former determinations are dead abstractions, the cast off slough of his present and living self. If Feuerbach is rightly interpreted by his disciple Grün, he would add to his confession of faith, "No morality!—is my morality; No law!—is my law."

As his master admits and adopts the conclusions of Spinoza, of Kant, or of Hegel, before proceeding to resolve them into abstractions and non-entities, Grün, as we have seen, regards with various degrees of favour all the schools of Socialism, which he finally condemns. St. Simonianism is welcome to him for its tampering with property; Fourier anticipates him in the rehabilitation of sensualism; Proudhon's acuter understanding has led him to a partial negation of external laws, which it remained for Humanism to complete:—all the sects agree in the attempt to modify society by shifting its actual centre of gravitation. We have little fault to find with his proofs of the incompleteness common to all the Socialist schemes, and of the arbitrary nature of the limits within which these innovations have been confined. The Humanist theory, as far as we are aware, is the most advanced form which Socialism has hitherto assumed. It is relieved from many of the inconsistencies, and from some of the objections which may be found among more timid speculators. It retains no incompatible elements borrowed from the existing world; and it is free from the despotism which in almost all Utopian schemes is substituted for the action of individual interest. We have yet to learn that it is practicable; that society is possible with absolute freedom, and that self-interest can either be annihilated by ignoring its existence, or dispensed with as the moving power of the economic world. The entirely untrue proposition that consumption is production, is a buoy placed to indicate an impassable reef, on which all Socialist expeditions have hitherto been wrecked if they attempted to cross it. But notwithstanding these defects, Humanistic Socialism is, we believe, the most dangerous opponent which threatens the existence of property. It has not yet prevailed against the ancient faith, but it has swallowed the rods of the other magicians.

We have not dwelt on the popular arguments, or rather illus-

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Besançon Academy repudiated the Essay on Property which he had dedicated to them. The Assembly and the Academy were to him alike—instruments of publicity. He had no wish to convince the members of either body. As long as the advocates of property are stronger than their opponents, Socialism must either confine itself to literary proselytism, or descend into the streets and fight. Parliamentary discussions between irreconcilable enemies are soon felt by all parties to be useless. Considérant, who has a thousand times declared his contempt for all Constitutions, and his abhorrence of the actual form of society, was a member of the Committee which composed the French Constitution of 1848. In 1849, under prosecution for treason, he is in a much more natural position.

The present tendency of Socialist politics may be collected from a recent publication by Bruno Bauer, who was probably, to judge from internal evidence, the author of the manifesto of the German democrats, which appeared in the newspapers about the time of the insurrection in the Bavarian Palatinate. "*Die Bürgerliche Revolution in Deutschland*" is a violent party pamphlet, containing a retrospect of the agitations in Church and State, which have excited various parts of Germany during seven or eight years. Bauer attributes the movement of Ronge in the Catholic Church, and of the so-called Friends of Light among the Protestants, as well as the more serious political disturbances of 1848, to a class which he personifies as the *Bürger*, the citizens, or men of the middle classes, with whose discontent and desire of change he professedly sympathizes. Yet the whole pamphlet consists of one continuous sneer at the liberal, reforming, revolutionary *Bürger*. He is described as a purposeless, timid, envious opponent of all superiority, anxious only to bring all things down to his own commonplace level. He is taunted with his incapacity to contend against the intrigues of the Governments, with his moderation in the Frankfort and Berlin Assemblies, and even with the violence with which he sometimes struggled to acquire power, which he was afterwards incapable of using. In his hatred and contempt for his allies, the revolutionist writer concludes with an almost direct invitation to the King of Prussia to take the place of the incompetent liberals, and, by large social changes, justify the re-assumption of the absolute power which had escaped from his grasp. In general, it may be said that the indignation of the Socialist agitators is at present chiefly directed against the middle classes, against Constitutional Governments, and even against strictly political democracy. Conscious that they must obtain all if they would gain anything, they boldly proclaim their irreconcilable enmity to the whole system of existing society. Modifications of property or political concessions

have no value to them, except as steps to the accomplishment of their wishes. In their contest against a system incompatible with their principles, they refuse to listen to compromise ; and it is difficult to say that they are in the wrong.

It may, indeed, be argued that every social and political scheme which has yet existed has been, in some degree, a compromise. The limitations which law and custom have imposed on property are so numerous and so extensive that Proudhon has inferred from them the paradoxical conclusion that property in principle is not recognised by law. Again, it may be said, that in every association for the purposes of business or pleasure the principle of Socialism is, to some extent, practically at work. Government offices, armies, and corporations, are all socially organized bodies, in which the duty of functionaries is substituted for the individual activity of free competition. In the family, above all, the Icarian formula is realized : service is rendered according to the capacity of every member, and distribution apportioned to his wants.

It is perfectly true that competition has in many cases developed itself in co-operative associations, and that some practical objects are more effectually promoted by discipline and subordination than by individual and voluntary activity. In small bodies, as in convents or in families, authority or affection may supply the power which universal Socialism has yet to discover ; and finally, in the servitudes and burdens already imposed upon property, the germ of the principle which would vest all property in society at large, may, with moderate ingenuity, be discovered. But none of these things have been the product of logic or of system : they have shown themselves as unconscious results of experience ; they have opened their own channels and marked their own boundaries : and if they prove that a socialistic element is involved in the existing system, they cannot prove its right to preponderance. The advocates of individual freedom must acquiesce in its results, even though they end in Socialism. Voluntary, deliberate, compulsory Socialism, with all the instruments used in establishing it, they renounce and oppose. England, with its natural and occasional growth of institutions, with its habitual disregard of verbal logic, may long succeed in opposing indifference to the propaganda of Socialism. The ready-made Constitutions of the Continent are more obviously open to its inroads. Professedly founded on abstract truth and justice, they will be required to follow out their own principles to the last. We know not how far a compliance with such a demand might lead. It is enough to say, that the revolutionary masses throughout Europe are rapidly approaching to the conviction, that the extreme anarchy of Humanism is implicitly admitted in the declaration of the rights of man.

ART. V.—*The Ten Years' Conflict: Being the History of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland.* By ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. In Two Volumes. 1849.

THERE are some subjects so purely national, or that take so thoroughly the aspect of national character, that it is always extremely difficult, and in some cases impossible, to render them distinctly intelligible to people of other nations. Men are, nevertheless, attractively drawn to the study of such subjects, however unintelligible they may seem. They have one common principle—human nature. Man and his hopes and fears, his desires and aversions, his joys and sorrows—these form the common subject, with which all mankind can hold some measure of sympathy, however diversified they may seem, by force of circumstances or peculiarities of character. Yet in many instances the attraction awakens little more than curiosity; and when that has been gratified, we are ready to turn away from the peculiar exhibition which we have beheld of our common humanity, without duly considering whether it might have been possible for us to have learned some important lesson from what we have witnessed. It was, we think, in some such mood of mind, with half-awakened curiosity, yet deeming the matter to be too exclusively national to be very intelligible, that the British public regarded the recent Ecclesiastical conflict in Scotland, and when it seemed ended by the Disruption and the consequent rise of the Free Church, ceased to pay any farther attention to the event, and derived little or no permanent instruction from what had taken place so unexpectedly.

British Statesmen in other days were accustomed to act differently. When any strange event took place in any part of Europe, powerfully arousing the mind and action of any community, they were wont to inquire into the nature of the principle by which that community had been actuated and impelled, with the view of regulating their own procedure in accordance with what they judged its truth and power. Queen Elizabeth was no republican, nor were the members of her administration favourable to republican principles; but when the philosophical penetration of Sir Philip Sidney enabled him to discover the real nature and power of the principle which had aroused and was knitting into one the entire mind and heart of the Dutch provinces, that wise princess and her ministry felt no difficulty in estimating aright its unconquerable energy, and in resolving accordingly to enter into friendly relations with the struggling Republic, though they had no such design as that of introducing

its principles into England. British Statesmen in our day might have wisely followed a similar course, when they perceived that the mind and heart of Scotland were so strongly stirred, on subjects at least apparently of the same nature with those which in other days had proved invincible to power and imperishable to time. But there was no modern Sir Philip Sidney to question and understand the spirit which had so strongly taken possession of the mind of Scotland. What has been done cannot be reversed; but it may still be wise to record fully the whole memorable conflict, and to endeavour to ascertain its real nature, and so far as may be possible, to estimate its bearing on the near, or more remote future—not in the spirit of narrow-minded partisanship, either for approbation or disapprobation, but for the purpose of attempting to assign to it the position and value which it may seem rightfully to deserve.

Perhaps the most favourable position for taking a calm and dispassionate view of any subject which deeply agitates the Scottish mind, is that which might be occupied by a native of Scotland, adequately acquainted with its history, civil and ecclesiastical, but who had resided in another country long enough to have learned to contemplate Scottish questions without prejudice, yet with true sympathy. Such a position the writer is in some measure qualified to take—how fully, or otherwise, our readers will soon be able to judge.

The history of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland cannot be rightly understood without a clear conception of the primary position which the Reformed Church of Scotland took, or attempted to take. It is one thing to attempt to ascertain what that position was, and quite another to undertake its defence; the former falls within our province, the latter we leave to those to whom it belongs. At the very commencement of the Scottish Reformation it had every public influence to encounter—the sovereign and the court, the Romish priesthood, a proud and rapacious nobility, and the stormy turbulence of a hitherto rude and ill-governed community. But the Scottish Reformers were men of strong faith. They believed in the Word of God, and in all the great truths and principles which they found therein contained. They placed implicit confidence in the certainty that these truths and principles must ultimately triumph; and with the direct earnestness of strong-minded and dauntless men, they proclaimed aloud, incessantly, and everywhere, those Scriptural truths and principles which they so firmly believed, and on the invincible strength of which they so confidently relied. But in order that truths and principles may conquer, they must be known and believed. In order that external opposition may be successfully encountered, an internal power—the power of enlightened

conscience and public opinion—must be evoked. Hence the earnest and strenuous exertions made by the Scottish Reformers to place the School alongside the Church, and thus to make the benefits of a sound religious education completely national, thereby securing an enlightened public opinion, at once truly religious and truly national.

It is not necessary to ascribe to John Knox and his fellow-reformers such an amount of foresight as to have been fully aware of all the consequences of this educational movement. It is apparent from the writings of Knox himself that he felt the "godly upbringing of the youth" to be a sacred duty, to the right discharge of which too much attention could not be paid. And as he had no respect for, nor confidence in, what he called the "rascal multitude," he could not fail to be actuated by a sincere desire to raise that multitude into a higher and more enlightened condition, in which they would be more able to profit by the instructions of himself and others. But, at the same time, whether he was fully aware of it or not, there was in his system an element of vast power and great hopefulness, so far as the Scottish mind was concerned, and to which that mind was already, in one sense, singularly predisposed. The idea of national independence had been worked into the Scottish mind so long and so completely by the protracted wars with England, that it had become not only a national feeling, but a national passion. Now it is not difficult for the national and the personal to change positions, or be transmuted; the national becoming the personal by concentration, or the personal becoming the national by aggregation. The preaching of the Gospel, as the Scottish Reformers preached it, proclaimed to every man spiritual freedom so far as regarded the control of any created being,—therefore freedom from the yoke of Rome,—therefore freedom from any earthly power in religious matters. This could not but adapt itself to the deepest and mightiest sympathies of a strong-minded, brave, and independent people. Accordingly it took possession of their hearts at once, and for ever. It drew into itself all that was most determined and energetic in the national character. It became itself the very soul and essence of the national character, as it has continued ever since to be, whether fully understood or not, either by those whose minds it moulded, or by those against whom it strove.

This thought might be traced much further, and shown to be the true key to the leading peculiarities of Scottish character and history. It might be shown, for instance, to have been the power which put an end to the horrors of the feudal system in Scotland, which its Kings had in vain attempted to abolish or mitigate. Not till after the Scottish people had become spiri-

tually free, and knew how to value that freedom, did the Scottish Barons lose the dread power of "pit and gallows," which they had previously possessed. This appears even from the prolonged existence of that petty but most oppressive tyranny in those regions into which the light and liberty of reformed religion most slowly penetrated,—as in some of the Border districts, and in the Highlands generally. Those parts of the country became earliest and most completely free on which the Scottish Church laid first and most powerfully "the strong hand of her purity." But this course of inquiry every reader of Scottish history may prosecute for himself; for us to follow it further would be to diverge unwarrantably from our present subject.

During the period of John Knox's active and vigorous life and struggles, it does not very clearly appear that any of the contending parties had fully explored, and learned accurately to understand, the exact nature of the positions which they respectively occupied. There was, to a considerable degree, mutual distrust, if not antagonism, between the Church and the State. So long as the conflict with Rome was dangerous, there was apparently the most cordial co-operation between the "Lords of the Congregation," as the Reforming nobility were termed, and the Ministers; but when the peril of Roman ascendancy ceased to be formidable, the nobility not only united to seize the lion's share of the booty, but also began to regard with jealousy the influence in the nation which the Ministers had obtained by their zeal and ability. The course of conduct on which the Court party now entered was both injudicious and too late. The mighty element of public opinion had been created, and was steadily advancing. The old feeling and principle of national independence had been transmuted and glorified into the feeling and principle of spiritual independence. And as the principle of national independence, while it upheld Scotland in her long wars against a foreign monarch's attempted usurpations, only tended to confirm her allegiance to her own; so the principle of spiritual independence, while it resisted every aggression upon what was regarded as the rightful province of the Head and King of the Church, tended at the same time to make the Scottish people often even punctiliously exact in rendering the allegiance which they believed to be due in civil matters to their earthly sovereign. John Erskine of Dun felt it to be neither contradictory nor disloyal to say to the Regent Mar, "There is a spiritual jurisdiction and power which God has given unto His Kirk, and to them that bear office therein; and there is a temporal jurisdiction and power given of God to kings and civil magistrates. Both the powers are of God, and most agreeing to the fortifying one of the other, if they be right used." Nor

did Andrew Melville consider himself as speaking treason, when he said to the King, "There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is King James, the head of the Commonwealth; and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member."

It is manifest that both Erskine and Melville held it to be perfectly possible to reconcile obedience to civil authority with the spiritual independence of the Church. Nor is there anything so self-contradictory in this as many seem to suppose. Let them even be regarded as antagonist powers; it is not unphilosophical to regard antagonist powers as not only mutually beneficial, but often even necessary to each other's existence—constituting the counterbalancing poles of created being. Even Scripture seems to indicate the same thought by the juxtaposition of the precepts, "Fear God; honour the king." We are inclined, however, to think that the expression, "*spiritual independence*," is not happily chosen for the purpose of conveying a clear conception of the idea which it was intended to embody. The language already quoted from Erskine and Melville—language equally current among their contemporary countrymen—introduces us pretty distinctly to the thought which occupied their minds. The kingly authority, as they regarded it, was one which admitted no rival within its own proper domain. True and full allegiance to that authority involved equally true and full independence of every other authority within that kingdom. To the Scottish mind of that period, the idea of Scottish independence meant the most true and loyal obedience to their own king, but the most entire independence with regard to every other king on earth. The idea of national independence was therefore identical with the idea of allegiance to their own sovereign. And as they had first obtained spiritual liberty by becoming acquainted with the principles and laws of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, their obedience to him naturally took the form, as it adopted the Scriptural language, of allegiance to a spiritual king, whose laws and authority were sole and exclusive within his spiritual kingdom. They thus conceived, or rather *felt*, at once the principle of entire and unreserved allegiance to Christ, as the sole Head and King of his spiritual kingdom, the Church. They did not feel that this principle necessarily interfered with their natural allegiance to their natural king, in everything which pertained to his civil supremacy. But as their allegiance to their Scottish king bound them to maintain the independence of Scotland against English invasions; so they naturally spoke of maintaining the independence of the Church, when they meant to express their feeling and principle of sole and entire allegiance

to Christ. It has often seemed to us that the Scottish idea of "spiritual independence," as we understand it, and as we think their own history displays it, would be more distinctly expressed by some such phrase as, "Freedom to serve Christ alone, by full obedience to his laws as contained in the sacred Scriptures," than by the somewhat haughty-sounding and defiant words generally employed.

At the risk of running into another digression, we would suggest to our readers to apply this idea to the explanation of the conduct of the Scottish Covenanters. At one time we see them mustered in hostile array on the boundary line between Scotland and England, prepared to repel the approach of him whom they nevertheless still addressed as their king. Soon afterwards we see that same monarch received into the palace of Holyrood, and hailed with shouts of joyful loyalty. Ere long we see a Scottish army entering England, and taking part in the war between the king and his English Parliament on the side of the latter power. Again we see them contending fiercely against Cromwell in behalf of that king, and also of his unprincipled and licentious son. How can these things be reconciled? It may not be possible to reconcile them; but they may be explained by the principle which led the Covenanters to resist their earthly king, when he strove to invade a spiritual kingdom over which he had no right to reign; and to peril both life and civil liberty in the loyal defence of that king when they saw his rightful sovereignty assailed by one whom they regarded as a usurper. They had drawn for their own guidance—or at least they thought they had drawn—a clear line of distinction between civil and spiritual jurisdiction—between the "two kings and two kingdoms,"—and they were equally loyal to both, prepared to defend the rights and prerogatives of either, as each was in turn assailed. They may have erred in both instances; that point we do not presume to decide; but their conduct appears to us quite intelligible when we view it as the result of their own principle, applied as circumstances seemed to require.

There is in the Scottish character one leading element which must be taken into account by all who wish to understand the history of the people. It may be regarded as shy and proud reserve—or as grave and earnest thoughtfulness—or as the cautious and prudent silence of self-controlling mental firmness. View it as we may, it is there, giving to the Scottish character an air of austerity and sternness, indicating the existence within the heart and mind of deep-seated and powerful principles or passions which it would not be safe to rouse, nor easy to conquer. On such a character nothing merely formal or superficial could exercise any strong or permanent influence. Popery never

seems to have acquired any other power over the Scottish mind than that which arose from the superstitious dread of fatality under the consciousness of guilt. But when Christianity was brought into close contact with the Scottish mind, through the direct application of its profound evangelical truths and principles, and by means of its embodiment in the strong, practical, and life-like form of Presbyterianism, it became at once a vigorous reality which must be loved or hated, embraced or rejected, but could not be treated with indifference or despised. The inevitable consequence was that the strength of Scottish thought and feeling became concentrated on the relations subsisting, or which ought to subsist between the "two kingdoms," the spiritual and the temporal, and on the nature and boundaries of their respective jurisdictions. For the very same reason, in the long struggle which ensued, the characteristics of the contending parties became more and more distinctly apparent. On the one side were to be seen chiefly the men of strong and deep religious faith and practice, stiffening at times into what their antagonists termed bigotry and fanaticism. On the other, chiefly men of the world, courtiers, politicians, people of lax principle and morality, in whose minds the desire of self-aggrandisement or pleasure predominated, degenerating at times into what their opponents termed godlessness and debauchery. During the long conflict, however, the boundaries could not always be distinct. There must needs have been, as there doubtless was, a "debateable land," across which parties might be seen moving in different directions at different times, and under varying banners. There were men of fiery and ambitious character, like Montrose, at one time engaged on the side of the Covenant, at another on that of the king; and men of timid, hesitating, or scrupulous character, like Lorn and Hamilton, at one time espousing the cause of the king, at another that of the Covenant. But in general the distinctive characteristics of the respective parties must have been such as we have described. This, their mutual accusations of each other, doubtless exaggerated and distorted on both sides, is amply sufficient to prove; and we read history ill if, while we set aside much of the criminary language of keen partisans, we do not carefully ascertain the real truth which constituted the living and actuating power on each side. Religious faith, lodged deep in earnest and strong minds, but misunderstood by its antagonists, was on the one side; worldly, political, and selfish prudence, in minds equally strong and resolute, severely if not harshly condemned by its antagonists, was on the other. Between such parties there could be no safe compromise, no harmonious alliance, no lasting peace. Between such parties there may be personal peace—there may be the in-

terchange of the common courtesies and amenities of public and social life; but between the principles which animate and govern their innermost being, there can be nothing but a war of extermination. In completion of this view it must be remarked, what cannot have escaped the notice of every intelligent reader of Scottish ecclesiastical history, that every one of the periods in which the peculiar Presbyterianism of Scotland assumed the ascendancy, had been preceded, and was generally accompanied by a remarkable and manifest increase, not only of avowed religious belief, but of that moral improvement in the habits and manners of the people which bears indisputable evidence of the reality of a moral change within. Such was the period which preceded the ratification of Presbyterian Church government in 1592—such was the period which preceded the signing of the Covenant in 1638, and accompanied the full development of its principles after 1649—such was the period for some years before, and for a considerable time after the Revolution settlement in 1690,—and such, many will say, was the period which preceded and accompanied the recent conflict that rent the Church asunder, separating once more the “two kingdoms,” which it has never yet been found practicable to combine or bring into a peaceful connexion on equal terms.

Taking the position which we have attempted to point out, and which seems to be the central and essential element of these long Scottish controversies, we seem to obtain a commanding view of the whole, in all their varied aspects, and with regard to both of the contending parties. Neither of them seem ever to have made full allowance for the position occupied and views entertained by the other. Hence constant misunderstandings and misrepresentations, by which the strife was embittered and perpetuated. Kings and courtiers, and secular politicians, could not understand the existence and laws of that other spiritual King and kingdom, of which they could be no more than subjects. They could not conceive how the spiritual independence (or the exclusive freedom to obey another King and His laws) of that kingdom could be compatible with due allegiance to an earthly monarch; and this claim of spiritual independence they stigmatized as rebellion. They were incessantly haunted and terrified by the phantom of an *imperium in imperio*, and this they were resolved to prevent. The easiest, and also the most effectual method by which this could be done, without engaging in direct persecution, was by obtaining the power of appointing the administrators of that kingdom, through whom its government might be kept in a state of actual subordination to the civil power. This was very readily perceived by a monarch so cunning as King James, and to obtain this object he directed all the

artifices of his "king-craft." The conflict between the two jurisdictions, civil and spiritual, thus became concentrated or contracted into a contest respecting the right of appointment to the office of the Christian ministry. This, though probably unavoidable, was doubtless unfortunate, inasmuch as it often tended greatly to obscure the real merits of the controversy, if not in the minds of the leading disputants on either side, at least to the perception of a considerable portion of the community, and of half-observant spectators in other countries. The same fatality has hung over it all along. It has been thought a contest about a comparatively insignificant affair; yet it has been waged with such determined energy and perseverance as to prove that it was by no means insignificant in the eyes of the combatants. Nor indeed was it insignificant in reality; for upon it depended the fixing of the principle which should determine the whole of the questions relating to the connexion of Church and State.

Did our limits permit, it would be interesting to retain for a little the position which we have attempted to assume, and from it, as from a watch-tower, cast our eyes over the field of Scottish controversy from the time when that field was occupied by John Knox and his opponents till the present day, marking the successive evolutions of both parties, and the flux and reflux of the conflict. The struggle begins on the most extended scale, and while the whole field is not only open but covered by a variety of forces, John Knox has to encounter the Romish priesthood, the Court and its influence, and the auxiliary forces of France. He advances boldly and irresistibly against the main position of his antagonists, overthrows the Popedom, paralyzes the courtiers, and expels the foreign power. But time is not allowed him to secure the full fruits of victory. The entanglements of his own position have not been cleared away; and the boundaries have not been drawn with sufficient precision between the spiritual kingdom which he sought to establish and the temporal kingdom whose rightful powers he did not wish to impair. The idea of "two kings and two kingdoms" is enunciated, and becomes the essence of the dispute, though the war seems to relate only to the boundaries. Andrew Melville takes up the leader's truncheon and advances with firm and fearless step to "rid the marches." He passes, or seems to pass the boundary, is captured, his friends beaten back, and the line which he had traced is obliterated by the craft and power of the earthly king who is now sustained and enforced by England's wealth and strength.

Still the idea of the "two kings and kingdoms" survives. The subjects of the spiritual kingdom retain their loyalty to both Sovereigns: they obey their earthly monarch in all that pertains to his rightful dominion, for so their heavenly King had com-

manded ; but they maintain their allegiance to Him also by consenting to suffer wrong and injury rather than directly violate His laws. Defeated, cast down, depressed, they endure all with resolute patience, for they are not in despair—they are but waiting His time for deliverance. In a rash hour the earthly king attempts to change the form of Divine worship. This is immediately regarded as a sinful interference with the prerogative of the heavenly King; and His subjects believe that they would be guilty of violating their allegiance to Him, were they to obey. They are threatened with force ; they meet that threat with other force, sterner and more invincible. They embody their idea of the "two kings and two kingdoms" in the form of a Covenant, in which, with no small degree of precision, the boundaries of the "two kingdoms" are drawn, and the prerogatives of the "two kings" asserted and maintained. But the idea, though expressed in language, could not at that time be realized in fact. In vain did the grave majestic eloquence, and senatorial wisdom of Alexander Henderson plead and direct ; in vain did the learning, the genius, and the logical acumen of George Gillespie argue ; in vain did the deep piety and fervent love of Samuel Rutherford supplicate and glow. The position occupied by the Covenanters was not understood by either friends or foes. They were too loyal to their earthly king to retain the friendship of the English Republicans ; and too loyal to their heavenly King to be able to join the cavaliers. Distrusted, forsaken, betrayed, they were again overborne, and soon afterwards exposed to all the fiery terrors of a long and relentless persecution.

The tempest at length ceased. The Revolution of 1688 secured the civil and religious liberties of Britain ; and in Scotland, the triumph of Presbyterian principles seemed to be complete, in consequence of the arrangement which left the appointment of its office-bearers within the sole jurisdiction of the Church. But the jealousy which had been raised in the minds of statesmen and politicians by the idea of the "two kings and two kingdoms" remained. When the union between England and Scotland was about to take place, the spiritual independence of the Church, or freedom to serve Christ alone in spiritual matters, was secured as firmly as the most solemn international treaties could secure it ; not by being included among the Articles of the Union, but by being made the very basis of the Union, without which it could not take place. The boundaries of the "two kingdoms" seemed to be not only defined, but circumvallated and intrenched, so that neither should be able to encroach upon the territories of the other. But within four years after the Union, the State renewed the old encroachment, by seizing again upon the power of appointing the office-bearers and administrators of the spiri-

tual kingdom. It is interesting to remark, that in this instance, as before in the case of the Covenanters, the Church suffered violence in consequence of the unshaken loyalty of its members to their earthly sovereign. We learn from the *Memoirs of Lockhart of Carnwath*, that Queen Anne's Act restoring Patronage was pressed by the intrigues of the Jacobite party, in the hope of provoking Scottish Presbyterians to rebel against the Government which had done a deed so unconstitutional, and to join those who were plotting for the restoration of the exiled Stuart dynasty. This treacherous hope was frustrated by the very strength of the Scottish idea of the "two kings and two kingdoms," which enabled Scottish Presbyterians to maintain the civil allegiance due to their earthly sovereign, while they complained of, and protested against, the wrongful invasion of the spiritual kingdom.

But the boundary having been broken down, the encroachments went on, and the civil element which had been introduced into the administration of the spiritual kingdom did its work. For a time, the Scottish people continued to complain of their religious grievances; and so long as the Church continued also to complain, and to seek redress, they suffered patiently and in hope. When the Church itself began to act in accordance with the aggressive influence of the civil power, the hope of redress grew fainter and fainter. The people ceased to complain. Secession after secession took place. It began to become apparent that the "two kingdoms" were undergoing a process of gradual separation, which might end in the most disastrous consequences. On a sudden, near the close of last century, the French Revolution startled Europe, shook the nations from their lethargic repose, and tried severely the stability of every kingdom. Statesmen soon found, most unexpectedly it may be supposed, that those ministers who were designated Evangelical, who espoused the popular view of ecclesiastical affairs, and were most opposed to all civil encroachments on the province of religious rights and privileges, had not only the greatest influence over the people, but were themselves and their people the most loyal subjects in the nation, the firmest supporters of constitutional authority, and the most determined and steady opponents of revolutionary violence and misrule. This, too, was the direct result of their clear and all-regulating idea of the "two kings and two kingdoms;" and though statesmen did not understand their principle, they applauded its effects. Greater favour began accordingly to be shown to that section of the Church; not that their peculiar principles were better understood by politicians than before, but that the long-cherished jealousy and distrust had begun to abate, in consequence of their proved loyalty, and their zeal in the cause of social peace and order. The result was inevitable. Ancient

principles were resuscitated, and resumed their power. To this the publication of the *Lives of Knox and Melville*, by the late Dr. M'Crie, contributed in no small degree. More than twenty years ago, men of thoughtful minds, who from their speculative watch-towers, had been observing the rise, growth, and progress of opinion, began to entertain the expectation that the old contest between the "two kings and two kingdoms" was about to be renewed, and that, too, in circumstances when the contest would probably end in something more decisive than had ever before taken place.

In 1833 the conflict began in good earnest. For some time before matters had been assuming a serious aspect, indicative of a near impending and dangerous struggle between the two parties that divided the Church. The next year, 1834, saw the ascendancy acquired by those who assumed to be the representatives of Knox, Melville, and Henderson, holding the same principles, and resolved to carry them into effect. For a short time it might have seemed to be merely an ecclesiastical conflict between two parties of rival churchmen for the possession of power in Church Courts. And so, indeed, it was regarded by many, even in Scotland itself. But we have the means of knowing that there were some Scotchmen, acquainted with the character of their countrymen and their Church, who, though residing in another land, formed from the first a very different anticipation of what would almost certainly ensue. Such men believed that, though to a superficial observer it might seem to be but a struggle among ecclesiastics for power, it was in reality the recommencement of the old conflict between the "two kings and two kingdoms." And in a short time so it proved. The well-known Auchterarder Case raised anew the controversy respecting the power of appointing the administrators of the spiritual kingdom. For a while the real nature of the contest was concealed by the use of the conventional terms, "intrusion" and "non-intrusion." But when the Civil Courts assumed the power of determining the whole matter, the jurisdiction of the Church Courts and all, the controversy was forced to assume its true character, as in reality involving the very essence of the spiritual independence of the Church. From the moment when it took that aspect and designation, it could not be very doubtful to any thoughtful onlooker what would be the issue. Secular politicians were again startled by the dread of an *imperium in imperio*. Judges were horrified by the idea of co-ordinate jurisdiction, and of Courts from which no appeal could be taken to their own for ultimate decision. Speculative civilians and men of pleasure were alarmed lest the Church should become too powerful, and interfere disagreeably with their pursuits and

amusements. It was all in vain that the Church earnestly disclaimed any intention or desire to invade the province of civil jurisdiction. The boundaries between the two jurisdictions had been so long disregarded or obliterated that men had ceased to be able to distinguish them, and knew not to what extent spiritual claims might be urged. In short, the "two kingdoms" were again at war, and men joined the one or the other, according to their respective principles.

Once more the kindred elements, to which reference has been already made, began to appear. For some time before the conflict began there had been an increase of religious earnestness throughout all Scotland, as will be readily admitted by all who are duly acquainted with the state of the country. But the religious mind of the community did not at once awake to the importance of the Non-intrusion controversy. "Cut an inch deeper and you will find the Emperor!" exclaimed an enthusiastic French soldier, when the surgeon was making an incision in his breast to extract a bullet. The controversy had to cut deeper before it reached the heart of Scotland, and there found its spiritual king. But it did cut deep enough at length. When it became apparent that what Presbyterians of the olden mould understood by the expression "spiritual independence" was in peril, the heart of the community began to throb strongly and warmly, as it had done of yore, and earnest-minded men began to gaze intently on the progress of the conflict. About the same time there arose in many districts of the country a deep and solemn feeling of religious faith and earnestness, such as had not been known for a century, when the events which occurred at Cambuslang and Kilsyth attracted the attention of the kingdom. These revivals of religion, as they were termed, were contemporaneous with the growing interest in the controversy which had begun to be generally felt, but were neither directly connected with it, nor called forth by it, so far as could be observed. They tended, however, to increase and strengthen the power of religious principle throughout the kingdom; and to whatever extent that took place, it produced the same conviction respecting the pre-eminent importance of that great idea which the Church was endeavouring to explain and defend.

Meanwhile, the conflict went on and deepened. The whole character of the principle of spiritual independence, or, the freedom of serving Christ alone in spiritual matters, appeared, as point after point became developed in the struggle. The crisis came. The "two kingdoms" had taken their positions front to front. One only question remained: Would the State recognise the free and independent jurisdiction of the Church in matters spiritual, retaining unimpaired its own jurisdiction in

matters civil and temporal †. The answer was prompt and decided, as uttered by the leading British Statesman: "Whatever Church allies itself with the State, that Church must obey the State." The Presbyterian Church, by a majority in its General Assembly, true to its original principles, surrendered at once all its civil emoluments, abandoned its connexion with the State, and having solemnly protested against the invasions which had been made upon its jurisdiction, calmly retired, poor in worldly wealth, but rich in integrity, strong in faith, and free to serve the Lord Jesus Christ alone in all that pertains to His spiritual kingdom. Thus did the Free Church of Scotland, to use the words of an able writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "by a conspicuous act of self-sacrifice, give, for the first time, to Scottish Presbyterianism an European fame."

Our object has been to ascertain as exactly as possible the central principle of Scottish Ecclesiastical Polity, both in its own nature, and as it has adapted itself to the Scottish character, and been generally viewed by the Scottish mind; for thus only can justice be done either to that principle, or to those by whom it has been so long strenuously maintained. And in order to render the point as intelligible as possible to minds not conversant with the technical terms used by ecclesiastical controversialists, we have carefully abstained from the use of these terms. If the view which we have thus attempted to give of the central and characteristic principle of Scottish Presbyterianism, as held by the decided and staunch adherents of that Church, be the right one, it will, we think, be obvious, that when a serious and direct conflict between the two jurisdictions, civil and ecclesiastical, arose, it could not end otherwise than it has done. For it is abundantly evident that secular politicians have never regarded the Presbyterian theory as reconcilable with their own notions of civil jurisdiction. Nor is it necessary to accuse them of either wilful blindness, or incapacity, on that account. It is not easy, perhaps not possible, for men to change what may be termed the *positive* in their mental position. The politician cannot so cease to think and feel as a politician, as to be able to think and feel absolutely as an ecclesiastic;—even when he tries to do so, he but partially succeeds. He comes relatively nearer to the position of the ecclesiastic, but his positive position is still secular. Exactly similar is the case of the ecclesiastical thinker. When, therefore, the question between them becomes one concerning the essence of their respective positions, or the fine-drawn line which separates their jurisdictions, it is of almost impossible solution. We can conceive that able and honest politicians might think the Scottish idea entirely wrong, or utterly impracticable, as seen from their point of view, and might therefore oppose it zealously

and conscientiously ; but they ought to have been able to perceive, that as it had been held by loyal, truth-loving, and able men in other days, to whom it seemed intelligible, and in whom it wrought as a principle of invincible might, so it might be intelligently and conscientiously held by Scottish Presbyterians in our own day, without exposing them to the charge of imbecility, disingenuousness, or rebellion. Such insinuations have no tendency to convince an opponent ; add no grace or dignity to the man who employs them ; and prevent that calm and dispassionate exercise of judgment which alone becoms a discussion in which matters of great and vital importance are concerned.

The Scottish Ecclesiastical controversy "has taken end," to use a Scottish phrase, but what has become of the Scottish idea of the relation between Church and State itself ? That idea has done great deeds and endured great trials in Scotland, both in former times, and in the present. But is it exhausted ? Has it effloresced and begun to fade away ? Or has it borne fruit, and diffused seed, which may produce a growth over a space greatly more extensive than was ever covered by the parent tree, and yet not less powerful wherever it may spring up ? These are questions which deserve our attention, and to which we must briefly address ourselves,—soliciting the patience and calm thought of our readers.

It seems abundantly evident that in Scotland the power of the ancient Presbyterian idea is not exhausted. When the Disruption took place, and 474 Ministers relinquished their connexion with the State, rather than abandon the principle by which, as they believed, that connexion ought to be regulated, they did not sink into nameless and powerless obscurity, but were hailed by vast numbers, as having vindicated the ancient renown of their native land, and maintained the religious liberty of the Church of their fathers. In an almost incredibly short period of time, Churches, Manses, and Schools were erected, and funds raised for the maintenance of the Ministry, proving unmistakably that the principle which the Ministers of the Disruption had been striving to realize within the Establishment, and had withdrawn from it that they might preserve, was one which the people of Scotland would not willingly let die. And no sooner had that principle been placed again in a position of security and permanence, than it displayed anew its native character by resuming its native course of action. Directing its attention to the abodes of poverty, ignorance, and immorality, it strove to convey to the degraded and sinking masses of the population, that Gospel of the grace of God, which alone can meet effectually all human ills, both as remedy and as preventive. This, if the Scottish principle be true, is its duty,—even its functional duty.

It cannot complacently co-exist with ignorance, and pauperism, any more than it can with immorality and irreligion. Entertaining strong convictions regarding the imperative duty of advancing the spiritual kingdom of light and holiness, it cannot slumbrously tolerate the rapid growth around it of the kingdom of darkness and depravity. It cannot, therefore, be contented with having a certain number of strong and flourishing congregations; but seeks, by what it terms Home Missionary exertions, to penetrate into the dark and degraded haunts of our dense city population, seeking to reclaim district after district, with the aim and desire of bringing, so far as may be possible, the whole community under the pure, peaceful, and happy sovereignty of the Lord Jesus Christ. To this task it seems to be addressing itself more and more, as if almost instinctively and by the mere force of its nature. We will venture to add, that unless the Free Church continue to prosecute this task with increasing zeal, it will forfeit one of its strongest claims to be regarded as the legitimate heir to the principles of the Scottish Reformation.

The act of the Disruption, and the existence of the Free Church, have, to cite again the language of the Quarterly Review, "given for the first time to Scottish Presbyterianism an European fame." Whether it be for the first time or not, we need not stay to inquire; but unquestionably the events which have within these few years taken place in Scotland, have made the principles of Scottish Presbyterianism more intelligibly and impressively known to all Christendom than they ever were before. And throughout Europe the Scottish conflict and its results have attracted the attention of Churches and communities which were in a state of mind peculiarly prepared to apprehend at least some portion of the Scottish idea, and to form a tolerable conception of its true character. Philosophical thinkers, such as Guizot, for example, have long been aware of the importance to both civil and religious liberty of a well-recognised and carefully preserved distinction between the two jurisdictions—civil and ecclesiastical. The above named philosophical statesman expressly declares, that he regards the very idea of distinct and separate jurisdictions as one of the most valuable results of the Reformation. For a considerable time that idea has been struggling within the European mind, though darkly and confusedly entertained. Thinking men are becoming more and more convinced that if the same power, whether it be Pope or King, wield both civil and spiritual authority, the result must inevitably be the most absolute despotism. It matters not whether the form of government be monarchical or democratic, as has been clearly shown in Switzerland, where politi-

cians holding what in this country would be called principles of extreme radicalism are in power. In their hands the combination of civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction is found to be as despotic and oppressive as it could be in those of the most absolute monarch. The conviction has accordingly grown and spread throughout the Continent, that civil liberty cannot be obtained and held in safety without a complete separation between the two jurisdictions. To this men give expression by loud and urgent demands for an entire separation between Church and State—for religious liberty—for freedom of opinion in religious matters—for no endowment to any Church or creed—for equal endowments to every Church and creed—for some one or other of the various forms which the dimly-perceived idea seems to them to assume. There cannot be a doubt that the Scottish Disruption has already tended to give both strength and some degree of distinctness to this conviction and desire. But there is great reason to question whether many on the Continent have yet obtained a right conception of the Scottish idea.

A cognate question, to the following effect, might be fairly raised,—Would the *mere separation* of Church and State achieve what is sought? Might not the State continue to look with jealousy on the proceedings of a large body of men acting regularly in accordance with a systematic plan, and exercising great influence in the community, and at times manifest its jealousy by interfering with those proceedings, notwithstanding their complete separation and self-support? That would be persecution! is the reply. Well, but what is to prevent that? Not the mere fact of separation from the State, and the want of any national endowment. On the other hand, might not a Church, unendowed and wholly separate from the State, but numerically strong and conscious of possessing public influence, be tempted to use that influence in matters purely political, and to the serious embarrassment of the State? That would be an invasion of the civil province! is the reply. Well, but what is to prevent that? Not the mere fact of separation from the State, and the want of any national endowment. The mutual recognition by Church and State of each other's province and jurisdiction, and of their respective supremacy within these provinces, seems to be essential to harmony and peace, even when wholly separated. This principle the Free Church inherited from the Scottish Presbyterianism of the Reformation, has retained not only in spite of, but even in consequence of its separation from the State,—nay, that separation would not probably have taken place but for the clearness and pertinacity with which it cleaved to and acted upon that principle, and seems still to entertain more distinctly than any other Ecclesiastical body in Christendom.

Keeping still our position aloof from the heat and confusion of the recent conflict, we regard the steady adherence of the Free Church to the great primary principle of Presbyterianism, the perfect distinctness and full co-ordination of the respective jurisdictions of the "two kingdoms," civil and spiritual, as fitted to render the existence of that Church a blessing of unspeakable value to Europe and all Christendom. In the midst of the tumultuous agitations with which all Europe is convulsed, it is of the utmost importance that in one country there has been one mighty principle clearly enunciated and nobly realized—so realized, too, as to be at this moment the most active agent in spreading everywhere throughout that country the elements of social enlightenment and renovation—of purity and peace—of loyalty to an earthly monarch and hallowed allegiance to the Divine Redeemer: Such, beyond all controversy, are the effects which this principle has produced and is extending in Scotland. This principle has, it is admitted, acquired "an European fame." It not only, therefore, ought to be, but must and will be, carefully and universally studied, that the lesson which it seems to teach may be duly weighed and rightly understood. And this may surely be done without those who engage in it acquiring any of the asperity which the recent controversy may have excited in the minds of the combatants. None but shallow or unreflecting minds will rest satisfied with the fancy that such an event could have been produced by any principle which was not an embodiment of some great truth; and in the deliberate investigation of strong principles and great truths the littleness of partisanship should have no place.

We frankly admit that our desire to rescue the Scottish Church Controversy from the obscurity of that technical terminology by which its own writers have so much darkened it to the perception of other minds, and to place it in a position in which it might be contemplated apart from the mists of party prejudice, has led us on in the statement of our own mode of viewing it to a length which we did not anticipate, and which renders it now impossible to devote so much space to Dr. Buchanan's work as we intended: This, however, is of the less consequence, as that work will doubtless soon find, if it has not already found, its way into the hands of the greater proportion of our readers.

For a complete and full study of the Scottish Church question, as it has been termed, Dr. Buchanan's elaborate and able work furnishes ample materials. It begins by stating, briefly, but very clearly and distinctly, the leading principles of Scottish Presbyterianism. An outline of Scottish ecclesiastical history is then given, in which the continued presence and operation of these principles are traced, whether as opposed or admitted, over-

borne or triumphant, assailed by the civil power or recognised and sanctioned. This part of the work displays both great accuracy of historical knowledge and remarkable fairness of statement. The rise of a party within the Church of Scotland more favourable to the interference of civil authority in the long disputed province of the admission of ministers to the pastoral office, is clearly and impartially related, though without any attempt to conceal the views of that party which the author himself takes. We are then informed respecting the state of the two parties in the Church a little before and at the time when "The Ten Years' Conflict" commenced; and the characters of the men who then began to stand prominently forward as the leaders in the rising conflict are sketched with much discrimination, vigour, and eloquence. The remainder of the work, amounting to at least three-fourths of the whole, is a detailed summary of the controversy. It is evident that Dr. Buchanan has regarded this as the object which it was his duty to accomplish; and it is equally evident that he has spared no pains in the endeavour fully to achieve it. In this he has been eminently successful. As the history of an important and protracted controversy, we do not know its superior. Extending as it did over ten years, and engaging the whole energies and activities of one large and influential section of the educated Scottish mind, calling forth the *perfidum ingenium Scotorum*, it produced an immense number of speeches and pamphlets from the controversialists on both sides. Dr. Buchanan refers to a collection of 782 pamphlets in his possession while engaged in his arduous task. All these he seems to have carefully ransacked, culling from each the arguments most used and relied on by either party. These arguments he has largely incorporated into his work, so that the reader has the opportunity of perusing the reasonings of the leading men on both sides in their own language. This is done, however, with so much tact, that the work does not thereby acquire the broken and patched character which must have been the case in the hands of a less skilful author. On the other hand, the reader is often gratified with some of those passages of splendid eloquence which the fervent genius of some of the leaders poured forth, like lightning flashing through the tempest.

In a literary point of view the work is one of very high merit. The style is at once easy and dignified—two qualities which are seldom successfully combined. It is also animated and vigorous, rising at times into energy and eloquence. But though the style is generally graceful, easy, dignified, and vigorous, and is well sustained, and equable in the flow of its sentences, we are occasionally startled and surprised by the occurrence of phraseology somewhat out of keeping with the stateliness of the rest.

The work, we have already said, is admirable as the history of a great controversy. Yet, while perusing it, we felt that there were some important elements of such a controversy scarcely mentioned. It was not, surely, nothing more than a controversy between two parties of ministers waged in Church Courts for the sake of ecclesiastical power. If it had, it never could have stirred so deeply the hearts of the Scottish people, nor given rise to the Free Church, with its hundreds of Congregations and myriads of supporters. There must have taken place a movement throughout the community; and that, too, a movement of a religious character, else the result as now seen would have been impossible. Yet scarcely any notice of any such religious movement is taken by Dr. Buchanan; and the reader of his volumes might never know that such was indeed the case, unless he learned it from some other source. There was also, surely, another phase of life and feeling besides the controversial. Not less than 474 ministers left their homes, and cast themselves and their families, in great diversity of circumstances, on the care of Providence and the affections of the people—of very poor and powerless people in many parts of the country. There must have been many tender, many trying scenes throughout Scotland at that period—many privations borne, and much suffering endured, with calm, patient, heroic, martyr-like constancy and firmness. Dr. Buchanan might well have devoted some pages of his work to the sacred duty of recording at least a few of these events, and thereby affording a glimpse into the inner life of the Disruption and its results. This does not, indeed, seem to have come within the scope of his plan. It seems rather to have been his design to write a history of the controversy as a conflict of antagonist principles. In that he has certainly succeeded, having produced a very correct statement of the principles held, and a very perfect digest of the arguments employed, so that any person of sufficient mental power and perspicacity may, from the careful perusal of his work alone, obtain the means of forming for himself an adequately comprehensive and sound view of the whole subject. This is great merit; but the merit of the work would not have been diminished if there had been detailed what the heart of Scotland felt, as well as what its mind thought, throughout and after the conflict which so deeply affected its venerated Church.

With one concluding remark we take our leave of this important and very able work. When any powerful movement has taken place, and produced what may be termed a social or moral revolution in a community, it is of extreme importance to all succeeding generations, in every country, that the real nature of that movement should be understood, and its true history be re-

corded. If this be not done either at the time, or while the events are recent and unforbidden, it may either never be done accurately at all, or though great diligence and labour should produce an accurate record, that record may fail to command the assent of succeeding times, and the lesson may be lost. The attempt to write contemporaneous history is, indeed, peculiarly difficult and perilous, and is liable to be suspected of partiality. Still its appearance at the time when there are living witnesses of what it ventures to record ready and able at once either to refute or to ratify its statements, cannot but impart to it the utmost value as a work which—having stood, if it do stand, the severest scrutiny of the most competent judges—deserves the full confidence of posterity. And if the historian have been himself an actor in the scenes which he describes, and struggles which he relates—thoroughly conversant with all its profoundest and most secret deliberations, most energetic actions, and minutest details,—the value and credibility of his history must be thereby almost incalculably enhanced. Such is exactly the position of Dr. Buchanan and his work. The work appears when there are thousands whose own knowledge enables them to test its accuracy and completeness. And the author himself is one who very early occupied, and throughout retained, a prominent position in the councils and deeds of the Ten Years' Conflict, of which he has become the historian. A work produced at such a time, and by one so amply qualified, cannot fail to go down to future ages as a full and authentic record of the recent remarkable controversy, bearing the stamp of the high moral courage which braved the severest possible test, and the moral veracity in which that test found no flaw. Even then, the principles of the controversy will have to be estimated by their own intrinsic value and truth; but they who may sit in the seat of judgment will have before them a clear and able statement, supported by ample evidence.

- ART. VI.—1. *First Report from the Select Committee on the Slave Trade.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 18th April 1848.
2. *Second do. do.* 30th May 1848.
3. *Third do. do.* 25th July 1848.
4. *Fourth do. do.* 10th August 1848.
5. *First Report from the Select Committee on the Slave Trade.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 24th May 1849.
6. *Second do. do.* 21st June 1849.

FOR thirty years this country has been attempting, at an annual average cost of about half a million sterling, to put an end to the crime and the cruelties of the slave trade. The policy pursued by us for this purpose has been one of armed prevention. We shall not here comment either upon the expense or danger attendant upon the prosecution of such a system. Its costliness, both in regard to life and treasure, is obvious, and very little consideration is required to shew that its operation is attended with peculiar difficulties. The right of search which it involves is very liable to be abused; and even when exercised with the greatest justice and delicacy, is so disagreeable to the party subjected to it that it can hardly fail to excite in his bosom feelings of jealousy and dislike against his inquisitor. Many instances have occurred in the history of our preventive measures in illustration of this fact; and had it not been for the conciliatory tone and conceding spirit which our Government has manifested toward the Cabinets of Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon, there is but too good reason to believe that petty quarrels arising out of the right of search, to which we have just referred, would long ere this have magnified themselves into national disputes.

Yet although the expense and hazard consequent upon our present system are very serious drawbacks, they do not appear entitled to much weight when urged as reasons for its abolition. The cause in behalf of which they are incurred is of so benevolent and sacred a character, that arguments of expense or expediency seem, at its very mention, to sink into utter insignificance. Some measures there may be whose continuance depends upon grounds of economy not less than upon those of suitability or success. But to this class the measure now under review cannot belong. To justify its abandonment it is not enough to shew that it is costly; we must further prove that it is defective—and defective, not simply because it does not accomplish *all* that was anticipated from it, but because it is, from its nature, *actually unsuited to cope* with the evil which it is intended to remove.

To determine whether such a verdict as this can be brought against our present policy, we must, on the one hand, examine the disease, *i.e.*, the slave trade, and on the other, its remedy, *i.e.*, our system of prevention; and from this comparison judge whether the effects of the one are fitted to remove, or, at least, to counteract the causes of the other. In this paper we do not intend to give any digest of the evidence contained in the documents hereto prefixed. This would occupy a larger space than we can at present afford, and, in point of fact, would not materially assist us in our present inquiry. It may, however, be proper to state, that a careful perusal of those Reports leads us to the conclusion that our coercive measures have not merely failed to check the supply of slaves to Brazil, but that, on the other hand, they have had the effect of greatly aggravating the horrors of the middle passage, and the sufferings endured by the negroes on the Barracoons on the coast of Africa, as well as of very materially prejudicing the interests of British merchants trading to that country. We do not, however, here intend to enter upon an examination of either of these two last points, or adduce any evidence in their support. Our object will be gained if we succeed in shewing that the failure, in point of fact, of our coercive policy to check the transportation of slaves to Brazil, results from its unsoundness in point of principle.

The slave trade, like any other mercantile speculation, is the result of certain causes which create and continue the investment of a certain amount of capital in a particular branch of traffic. It has not arisen fortuitously, much less in opposition to the interests of its promoters; nor will it continue in existence one moment longer than these interests are secured. What, then, are the causes which have led to an investment of capital in such a speculation as this? Are they the cruelties of the trade, or are they its gains? the miseries thereby inflicted on the slave, or the wealth therefrom accruing to the slaver? The answer is obvious: Mercantile speculations, of whatever kind, are invariably governed by the laws of self-interest. Gain is the mainspring of them all; and however much circumstances may induce a preference of one trade over another, still it is true that the ruling motive which induces a choice at all is the expectation of profit. The slave trade forms no exception to this rule; nor are its speculations, how unholy soever they may be, governed by any other laws than those which regulate the most lawful enterprises of the Christian merchant. Keeping, then, distinctly in view that this traffic results from the same causes as those which prompt the most honest trades, it necessarily follows that those circumstances which act as a stimulus upon the one tend to produce a similar effect upon the other, and that no means

which, from their nature, are inadapated effectually to repress the latter can be the proper means to use, in order to destroy the former.

To interrupt and finally overcome slavery, *i.e.*, the importation of African slaves into Brazil, we, along with that State, and those of France, Spain, Portugal, and America, have entered into a league of armed prevention. The force employed consists of a fleet of cruisers stationed off the coast of Africa, whence the slaves are to be shipped, thousands of miles removed from that of Brazil, where they are to be landed. The right of search belonging to this squadron is necessarily limited, since it embraces within its range those vessels only which belong to one or other of the Powers composing the League. Nay, this limited mutual jurisdiction is still farther circumscribed, since, from its cognizance we must except America, which does not permit her vessels to be searched by any other than her own cruisers.

The supply or forced importation of slaves into Brazil arises from a demand there existing for their labour. From the nature of its soil and climate, that country is peculiarly suited for growing certain tropical plants, as sugar, coffee, &c. From certain causes, to which we shall afterwards allude, the Brazilian planter has found that it is more advantageous, *i.e.*, more profitable, for him to invest money in the purchase of a slave, whom he can compel to work, than pay for the industry of hired servants. Now, as profit is the very thing at which he is aiming, it is clear, that so long as slave labour is to the Brazilian planter cheaper than free labour, so long will he—*ceteris paribus*—continue to prefer, and strive to obtain the former. Slave labour may become dearer, and therefore less profitable than free labour, from one or other of two causes—either from free labour becoming to the Brazilian planter cheaper, and therefore more profitable than slave labour, or from slave labour becoming, from a decrease in its supply, so much scarcer, dearer, and therefore less profitable than it at present is, that independently of any thing intrinsic in itself, it may become, from that cause alone, *viz.*, a decreased supply, more expensive, and therefore less profitable than free labour. The accomplishment of the latter object is what our present policy aims at; and we admit, that if it were able to realize this object it would effectually prevent the further importation of slaves into Brazil. The demand for these in Brazil results from their value to the planter: remove that value, no matter by what means, and you necessarily remove along with it that demand. This effect, however, so far as we have any means of judging, either from experience or analogy, our preventive policy cannot achieve. Experience, so far as we possess it, goes to prove this; for in spite of our most powerful

and ably sustained efforts, we find that these have not so affected the supply of slaves as to increase their cost, and so decrease their value to the planter. On the contrary, this supply has lately increased inversely to the activity of our efforts to check it, and become most abundant and cheapest at the very time when we have been putting forth our greatest efforts to render it least abundant and most expensive.

The data we now possess are not sufficiently accurate to enable us to determine the *precise* number of negroes who are annually torn away from Africa to supply the demand for them in the New World. When the trade was a legal one this was a calculation which might have been made with tolerable certainty; but now, in consequence of the contraband nature of the traffic, concealment as to the number of the slaves whom he imports is the natural policy of the trader. Still, upon the question of numbers, we have the evidence of one who, from long residence in Brazil, and intimate acquaintance with the slave trade, must be as well acquainted with the subject as any man could be. Some may be inclined, certainly, to look with distrust upon the statements of an individual who once prosecuted the traffic. For ourselves, we cannot very clearly see the force of this objection, nor understand why his former profession (for he has since abandoned it) should cast suspicion upon the evidence he now gives regarding the present *statistics* of slavery. Be this however as it may, there exists, we think, in the fact of the price of negroes in Brazil a very sufficient proof that in the present case, at all events, these suspicions are groundless. On being asked,—“Are you aware of what number of slaves might have been landed in Brazil from the coast of Africa in 1847?” Dr. Cliffe says,—“Taking it from November 1846 to November 1847, we estimate the quantity at not less than 60,000, and not exceeding, perhaps, 65,000 landed alive.” Being further asked,—“Are you at all aware of what number of slaves might have been taken from the coast of Africa for the purpose of landing 65,000 men in Brazil?” Dr. Cliffe replies,—“The only means of calculation is from the captains, or those employed in it, stating that they receive on board their different vessels a certain amount of men. To produce that number, with what are taken by English cruisers, and what die in various ways, not less than 100,000 would leave the coast of Africa, to produce that amount of living subjects in Brazil at the present time.” And this witness further states that this “was rather a general calculation; it could not be entirely accurate by any means: but he thinks that the number was rather under-stated than over-stated.”*

* Hutt's Committee, 2d Report, 1848—Questions 4099 and 4100.

If this estimate be correct, it leads us to this conclusion, that our coercive measures have not prevented the growth of the Slave Trade. While it was yet a legal traffic, Mr. Pitt, in 1794, computed that 80,000 negroes were annually torn from Africa; and twenty-five years later, viz., in 1820, the African Society gave the number at 70,000. The correctness of these calculations has never been called in question. From 1810 down to the present time, our preventive measures have been in active operation; and yet we find, upon the evidence of one whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge upon the subject are peculiarly favourable, that, in spite of these exertions, the annual number of slaves now torn from Africa has increased one-fifth; and this increase, be it remarked, is that in a particular over a general demand. In other words, while, in the year 1794, when there existed no obstruction to the traffic, the whole demand for African slaves throughout the markets of the world was adequately met by an annual abstraction of negroes from that country to the extent of 80,000; in the year 1847, when the greatest naval powers are actively employing the most powerful of all obstructions (as they think) to its prosecution, the demand for slaves in the market of Brazil alone requires, in order to meet it, a yearly drainage from Africa of 100,000 negroes. Doubtless it will be said, that the wealth and resources of Brazil have, during this period, increased, and consequently demanded a corresponding increase in the amount of slave labour. This we willingly admit: but if, by the phrase, "corresponding increase," our opponents mean to assert that the gradually increasing demand for slave labour which, in Brazil, has been going steadily on for the last fifty years, is now as adequately met at the close of this half century as it was at its commencement, they just admit—what we desire to shew—that our exertions which, for the last thirty years, have been made for the purpose of destroying this adequacy of supply, have been completely inoperative. But if, on the other hand, they say,—while we admit that the demand for slave labour in Brazil has for many years been increasing, and that the supply has also, during the same period, increased, we totally deny that it has increased at the same proportion, or that the demand is now so adequately met as it was before; they assert that which, could they prove it true, *might* afford a warrant for the continuance of our preventive policy. We say *might*, because even this would not necessarily be sufficient; for such an explanation as the preceding admittedly limits the beneficial effect produced to so very small an amount, that when there is taken into consideration the cost at which this is effected,—the cost not simply of English treasure and English life, but the far more grievous and appalling

cost of negro suffering,—the prudent philanthropist might well doubt whether the application of such a cure were not rather adding to than diminishing the amount of human misery.

But, in truth, this latter position cannot be maintained consistently with facts; for, if it be true that the demand for slaves in Brazil is not so adequately met, since the introduction of our coercive measures, as before that event, it would necessarily follow, upon the principles of supply and demand, that the price of negroes there would be greater now than then; but, instead of this being the case, we find that it is rather the reverse. In 1790, when slaves were transported to Brazil without let or hindrance, their average price there was forty moidores a-head, equal to £54 sterling. In 1847, when for thirty years we have been attempting to put down the trade, their average price is 450 dollars to 400 dollars, equal to from £50 to £45. If the principles of political economy are to be relied upon, the prices now quoted prove that the supply of slaves to Brazil, in 1847, is even ampler than it was in 1790, and they, moreover, corroborate the correctness of Dr. Cliffe's calculations above mentioned.

Facts, therefore, teach that our slave trade policy has not been an effective one; philosophy, if we inquire of her, teaches that, under existing circumstances, it cannot be so. To protect certain home manufactures from foreign competition, *i.e.*, *pro tanto* of our demand for said article, to destroy the foreign manufacture of it, we pursue a system in principle similar to that adopted for the prevention of slavery, but in its operation much more efficient. Our Custom-house policy had, for one of its objects, the *pro tanto* extinction of a trade which is far less remunerative to those venturing to pursue it than is that in slaves; while, in the former, the successful speculator may make 20, 30, or even 40 per cent. on his outlay, in the latter he may, and often does, make not less than 200 per cent. Hence it is evident that, as the inducements to slavery are much greater than those to smuggling, much more efficient means must, to ensure success, be used in the one case than in the other—this increased efficiency being proportioned to the increased inducement. Now, granting, for a moment, that our measures to protect certain home manufactures were completely successful, and completely destroyed *pro tanto* our demand for it, the foreign manufacture of the prohibited article, it is clear, from what has just been stated, that any such success as the one policy cannot establish the certainty or even possibility of success in the other, unless it be shewn that the means employed in the latter are by so much more efficient than in the former, by how much the inducements to engage in the one trade, arising from its superior gains, are greater than in the other.

At home, our revenue-officers have an unlimited right to search every vessel which approaches our shores, for the purpose of ascertaining what cargo she brings, that they may levy from her owners that amount of duty which corresponds to the kind and quantity of her imports. Nor does it require much study to perceive, that if, by hoisting a particular flag, the vessel could evade inspection, and land the cargo duty-free, no such protection as that contemplated by our present system of Custom-house police would long be afforded to British goods competing in the market with those of foreign manufacture.

Besides this unlimited right of jurisdiction which it possesses, our preventive force at home acts from the most commanding position, and in the most effective manner. Instead of being employed in some distant country, there attempting, by sundry devices, to cast impediments in the merchant's way against the manufacture of the prohibited commodity, it interferes not with his plans at this state of their progress; it allows him to manufacture what and how much he pleases, to freight a vessel, to embark his cargo, to consign his goods; and then, after time, trouble, and expense have all been contributed, and the speculator has staked labour and capital, as well in preparing the commodity for market as in bringing it thither, our revenue force takes its stand at the entrance of that harbour, and demands from its owner, e'er it gain admittance there, the payment of that sum which equalizes—possibly increases—the rate at which he can sell it in England, with or beyond that at which it can elsewhere be profitably manufactured.

With regard to our slave trade policy, the case is entirely reversed. Instead of stationing our cruisers off Brazil and Cuba, which is the destination of the slaver, and there attempting to prevent the landing of his cargo, we place them thousands of miles removed from either of these places, along the west coast of Africa, from the Senegal to Benguela, there attempting to prevent the embarkation of his cargo. But, in so stationing our cruisers, are we not attacking the slaver at a point the least disadvantageous for him—at one where he is best able to escape or resist—or where, if captured he should be, he is subject to the least possible loss and vexation? When his vessel has just been armed and stored for the voyage, for which, being well acquainted with its nature, he has made ample preparation, when his crew are newly aboard, and still uninfected by disease, and when animated by the assurance, that if, at this favourable period for him, he but conduct his vessel, whether by stratagem or force, beyond the line of cruisers which hover round his coast, his after-voyage will be performed in safety, and without molestation, the slaver passes his trial for escape at the very

point where, of all others, he would prefer doing so. His fate is thus soon decided; and, instead of crossing the wide Atlantic ere he be assured what it is to be, he is either immediately captured, or at once certified of his safety. In the former case, he has at least been spared delay, anxiety, and labour, all of which enter as very important elements into his calculations; and in the latter, he has secured his object at the very outset of his voyage.

To the jurisdiction possessed by our African cruisers we have already alluded and seen how extremely limited it is. Hence we find that two most important and, to the efficient working of our Revenue Police, essential elements, are entirely wanting to our Preventive Squadron. And when we remark that even the former system, possessed as it is of an unlimited right of search, and acting as it does from the most commanding situation, is still unable to achieve the end it has in view, viz., to prevent the introduction of smuggled goods into this country, can we doubt much whether the latter system, as now pursued, be able to attain its object, when we consider, that with far inferior means of prevention, and these means less efficiently employed, it aims at the destruction of a trade the gains of which are nearly ten times greater, and, as a consequence, the inducements to its prosecution about ten times more powerful?

Some, we believe, there are, who while unable to gainsay these arguments, are yet unwilling to admit the conclusion to which they lead. For although forced, with sadness, to confess that our efforts have as yet failed to achieve the deliverance of Africa, they still look with expectation to the future; or if it even fail to inspire them with confidence, they then fall back upon the other alternative of the dilemma, and advocate the continuance of our Squadron on the ground that if it were withdrawn the prospects of Africa, which are even now gloomy, would then become completely hopeless. Yet what are these but the mere imaginings of the philanthropist? What except the wish that they were true, gives any reason to conclude that they are so? If the benevolence of plans could ensure their feasibility, then might these dreams become realities. But Nature will not alter the course of her operations even at the entreaties of Mercy. She has ordained, that to reverse an evil you must destroy its cause, and any attempt to remove or alter this decree is utterly hopeless. The cause of slavery is its gains, and so long as that cause exists, so long will that accursed traffic. It matters not what means are employed, what expense incurred, or what amount of life expended, all will be useless, unless the remedy applied to destroy Slavery be calculated to destroy its profits. But if it be true, in point of fact, that our cruisers have

not so reduced the supply of Negroes to Brazil as to make their labour scarcer and dearer, and therefore less profitable than that of free labourers, and further, if it be true, as by the preceding argument we have attempted to prove it is, that our coercive measures *cannot* produce that result, then it necessarily follows that our present policy, however long pursued, cannot destroy the Slave Trade.

To many this seems so sad a conclusion that they cannot believe it true. This, however, we need not remark, is no evidence, or even presumption, that it is not so. Yet this sadness—whence does it result? Is it from the conviction that we have not destroyed, and cannot destroy, the Slave Trade, by casting artificial impediments in the way of its prosecution? If so, what is this but repining against the laws of Nature, and lamenting that they do not affect the Slave Trade in a different manner from that in which they affect every other. Experience teaches us that any restraint upon the supply of tobacco has the effect of raising its price, and instead of lessening directly tends to create additional inducements to meet the demand for it. And if (setting the questions of revenue and protection aside) we wished to destroy the smuggling of tobacco, whether would we, for this purpose, increase our Custom-house police or remove our Custom-house duties? Now, if the contraband trade in Slaves be pursued for the same end as the contraband trade in tobacco, viz., for that of gain, why should we be either surprised or sorry that it is governed by the same laws? And why, since there exists no reason for our tolerating the smuggling of Slaves as there does for our tolerating the smuggling of tobacco, do we employ toward the suppression of the contraband trade in the former means which cannot destroy the contraband trade in the latter?

To this it is immediately answered, Would you then withdraw all those hindrances which at present lie in the Slaver's way to the prosecution of his accursed traffic, and stake the future happiness and freedom of Africa upon the result of so unequal a contest as that of Free and Slave labour? To this double question we reply, *first*, If those facts, viz., the present prices and number of Slaves imported into Brazil be correct, and if our analogical argument be sound, then the present so called hindrances to the Slave Trade are no hindrances at all, and their withdrawal cannot render the condition of Africa worse than it is; and, *secondly*, If such be the case, then the future happiness and freedom of Africa does, in reality, at the present hour, when our cruisers are stationed off its coast, as much depend upon the result of this contest between Free and Slave labour as it would were these cruisers removed.

Those who hold the doctrine that slave labour is cheaper than

free labour will not of course be willing to admit this inference. We shall not here anticipate our views upon this subject, but shall only observe that if that doctrine *be* correct, the prospects of Africa seem to us almost hopeless. For even granting that our coercive measures did to some extent alleviate the woes of that unhappy country, we should look with but little confidence to the continuance of that blessing, and with none to Africa's ultimate freedom, did the attainment of these objects depend upon the capricious and short-lived motives of human benevolence. To secure these ends of mercy there must, we think, be more powerful and constantly operating agents at work than those whose efficiency or failure depends upon the politics of an administration or the revenue of an empire. We are sanguine enough to believe that the salvation of Africa depends upon no such contingencies; but that, like other evils, the slave trade will work its own cure, because those very motives which at present lead to its prosecution are calculated eventually to ensure its abandonment.

Since the Slave Trade to South America is at present carried on because Brazilian planters find it more profitable to employ slave labour than free labour, and since we have failed by means of force to reverse the relative value of these two species of industry, the whole question now depends upon the point whether the gradual operation of events themselves be able to secure this result, or, in other words, whether the labour of slaves or that of hired labourers is essentially the most valuable. In entering upon the examination of this problem, we must be careful not to limit the question to any one particular country. We have already fully and frankly admitted, that, so far as Brazil is concerned, slave labour is cheaper there, at present, than free labour. The demand for the former over the latter incontestably proves this. But when we speak of the inherent cheapness of any article of commerce, we speak of that cheapness not as determined by the effectual demand for it in one portion of a market, to which it may, for certain temporary causes, be exclusively confined, but we look at the article as a means of creating or circulating wealth throughout the whole market, and therefrom decide upon its value by comparing the aggregate or final supply of that article in the market with the effectual demand which there exists for it. In the same way, when we speak of the value of slave labour, we refer not to the value put upon it in Brazil, Cuba, or any other particular country, to which, for certain reasons, it is at present confined, but we look at slave labour as a means of creating and circulating wealth throughout all countries, and decide upon its value by comparing what the aggregate or final demand for such labour in this extended market of the

world would be as compared with its supply. Now, though this may seem the plain and correct method of procedure, it has not been adopted by those who maintain the doctrine that slave labour is cheaper than free labour. They, on the contrary, have not merely confined their investigations to particular markets, and from a special result inferred a general principle, but they have left altogether out of sight the interests of one of the parties, viz., the original seller in Africa, and have regarded those only of the purchaser in Brazil. They first assert that because in certain markets, as Brazil and Cuba, slave labour is cheaper than free labour, therefore it is inherently cheaper, and next imply in this reasoning that because the Brazilian planter is *now* able to purchase slave labour at a lower rate than free labour, he will *always* be able to do so; or, in other words, that the seller, *i.e.*, the African prince, will ever continue willing or able to dispose of slave labour at the present low rate. This conclusion, however, is altogether incorrect, and the implication involved in it totally inadmissible.

The slaves which the Brazilian merchant purchases from the trader to cultivate his farm consist of captives taken in war. The humane device of civilized nations, whereby prisoners are exchanged or ransomed, has no existence in Western Africa. On account of the barbarism of the population and the fertility of the soil, the wants of the African are few and easily supplied. Arts and agriculture are almost wholly unknown; and that proportion of the inhabitants which in other countries is required to supply these branches of industry, is in Africa completely useless. Idleness, the accompaniment of barbarism, begets feuds between neighbouring princes, which lead to frequent and sanguinary wars. In the battles which are fought, one of the contending parties is usually completely routed, from whom, during their flight, the captors take many prisoners, besides those who may be left wounded on the field. These captives, as we have seen, are quite useless to their own tribe, and for similar reasons it will be obvious that they are equally so to their conquerors. Accordingly, we find that prior to the year 1442, the use to which these captives were put was that of sacrifice. About that period, however, the Portuguese commenced to purchase these prisoners, and employ them as slaves; and from that day, those wars which were formerly undertaken from motives of revenge or superstition, began to be systematically pursued for the sake of gain. The price at which these prisoners are originally sold, as compared with that at which they are eventually bought, shews clearly that the seller is really ignorant of the actual value of his captive. For thirty or forty dollars, the African Prince disposes of the slave, who, as a cultivator of the soil,

readily fetches twenty days thereafter, three or four hundred dollars. And here let it be remarked, that to whatever cause this extraordinary rise in the value of the negro might be attributed, it certainly cannot be to the process or treatment he undergoes during this interval. Transported to Brazil, and there purchased for the very purpose of cultivating the ground, his value as a labourer, if experience and common sense are at all to be relied upon, cannot possibly be increased by his voyage across the Atlantic. On the contrary, evidence clear and incontestable proves, that from the first hour of that traffic, down to the present, the very reverse has been all along the case; and that, of whatever value as a labourer the negro might be ere yet he quitted his own country, that value is greatly diminished by the time he is landed in Brazil. Need we suggest the reason of this, or observe, that by the laws of nature, the negro is a more productive, and therefore more valuable labourer while yet possessed of health and vigour, than after he is reduced by suffering and disease, to a state of existence only one step removed from death. And yet this strange increase of value must have a cause. If it result not from the intrinsic worth of the slave having been increased, so that he has actually become a more productive labourer, it must arise from a capability on the part of his employer in Brazil to obtain from his labour, less valuable though it may be, a more profitable return than can the African Prince. That the latter alternative must be as we have now stated it is certain, if our former alternative be correct. The slave must be more valuable to the Planter than to the Prince, either because from the date of his sale the slave's intrinsic value has increased, or because, having not done so, but, on the contrary, deteriorated, the actual productiveness of the slave in Brazil, lessened though it be from what it was in Africa, is yet capable of being turned to better account in the former country than in the latter. But having just shewn that the intrinsic productiveness of the slave is, and must be, greater in Africa than Brazil, it follows that the reason why, in spite of this, he is actually more valuable to the Planter than to the Prince, does not arise from any causes connected with the slave's capacity to perform work, but with the master's ability to supply him with work. This is precisely the situation in which matters stand. The Planter in Brazil has lands and farms to be cultivated; the Prince in Africa has none; so that it is no more surprising that the former should find even less productive labourers more valuable to him, than it is that to the latter the most productive labourers should be comparatively valueless. This view of the relative position in which the African Chief and Brazilian capitalist stand to each other, will afford, we think, to every sincere

inquirer, not merely a satisfactory reason why so great a discrepancy should exist in the price of a slave on different sides of the Atlantic, but likewise a satisfactory reason why slavery itself should be carried on between Africa and Brazil.

Now the generalized doctrine of our opponents regarding the superior cheapness of slave labour, besides being deduced from two isolated, and in all respects peculiar cases, and therefore illogically, *i.e.*, not all established, lies open either to the fatal objection of a *petitio principii*, or is suicidal of their own declared opinions. Because it is evident, that in this doctrine of labour, our opponents either take for granted the fact, that the relative position of labour in Brazil and Africa, in regard to the demand or supply of slaves, will always remain as it is now; or that, supposing this position to be altered, and the African Prince to be one day able to realize from his captives more than he now does, or even as much as the Brazilian Planter, the former will still continue to dispose of that captive at his present price. Now, we not only reject the first admission as illogical, but we deny its truth. As we have already seen that the present value of the slave in Brazil over his value in Africa entirely results from the amount of work existing for him in the former over the latter country, and not from his abstract superior productiveness, it follows, that just as more work is created for him in Africa, his value there will increase, and in Brazil proportionally diminish. So that to assert or imply, that because slave labour is now an hundred-fold more valuable in Brazil than in Africa, therefore it will always remain so, is just to say, that the latter country is an hundred-fold less productive than the former. But such a proposition is obviously incorrect. The very same evidence that, *viz.*, of merchants and travellers, upon which our belief in the natural riches and fertility of Brazil rests, goes equally to prove that the natural riches and fertility of Africa is little, if at all inferior. Its productions are rich and varied, embracing most of the fruits and minerals of the South American kingdom, beside many which are there unknown, as various kinds of drugs and dyes, and iron ore in very great abundance. And if such be the native wealth of a country as yet little explored, and hardly at all cultivated, is it unreasonable to conclude, that when labour has been more extensively and intelligently applied, the soil of Africa will be found still more productive than is at present supposed? Hence our opponents' assumption seems erroneous. There is no reason whatever to imagine that the position of Cuba, or Brazil, and Africa will always continue the same; but, on the contrary, not merely a likelihood, but a moral certainty, that the demand for labour in Africa will some day greatly increase; that the value of the negro there as a cultivator of the

soil—at present unappreciated—will become so great, that instead of costing in Brazil, as he does at the present day, only 300 dollars, his employers in Africa would not part with him for double that sum. If our opponents maintain that he would, they advance a doctrine at once contrary to reason and suicidal of their own. They have over and again admitted that gain is the originating cause of slavery; that it is the thirty dollars which he now receives that induces the African Prince to sell his captive; and how can our opponents be ought else than inconsistent with themselves if, to establish their theory respecting the value of slave labour, they either maintain or imply that even should the captive become worth 600 dollars, the African Prince will still continue to part with him for thirty?

Nor let it be supposed, that when the value of the negro has been so enhanced, slavery to Brazil will have ceased only because its pecuniary inducement shall have died away. Another and, if possible, a stronger element will then have come into operation, by whose influence the negro will not only be saved from bondage in Brazil, but also from bondage in Africa. Let but the seeds of native industry take root in that country, let but the cultivation of its soil and the manufacture of its productions, whether for home or foreign trade, begin to spread abroad their roots through African society, and bind together by the ties of interest and dependence the various ranks and members of its population, and *intelligence*, that noble fruit of such a system, will create in every bosom those principles of self-respect and moral courage which will form barriers against injustice and oppression too strong even for avarice itself to demolish. But, in truth, they will never be so assailed; for avarice will by that time have discovered purer and more abundant streams at which to slake its thirst for gain than those of trafficking in human blood—those, namely, of trafficking in human labour. Such has been the experience of the world's history hitherto, nor can we see upon what principle of reasoning our opponents can predict an exception to such a result in the case of Africa. Yet some there are who have so foretold. For instance, Mr. M'Culloch says—“It would appear that some modification of slavery, or a supply of compulsory labour of some sort or other, is necessary to enable civilized man to occupy and turn to a useful account some of the most fertile and extensive regions of the earth.”* In this short sentence, the continuance of slavery is indirectly predicted, if not even justified, on the ground of expediency. If a system of compulsory labour be not applied to African negroes, “some

* M'Culloch's Com. Dict., New Edition, 1846, p. 1142.

of the most fertile and extensive regions" will be left uncultivated, and we are left to conclude that as the latter would be a more disastrous calamity than the former, slavery will never cease. This argument, which displays what amount of faith the reasoner possesses in the beneficence of the Deity, paves the way for a still more startling assertion. "It is to no purpose to say that free labour is cheaper than slave labour. We more than doubt whether, when applied to slaves, there can be any foundation to such a statement; but that is really immaterial, the fact being that were slavery abolished, few or no free labourers would be found to engage in the great departments of industry carried on in the slave-holding countries. It would be a contradiction and absurdity to suppose it otherwise."* In this very sweeping averment, beside the violence which is done to the opinions of those who have always considered that the comparative cheapness of free and slave labour did affect, and that very materially, the question of slavery, we are told in so many words that African negroes are not men at all, but mere brutes. The doctrine of the cheapness of labour *may*, it is admitted, affect the problem of slavery if applied to Europeans, though even this is doubtful, but to extend it to the case of slaves (by which, we presume, Mr. M'Culloch means African negroes) is totally absurd. Now, this is not merely to assert that the motives which prompt the European to labour are more powerful than those which actuate the negro, but unqualifiedly to declare that the latter are totally devoid of any such motives. In such a conclusion few, we think, can agree. It is sufficiently disproved by the case of our cruisers off Africa, and of several of our West Indian Colonies. Kroo-men, or native Africans, are employed for hire in both these departments of our service, and instead of being lazy or useless servants, are found in these warm climates much more efficient sailors and workmen than Europeans, being capable of sustaining a much greater amount of fatigue. We admit that there may exist some disparity of moral energy between the Caucasian and African tribes; that, on the whole, the latter may, either from accidental or permanent causes, be of a more sluggish temperament, and less inclined to physical or mental exertion. But while we grant this, and, for argument's sake, to its very fullest extent, we still affirm that such a conclusion does not disprove the correctness of our principle, that free labour is cheaper than slave labour, unless it is said—which, besides taking the whole question for granted, is plainly absurd—that Africans *must* always be slaves just because of this disparity. Whether

* M'Culloch's *Com. Dict.*, New Edition, 1846, p. 1144.

we look at Africa, Brazil, or Lapland, the same great truth holds good, that the moral and physical organization of the world's inhabitants are everywhere adapted to the region they inhabit. And it is quite as false in principle to conclude, that because African negroes are naturally less energetic than Europeans, therefore they are entirely disqualified from voluntary exertion, as it would be at variance with fact to say, that because the Laplander is less enterprising than the Englishman, therefore he is not enterprising at all. This inferiority on the part of the Laplander does not render him a slave; and why should it be sufficient to render the African?

To bring our reasonings to a point. Having proved from experience that the negro must be a more productive labourer before he undergoes the middle passage than after it, *i.e.*, in Africa than in Brazil, we have shewn that he is more valuable in the latter country than in the former, only because capitalists in Brazil are better able to turn his industry to account. But having further explained that this does not arise from Africa being a poorer country, but simply from capitalists there being as yet ignorant of that natural wealth which their country does really possess; we have, reasoning from the experience of the past, and upon the admitted selfishness and avarice of man, concluded that this state of matters will not always continue, but that, on the contrary, the African Prince must come some day to appreciate the real value of his captive, which, as it is greater in Africa than in Brazil to the extent that the negro is a more productive labourer before the middle passage, than after it, will prevent his being disposed of to the trader except on terms too extravagant to be complied with; that being thus, for the sake of greater gain accruing to his master, retained in Africa, and employed in cultivating the soil and manufacturing its productions, intelligence and information, which are consequent upon these pursuits, will gradually spread themselves abroad throughout the mass of the labouring community; so that if trade and commerce, in their more extensive and complicated departments, presuppose not free industry instead of forced labour to their prosecution, a sense of their importance, and of the absolute dependence under which their employer lies for their labour, will urge that community to demand and enable them to secure their independence. And thus in *either* case the free labour will ultimately be found cheaper, *i.e.*, more productive, than slave labour, because by means of the former more extensive transactions will be gone into, and as a consequence of this greater gains be realized.

It is upon principles such as these—the most natural and powerful of any which direct and accelerate the progress of civi-

lisation—that the doctrine of slave labour meets with its fullest refutation. The desire of gain—that powerful motive which has developed the natural resources of Europe and America—has done so through free labour as the most powerful element which for this purpose it could employ. African slavery results from causes which are at variance with the economy of nature; and as surely as that economy must gain the ascendant, and finally pervade every department of Nature's kingdom, slavery must cease. But this event can never be hastened by opposing the movements of that process—long and tedious it may be—by which the intrinsic value of the negro as a labourer in Africa ceases to be appreciated. Fleets which check the supply of slave labour to Brazil can never create the demand for the negro's labour on the soil of Africa. This must be done ere slavery be vanquished. It is a battle which must be fought, not on the Atlantic, but on the soil of Western Africa, and one which must be gained, not by the weapons of modern warfare, however effective these may be as agents of destruction, but by the combination of those elements of human skill and natural productiveness which the Almighty has scattered throughout every province which is blest with fertility and subject to the dominion of man. Africa possesses these elements within herself, and only waits their further development. That development may and will be assisted by every encouragement which is given to the application of African industry to the cultivation of the African soil. And while our cruisers, used as a Maritime Police to prevent the crime of slavery, must ever fail in that object, these same cruisers, used as a Protective Squadron to our merchants trading with the cultivators of African produce, may become an efficient means to destroy the trade in slaves, by fostering the energies of free industry, and developing more rapidly in Africa that demand for her children's labour which is alone able to overcome the present demand for, and consequent supply of, her children's lives.

Our philosophy may be wrong, but unless it is so our conclusions must be right. To say the least of it, there is a strong presumption that they are. For what else can we think of our remedy for the Slave Trade, but that it is useless, if not pernicious, when after an application of it for more than thirty years, we find that trade as extensively pursued, and only differing from what it was, by being still bloodier and more revolting in its character? And whither can we look for a cure to a disease so inveterate if not to the reacting influences of those exciting causes which have led to its prosecution, and which baffle human ingenuity to destroy? These questions, which we have now briefly attempted to answer, demand the serious consideration of

every well-wisher to the cause of humanity, and of all who feel as they ought the responsibility which attaches to England in pursuing so bold and hazardous a policy as now she does. It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon us that as plans, however benevolent, cannot be carried on in opposition to the laws of nature, so the philanthropy of our Slave Trade measures ought never to be urged as an excuse, and still less as a reason, for their imprudence. To benefit our fellow-men we must often sacrifice the motives of humanity at the shrine of reason. *Feeling* may give an aim to our benevolence, but it is *thinking* alone that can guide us to its attainment. Let us beware that in our practice we substitute not the end for the means, or fail accurately to distinguish the exact province of both. This is an error into which the humane are apt to fall, but it is one which, however unwittingly committed, is followed by consequences as lamentable as those which result from the most deliberate blunder.

Two Select Committees—one appointed last year and one during the present session—have presented us in all with six Reports. The leading conclusion of the last of these Reports, recently laid before the House of Commons, is in the following terms:—"Your Committee are constrained to believe that no modification of the system of force can effect the suppression of the Slave Trade, and they cannot undertake the responsibility of recommending the continuance of that system." This conclusion, indeed, was come to only by the casting vote of the Chairman, and in the minority we find such names as those of Sir E. Buxton and Sir H. Inglis. It may be revolting to the high Christian philanthropy of such men to withdraw from the attempt, however small may be its success, to crush one of the greatest crimes committed upon the earth. But if we withdraw our squadron from the coast of Africa, is Christian philanthropy left without sphere or object in Africa itself? Has not the very same Committee which recommend that the system of force be given up, pointed, in the concluding sentence of its Report, to the quarter where benevolent zeal may continue still to work, and to work not in despair but hopefully?—"Your Committee entertain the hope that the internal improvement and civilisation of Africa will be one of the most effective means of checking the Slave Trade; and for this purpose that the instruction of the natives by missionary labours, by education, and by all other practical efforts, and the extension of legitimate commerce, ought to be encouraged wherever the influence of England can be directed, and especially where it has already been beneficially exerted."

ART. VII.—1. *Emilia Wyndham*. London.

2. *Jane Eyre*. London.

3. *Fanny Hervey*. London.

It was a deep and beautiful fancy of the old painters to crowd the backgrounds of their pictures with angels' heads and wings, and thus to surround their subjects with an atmosphere of love and beauty. For our own part we are neither Roman Catholics nor Rosicrucians. We believe neither in the guardian saints of the one, nor in the elemental spirits, the sylphs, the gnomes, the nymphs, and the salamanders of the other. We hope nothing from our good dæmon, and fear nothing from our bad one; but under the dominion of our own will, and within the realm of our own fancy, we believe in clouds of the beautiful unseen, (if the apparent contradiction of phrase may be pardoned,) for we recognise them in our mental atmosphere, and we feel that, but for their ministrations, the prose of life would become too dense for a cheerful breathing. Sometimes these sportive children of the brain will deign but to skim with their fairy feet the hill-tops of existence, or to show for a moment their rosy fingers through the bars of the prison-house of our working-day life, again to vanish half-seen into the realms of a formless but teeming chaos. At other times they vouchsafe a less fleeting manifestation, and to the gifted among men it has been granted, from time to time, to wile into identity some few of these bright inhabitants of space, and to present them to us as beautiful and happy images of that for which the heart had been longing, but which the thought was impotent to conceive. Nor can they evade us again when thus clothed with a form; once plucked from non-existence they remain with us for ever. We have Lydias and Chloes, Ophelias and Rosalinds, Gretchens and Clärchens, Sophia Westerns and Di Vernons, and of the younger generation we have Emilia Wyndhams and Jane Eyres continually about us, to cheer and to humanize us.

These last we have selected as two, not of the most beautiful it may be, but certainly of the most noteworthy of the many divinities which latterly have come crowding into our "terrestrial halls;" and when we place them side by side, as we propose, in the centre of the group which we would survey, we believe they will be in the position which they occupy, for the present, in the imaginations of many of our readers.

Let us glance at them first in their external aspect. "Emilia, full of health and animation, with two very expressive eyes, of whatever colour you please to call them, for no one could decide

the matter; a sweet, delicate mouth, expressive alike of sense, temper, and feeling; a nice steady round chin; abundance of brown hair; a colour like a rose; a light, elastic, but somewhat full-formed figure, with a pair of the most beautiful arms in the world, which last advantage gave a singular elegance to her gestures." On the other hand we have Jane—a pale grey-eyed girl, rather under the middle size, both in height and development of person, with irregular features, and, indeed, no pretension to any kind of beauty but that of expression, and even that conveying to the beholder the idea rather of energy and determination—what is commonly called character, than of the gentler and more loveable qualities; with her dark hair brushed very smooth, carefully dressed in a black frock almost Quaker-like in its extreme simplicity, but having at least the merit of fitting to a nicety her neat and active person, and with a small white tucker, which has no other merit than that of being scrupulously clean.

Which is the favourite? That Emilia is the prettier girl cannot be questioned. That she is far more graceful and agreeable, in the ordinary sense, is also probably true; and when their characters are developed, in their subsequent stories, we are not astonished when we find that it is she whom we ought to love, for, from the first, we had a presentiment that to her our approval must be given; but do we do so instinctively? We believe that we do not; and though we have some difficulty in accounting for the partiality, and still more in justifying it, we plead guilty, for our own part, to a peculiar *penchant* for the wicked looking "pug"* with the pale face and the smoothed hair; and we believe that to the majority of men she is the more attractive character of the two.

The importance of these two characters, indeed, arises from their marking two distinct classes into which pretty nearly all woman-kind (and perhaps mankind also) might be divided,—the one being those whom we ought to love more than we do, the other those whom we do love more than we ought. In the case of the former there is generally some little trifling peculiarity, either of disposition or of manners, which jars upon some antagonistic peculiarity, some taste or prejudice, which we have culpably cherished, till it has attained to an altogether diseased development in ourselves. It is a thousand times overbalanced by other good and noble qualities. If stated by another we would at once dismiss it as unworthy of a moment's regard. When discovered by ourselves we know that we ought to banish it from our

* *Pug* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *piga*, which means a little girl! Let not the *etymologists* scoff!

thoughts, but we do not—we cannot. There it remains, a fly in our cup, which forbids us to quaff the nectar at our lips. Such, to a slight—to a very slight—extent, is the case with Emilia Wyndham. Like her author, good, excellent Mrs. Marsh, she is a *wee, wee* bit prosy—the least possible thing “slow.” Sometimes she will linger a little on the obvious—she will perversely demonstrate what nobody can deny; and this is an impatient age! Now, Jane, be her faults what they may, is never tedious; her worst enemy cannot say that she wearies him, and this probably is the reason why she comes in for rather more than her fair share of our love and favour. She never disputes with you except when she is in the wrong, and then there is at least some field for ingenuity, there is something to contend with, and the tools are not likely to lie quite ready to hand. But let it not be supposed from what we have here said that we reprobate altogether the little moral dissertations in which Mrs. Marsh so frequently indulges. Many of them, and particularly those in Emilia Wyndham, are both beautiful and appropriate, happy at once in their object and in their execution; but in her later novels she unquestionably overshoots the mark, and we have often been anxious to convey to her a counsel, which we are convinced would be important for many of the other advocates of virtue and goodness, viz., not to weary her readers by dwelling upon inevitable and obvious consequences, lest she should tempt them, in their impatience, to deny her premises, for no better reason than to shift the ground of the argument, and to furnish her with something like substantial antagonism.

There is another fault, of a kindred nature, at which we would gently hint in referring in the outset, thus generally, to the character of Mrs. Marsh as a novelist—a slight deficiency, namely, of spirit. The fault is a common one in our modern writers of all classes, but particularly in our novelists, and it gives rise to unfavourable impressions regarding the condition of modern society, and modern life. Whenever their pictures are contrasted with the coarser but more vigorous delineations of Fielding and Smollett and the older writers, when Emilia Wyndham, for example, is compared with Sophia Western, we are immediately told, and not unnaturally, that the spirit has gone out of this generation, and that the greater sobriety and regularity of our lives have brought along with them perhaps a more equable, but certainly a less bountiful, flow of vivacity. The cause we take to lie more in the change of our literary than our social habits. In former times there was no such phenomenon as that of a brain, of no extraordinary generative powers, bringing forth an annual novel. There was no such thing as this continual and task-like writing, irrespective of the mental condition of the

writer. In every mind, even the most happily constituted, there must be a frequent unbending of the bow. "*Arcum non semper tendit Apollo*," is as true now as it was of old, and the effort to shoot with it unbent, will not be more successful now than it was then. That the attempt, however, is made continually, the publishers' lists bear witness, and the faithful readers of such authors as Mrs. Marsh will speedily discover to their sorrow. Since the commencement of her short career, she has by her own single pen* produced more than either Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne, during their whole lives, and in this respect she is a mere baby compared with several others, Mrs. Trollope, for example, and the wearisome-unwearied Mr. J. P. R. James, to say nothing of the Parisian Manufacturers. Now, we hold it to be a positive duty for those who are to come before the public at all, in the capacity of original and creative writers, to do so "at full of tide." Whether the flow may at any time be sufficient is a subject of which they may not be altogether the proper judges; but every man knows pretty nearly his own high-water mark, and it is only when he has reached it that he ought to presume to invite the public to bathe in his fancies. The condition of mental activity which we desiderate is not necessarily the result of cheerfulness and tranquillity. It may be brought about by grief, by remorse, by indignation, and by many other states of feeling of the intenser sort; but come how it may, it must be present, or else the pen ought instantly to be laid aside. Languor may be described, but it must never be exhibited; and novels above all, if they are to hold their place in the mental pharmacopœia, must do so as tonics. "*Similia similibus curantur*," if true of the body, is unquestionably false when we come to the mind, and a tiresome novel will prove a sorry remedy for a tedious hour.

There are some to whom mental as well as bodily stimulants seem objectionable, and who would consequently regard the function of the novel, to which we here refer, as unworthy of being taken into account. For our own part, we believe that in the one case, as in the other, moderation, and not abstinence, ought to be the rule of our conduct; and we have no difficulty in imagining circumstances in which the mind may derive health and vigour from the artificial glow which fiction calls forth. The life-boat is launched into the surge with a cheer, the forlorn hope goes cheering into the breach; and we see no reason why our spirits should not be supported by similar means, when we are about to contend with moral instead of physical

* We can count on our fingers some six-and-twenty volumes, and of these eighteen have appeared during the last four years!!!

antagonists. To relieve the tedium of convalescence, to enliven the languor which weighs upon us during the intervals of acute suffering, to distract the mind from a continually present subject of anxiety or of grief, seem to us by no means among the least important functions of the novelist; and for their due performance we think that a greater degree of liveliness would occasionally have been desirable in Mrs. Marsh.

Having meekly hinted these slight dislikes, we have pretty nearly done with our objections to Mrs. Marsh. In the main we love her dearly. She writes as an English gentlewoman should write; and what is better still, she writes what English gentlewomen should read. Her pages are absolutely like green pastures, when we come to them from the barren and terrible scenery of the more ambitious female writers of the day—*Madame du Devant*, for example, and her English imitator, *Miss Jewsbury*. We are in no danger with her of falling over a metaphysical precipice into an abyss of unbelief; we feel that her verdure is not indebted for its luxuriance to the heat of a moral volcano. Neither does she belong to those who depend for the interest of their fictions on that which in real life is offensive and disgusting. She seldom paints vicious and degraded characters, or scenes of abject misery; and whilst we remain with her we are pretty safe from having our olfactory nerves regaled by the odours of the workhouse and the dock. Even the “*crimes célèbres*” have little charm for her; the dagger and the bowl are not among her favourite implements; and she has but one adultery that we remember, that in “*The Admiral’s Daughter*,” to us the least pleasing of her tales. *Emilia Wyndham* is a complete example of the style of novel in which Mrs. Marsh is qualified to succeed, whilst in itself it is also the happiest of her creations.

The plot is so simple, that an hundred such might be improvised by any ingenious woman in half an hour, but the really valuable part of a novel—the characterization, (with the exception perhaps of the *Cousin-Colonel*), is strongly marked, and often original. We scarcely know anything better than *Mr. Danby*, and though we have often met with him in the chrysalis state in the world, we do not recollect to have encountered him before in the pages of a novel. To our mind he is by far the most interesting character in the book, and the best male character that Mrs. Marsh has produced, not excepting even those in *Mount Sorrel*. If we might hazard a conjecture, we should say that *Mr. Danby* is drawn from the life, else how should it have come into the mind of a woman to represent a lover under a form so uncouth. *Vulcan’s* advances to *Minerva* must have been graceful compared with those of the poor old moth-eaten *Chancery-Lane*

conveyancer to Emilia ; and still, though we grudge her to him a little at first, we remember few imaginary lovers for whose success we have ultimately felt so solicitous. Several little circumstances confirmed us in our opinion that Mr. Danby is a portrait, or at all events has been constructed from a very accurate knowledge of the habits and modes of living and thinking of the class of men to which he belongs.* In the first place, we are told "that Mr. Danby did read novels is certain ; and except his newspaper, he read nothing else." Now we ourselves know, at this moment, not one, but several Mr. Danbys, whose reading is exactly of the kind described, with this exception, that in place of "reading novels," they read—every novel. No matter what be its subject, or what its quality, whether its author be known or unknown, whether it be in one volume or in three, the circumstance of its being printed, and called a novel, is sufficient for their purpose. They read it from board to board, and "except their newspapers, they read nothing else." Their view of life, indeed, is entirely through the pages of novels, and it would seem to be sufficient, for they are usually very happy and even-tempered men, as Mr. Danby was before he encountered Emilia. Another very characteristic trait from the life is Mr. Danby's carelessness about money, and his habit of handing it over to his mother. His life had been spent in converting his mind into the most perfect money-making machine ; but it was in the perfection of the machine, and in its operations alone, that his pride and his pleasure consisted. The producing process he contemplated with the most intense interest, but the production—the result—the money, was comparatively valueless, since he was incapable of enjoying almost anything that it could purchase. His entrusting it to his mother was no proof of affection or confidence in her, though he probably had both, but proceeded entirely from his wish to have it removed, with the smallest possible trouble to himself. He found that the machine could not go on producing until the manufactured article was taken out of the way ; and this office she was at hand to perform. Indolence had also probably to do both with this and his general submission, since it is perfectly certain that the most intense application, and willing application too, to one pursuit, is by no means a proof of the presence of active habits.

Mrs. Marsh, like most other novelists, occasionally falls into a very glaring absurdity in the conduct of her story ; and here, the entirely objectless concealment, by Emilia from her husband,

* Not of their craft certainly, for she talks of "the parchments upon which he endorsed his conveyances," and commits innumerable blunders of the same description.

of the reason why she frequented Colonel Lennox's house, must be reckoned as an example. Perhaps there was no other way of winding the poor lawyer's jealousy up to the requisite pitch; but something, we think, more probable might have been devised, than that the faultless Emilia should torture him by concealing a fact with which he might have been entrusted, with the most perfect safety to her friend, and with very great advantage to the tranquillity both of his mind and her own. If she had attempted to conceal altogether her visits to Colonel Lennox's, one could have understood it; but knowing that her husband was aware of them, it was strange that she should allow him to imagine a guilty reason, when it was in her power to show an innocent one. But however this may be, we cannot quarrel with the result, for the scene where he attempts to poison himself, and is rescued by the sturdy and honest-hearted Susan, is one of the most touching that we know; and the interview with Emilia after he has been struck with paralysis, when he says—"not that hand, my dear; the other for ever, my Emilia," is deeply pathetic. The shrewd, clear-seeing, right-thinking Susan, is a picture worthy of Wilkie, and shows a greater power of entering into the character of the humbler classes than we have anywhere else seen in the writings of Mrs. Marsh; and as for the widow Danby, we can see every wrinkle on her crabbed and malicious old face as distinctly as if she had been painted on a board by a Dutch master, and varnished till she shone again.

There are two other characters which we still must commend. Since the days of Will Wimble there has been nothing at once so racy and so simple as poor Johnny Wilcox, and Lisa is a darling little piece of mischief as ever was wrapped up in petticoats, one whom we decidedly do love more than we ought! Though Mrs. Marsh is no wit, Lisa's character, taken along with those of old Mrs. Danby and Susan, may well entitle her to put in some claim to humour. The following is excessively clever. Emilia says—

"'I did not think you would have come down to Haldimands till Christmas.' 'Oh!' began Lisa impetuously, 'it was the most gracious piece of good luck that ever was. Mamma got into a quarrel at Bath with our landlady. She was not a landlady, but a lady—a friend of mamma's, who let her have her house; and there was a quarrel about a piece of china which mamma, you must know, let fall—that is, it fell to pieces in her hand, you know; for mamma vowed that it was cracked before; and Mrs. O'Brien swore—she really did, Emily—that it had not the least blemish in it, and that mamma should pay the whole value of it, and mamma vowed she would not: that would have been to own she had said—you know what,' she added, looking up slyly in Emilia's face; 'and mamma went into one of her—hum-hums;

and so there was such a quarrel! and so mamma vowed she would not stay one single moment longer in Mrs. O'Brien's house if it stood empty and she paid rent for a century; and so, thank goodness, down we came to Haldimands; and I am with you, my precious, dearest Emilianas.' "

We have here placed before us, in the liveliest manner, the whole of the perverse and unprincipled, but kindly character of the clever Lisa; and we never cease afterwards to take the warmest interest in her fortunes, notwithstanding all her naughtinesses, and to wish that she had fallen into better hands than those of the selfish and commonplace Colonel Lennox.

But it is now full time we were looking after Miss Eyre, for we can see her little lip beginning to pout at the thought of being so long neglected; and the first favour we shall do her, by way of restoring her equanimity, will be to acquit her of the charge of conventional vulgarity, which has been brought against her by a contemporary. There is an old proverb which prohibits the throwing of stones to those who dwell in palaces of glass; and we think there is enough that comes to light, in the pages of our contemporary, to show that a bandying of conventionalities was a sport in which he could not very safely indulge. There is a continual anxiety to display his acquaintance with the little social peculiarities of civilized life, which we never find in those to whom they are habitual; and there are observations on blue-crape dresses, and other pieces of female gear, which would lead us to suppose that the article (if written by a man at all) was the production of a man-milliner; and if Mr. Mantalini had not long since become "a body," we should infallibly have suspected him. Notwithstanding, then, this authority, we venture to assert that, neither conventionally nor absolutely, is Jane vulgar; and we go so far as to say that, with her organization, mental and physical, (unless the book had been a blunder from beginning to end, which is not alleged,) it was scarcely possible that she should be so. Where great intellectual power and activity, accompanied, as it usually is, by the gift of entering into the feelings of others, is united to a nervous temperament of the most sensitive texture, the result must be a person to whom conventional refinements, which others must painfully learn, (and of which they are sometimes painfully vain,) will be intuitive. We have then present in the individual the causes which have slowly given rise to such habits in the mass; and from the source from which they sprang originally, it will require little tutoring to make them spring again. The process of their first production will be re-enacted *en petit*; and if Jane Eyre had been the daughter of Robinson Crusoe, and brought up in the island of Juan Fernandez, she would not have been

without them. But we are by no means clear that graver faults might not have been assigned to Jane. Though there is nothing that is coarse as a human being, there is much about her that is hard, and angular, and indelicate as a woman. Notwithstanding her love for Rochester, we feel that she is a creature more of the intellect than of the affections; and the matter-of-course way in which she, a girl of nineteen, who had seen nothing of the world, receives his revelations of his former life, is both revolting and improbable. To a pure woman they would surely have soiled, for the time at least, the image of him who related them; and for the probability of the story, if for no better reason, we think that different feelings ought to have been assigned to her on this occasion. One of Mrs. Marsh's little homilies would here have been a natural and seemly tribute to virtue. We cannot blame her for ultimately falling in love with Rochester, for in doing so she did nothing more than every woman who has read the book has done since. Proud, tyrannical, violent, and selfish though he was, he had the element of power, which, involuntarily and almost unconsciously, in a woman's eyes, supplies the deficiency of every other good quality; and his system of wooing, apparently indifferent almost to rudeness, was consistent with the theory of the greatest masters in the art. Hear the opinion of Goethe, by the mouth of the "Erfahrene:"

"Geh den Weibern zart entgegen,
Du gewinnst sie, auf mein Wort;
Und wer rash ist, und verwegen,
Kommt vielleicht noch besser fort;
Doch wem wenig dran gelegen
Scheinet, ob er reizt und rührt,
Der beleidigt, der verführt."*

To the same effect Sir John Suckling's exquisite little poem—"Why so pale?"—will at once suggest itself to our readers; and though the witty knight died young, there is little question that, in this matter at least, he was entitled to the character of an "Erfahrener."

The stratagem thus practised, and thus recommended, is a tolerably obvious one when we consider it. As Goethe very

* Which may be rendered or approximated thus:—

He who meek and mildly sues
Shall win her—if the maiden choose;
He who woos with better pluck
Will have, believe me, better luck;
But he who still the matter views
As a piece of careless sport,
Will surprise and storm the fort.

justly remarks, the secret consists in calling forth the "amour propre" of the party attacked, and enlisting it on our side. It is the male counterplot to female coquetterie, and the *modus operandi* consists in throwing upon the party to be gained the *onus* of attacking, and affecting the defensive, in order that we may get the conduct of the siege into our own hands. If the party on whom the duty of besieging has thus been imposed, does not suddenly lose heart, an accident which it is part of the *ruse* to prevent, the game is with the original besieger, for though it may not be always possible to gain a victory, it is always possible to lose one. Such was precisely the game which Rochester played with Jane Eyre. By an affectation of indifference he contrived, in the midst of his passion, to retain the air of superiority, which was one of the principal charms which belonged to him, and to bring matters at last to such a pass that her pride consisted, not in resisting, but in being vanquished. But the weapon which Rochester used, happily for the tone of general society, will be effective, for the most part, only in the hands of a thoroughly well-bred man—skilful though he was, his conduct seems often to tread very hard on the borders of rudeness—almost of brutality; and even to such a character as Jane, it must have been revolting, but for other most attractive qualities which he possessed. He had one of the most enviable attributes of genius, that of sympathizing and of calling forth sympathy. There was no want of compass in his spiritual scale; and whatever note you struck he could speedily supply you with a chord. Jane says, that he "suited her to the finest fibre of her nature." He who reads Swift's "Journal to Stella," will see this quality exhibited in its highest perfection, in a character in some respects resembling that of Rochester, and it is equally conspicuous in Goethe at every turn, and we all know how fatally they both were beloved. This power of entering into the nature of another, is indeed one of the most indispensable qualities of the poet—it is the feeler which he stretches out into the waters of life, and in the possession of it, as in many other respects, Mr. Rochester comes nearer to the man of genius than any hero of romance that we know. He is, besides, a thoroughly manly character, which we do not find to be always the case, even in those whose will is strong. He has no littlenesses at all, he neither frets himself nor others about trifles, he never quarrels with servants, or indeed with anybody lightly, he has no crotchets, no avarice, and above all, no vanity, though abundance of pride. Nobody "toadies" or can "toady" him—he has neither foes nor favourites, though he might well have had friends, and the absence of them is perhaps the greatest blemish in the book. Male companionship could not have been wanting to a character so

masculine. It is in consequence of these qualities that even his selfishness, like his rudeness, becomes less revolting. It is rather an assertion of a right over, than the infliction of a wrong upon, his fellow-creatures. There was a sort of instinctive giving way by those around him, from the feeling that his requirements were the more urgent. Jane's feeling at all events seems to have been precisely that expressed by the poet, where he says—

“ Woman is the lesser man, and all her passions match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight is to sunlight, are as water is to wine.”

The mutual relation of the two characters is, indeed, most admirable. In contemplating the one, we feel its truth from recognising its adaptation to the other. Mankind is said to be manufactured in pairs, and every one of us is supposed to have his counterpart in petticoats—if he could but find her. Rochester had been so long engaged in the search, that he had begun to doubt of the truth of the maxim; he was long past the admiring and the wondering age; women, like most things in life, had become a bore to him, and if any one had told him that he yet was destined to love, he would have said that nothing could be less likely. But the moment that he encountered Jane, he felt that his hour was come—the complement of his own nature stood before him; she was not what he anticipated, what his imagination had pictured, he was disappointed rather with himself than with her, but she filled up the measure of his being such as it was, and since he could not be indifferent, he must e'en be contented. It was no longer a matter of choice, but of necessity, and the complete self-consciousness which he at once exhibited is very characteristic of the manner of man he was. The difference between the male and female character is well preserved in this respect. Jane is long doubtful—she suspects that she is in love, but she is not quite certain; whereas Rochester never doubts for a moment, and the whole of the affair with the vain and stupid Miss Ingram was intended, not to test himself, but Jane. Now Jane from the very first was more in love than he was, but she had not courage to examine the mystery of her own heart, and the consequence was that she deceived herself about her feelings, as women usually do.

The great defect in the otherwise most successful character of Rochester, consists in representing his life as utterly objectless. This we look upon as a positive artistical blunder. No such man could have been contented, during his whole life, to sit tamely and silently by, and see the affairs of mankind, his own included, managed by others. Duty being altogether out of the question, a sort of internal necessity would have prompted him, sooner or later, to make his voice heard. Ambition, in some

form, is seldom wanting to the powerful, and Rochester's love of enjoyment, which seems never to have gained the mastery over his reason, so far from indicating an inaptitude for affairs, went rather to prove the completeness of his nature. Literature may not have been consistent with his early training, and he was too wealthy for a profession; but politics, and social economy, in all their departments, were open to him. He might have been an enthusiastic aspirant after a glorious future, or a pious conservator of the blessings of the past, and in one character or other it is probable he would have sought the arena, if for no other purpose than to flee from the misery of his domestic hearth.

Of the crime which Rochester committed in attempting to marry Jane whilst his wife was alive, we do not think it necessary to say much. A transgression of so heinous a nature, as to come within the reach even of human laws, is not likely to become attractive in the eyes of many. But there are more latent objections to the tendency of this powerful book, which we are apt to overlook on a first perusal, and of the perniciousness of which we can only judge properly, when we have seen them developed in other works, professedly proceeding from the same source. In Jane herself there is a recklessness about right and wrong which is very alarming, and although in the great action of her life, that of leaving Rochester, she valiantly resists a very powerful temptation, and her general conduct is not very reprehensible, the motive by which she is actuated is seldom a higher one than worldly prudence; and there is often a kind of regretful looking-back, which makes us fear that the fate of Lot's wife may overtake her. In the other novels, "*Wuthering Heights*," and "*The Tenant of Wildfellhall*," these, like all the other faults of *Jane Eyre*, are magnified a thousand-fold; and the only consolation which we have in reflecting upon them, arises from the conviction that they will never be very generally read. With "*Wuthering Heights*" we found it totally impossible to get along. It commences by introducing the reader to a perfect pandemonium of low and brutal creatures, who wrangle with each other in language too disgusting for the eye or the ear to tolerate, and unredeemed, so far as we could see, by one single particle either of wit or humour, or even psychological truth, for the characters are as false as they are loathsome. How it terminates we know not, for the society which we encountered on our first introduction was so little to our taste, that we took the liberty of declining the honour of a farther acquaintance. "*The Tenant of Wildfellhall*" has a better beginning, and the conclusion is an unimpeachable instance of poetical justice; but in the body of the tale there are scenes in which the

author seems to pride himself in bringing his reader into the closest possible proximity with naked vice, and there are conversations such as we had hoped never to see printed in English. There is a coarseness and brutality in the manner of speaking of almost all the characters, never to be met with among gentlefolks, however depraved; and there is a continual use of "slang" throughout the book, even where the author speaks in his own person, which might well have justified our contemporary, if he had pronounced over it, instead of *Jane Eyre*, the social anathema of vulgarity. There is even a frequent inaccuracy of style, and an apparently involuntary slipping into provincialisms, which would lead us to think that, if Currer Bell be the editor of Acton Bell's books, as would seem from their title-pages, he must have been napping on the occasion of this publication.

But with all their faults, there is no denying the family resemblance between these unpleasing productions, and their more happily constituted elder sister. They are vigorous dwarfs, in whose mis-shapen limbs the idea of the same powerful nature is still to be traced; of whom we can say, that if they had not been dwarfs, they would have been strong and beautiful beings. Their fault is deformity, not weakness. Nor is this resemblance perceptible in the characterization only. In the scenery it is even more striking. There is always a wild upland district, with the wind howling through a few gnarled and weather-beaten Scotch firs, or an old untenanted manor-house, buried in trees, and haunted by horrors—not supernatural. In the colouring, so to speak, there is an unity of tone throughout. It is *grey*, and there is an evident partiality for rough and boisterous weather. The artist has a contempt for "the pretty," which might have satisfied our poor friend David Scott himself; but the sketches show an acquaintance with nature in her rougher moods not often to be met with. In two or three words we have the scene so vividly before us, that we seem to experience with our bodily senses the phenomena described. The following picture of a "drear November day" makes us cold and comfortless. "Afar it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near, a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast."

We shall not attempt to resolve the much agitated question of the sex of the author of these remarkable works. All that we shall say on the subject is, that if they are the productions of a woman, she must be a woman pretty nearly unsexed; and *Jane Eyre* strikes us as a personage much more likely to have sprung ready armed from the head of a man, and that head a pretty hard one, than to have experienced, in any shape, the softening influence of female creation.

We would gladly have indulged ourselves in farther speculations on the ever-suggestive subject of *Jane Eyre*, and illustrated what we formerly hinted at as the true secret of her importance, by dwelling at some length on the peculiarities of that class of young ladies, of which she has been recognised as the type, and which consequently is now beginning to be known by the epithet of "Jane Eyreish;" but our limits forbid us to linger much longer in such fair companionship; and there is a new divinity who has lately made so great an impression on our imagination that we cannot resist the temptation of filling up the number of the graces by still adding her to our group.

This latest born daughter of the fancy rejoices in the not in-harmonious name of Fanny Hervey, coupled with the rather unpromising *alias* of "the mother's choice," and is the production, so far as we can discover, of a hitherto unknown, though manifestly far from an unpractised pen. The first thing, indeed, which strikes us on opening the book, is the uncommon purity of the style, and the ease and dexterity with which the dialogue is conducted. We are not at first, nor, indeed, till we have nearly finished the first volume, prepared for the great degree of cleverness which we afterwards recognise, but from the very commencement we are relieved from the apprehension of hard reading. There is a felicity, both of words and images, which at once enlists our good-will, and we travel contentedly, and even cheerfully, through a rather detailed account of the natural history, from their grandfathers downwards, of the various persons of the drama, till, by a natural and easy transition from the level country to the mountain ridge, we arrive at something a great deal better in a very sharp and accurate characterization, and a very acute exhibition of some of the finer shades of sentiment and passion. Fanny Hervey is unquestionably the production of a lady. "The veiled spirit is a gentlewoman." We are here beset by none of the difficulties which prevent us from pronouncing decisively on *Jane Eyre*; on the contrary, we meet at every turn the results of a certain delicacy of perception of the infinitesimal shades of feeling, which belongs not to the rougher organs of a man, and there is that ever-present intuition of the proper and seemly, which is to be found in a well-bred Englishwoman alone. The book belongs to the purely Modern-Social School of Novels, and its authoress will be classed with Mrs. Marsh and Miss Austen. With less pathos than the first, and less satire, less power, (or less will, it may be,) to bring out the little weaknesses of human nature, than the latter, she has more sensibility than either, the feelings in which she delights are of a more delicate texture, the shades of expression more difficult to be caught, and she consequently paints with a finer touch. The story, stripped of the

accessaries with which it seems to us slightly overloaded, is an extremely simple one. Fanny, the daughter of a quiet and sensible old Admiral, who lived in a little villa on the coast of Sussex, having accompanied her family to a race-ball, is struck with the appearance of a very dignified elderly lady, leaning against a pillar, and her lively imagination, and keen sensibilities, are immediately on fire. The lady had come with a very distinguished party, she was said to have been for many years a celebrated London beauty, and to have moved in the very highest circles, and Fanny who has seen nothing of the world, and whose notions of the superior refinement of fashionable people, are extravagant beyond those even of most young ladies of her age, to whom the brightness of the ideal is usually somewhat obscured by an acquaintance with the real, immediately invests her with a perfect halo of grandeur. The "interesting melancholy expression of her face," too, awakens her warmest sympathies, and poor Fanny in short is in an ecstasy of admiration, when her father recognises in the strange lady, his cousin Lucy, a rich heiress, whom he had not seen for many years, but with whom he had spent much of his boyhood, and from whom he had experienced very great kindness on the occasion of his marriage with Fanny's mother. A recognition of the most cordial nature takes place: Mrs. Vernon, such is the lady's name, requests to be introduced to the Admiral's daughters, Fanny and Marian, whose beauty she had already remarked, and conceives on the spot the most ardent affection for Fanny, who resembles an only daughter whom she had lost in Italy shortly before, and whose ardent temperament, and keen sensibilities, she perceives have much in harmony with her own.

Fanny as may be anticipated is adopted by the Vernons, accompanies them to town, and falls in love with their only son, a young officer in the Guards. The attachment is perfectly mutual, but the conduct of young Vernon is so strange and inconsequent, as scarcely to leave a moment's peace to the sensitive Fanny, or to his no less impressionable and anxious mother, who from the first has set her whole heart on the match. He introduces his friend Lord Delverly, and seems to encourage his addresses to Fanny, till the unfortunate man actually falls in love, proposes, and is rejected. Matters seem then to be placed on their proper footing between the lovers. The attachment is acknowledged to be mutual, highly approved by the parents on both sides, and in a word the marriage is fixed; when the mystery of Vernon's conduct, and of the book, of a sudden makes its appearance. He has all along, as his mother suspected, had a *liaison* with one of Lord Delverly's sisters, a certain Lady Emily Turner, to whom he had originally been engaged, but by

whom he had been renounced at the desire of her family, in order that she might marry a man of much larger fortune. The fatal secret is discovered by his friend at a summer party, at the house of a vain little widow near Richmond; the two young men have a singular sort of fencing match with their guardsmen's swords, and the result, to the utter astonishment of the reader, is, that Vernon is killed—actually spitted with his opponent's weapon, (how could our fair authoress be so unfeeling,) and his body carried down the Thames in a boat.

The "scene" with the sensitive ladies when the sad intelligence reaches them, *we* shall certainly not attempt to describe. Like good Colonel Vernon we confess that the idea of escaping to our club is usually the first one that occurs to us on such occasions, and we will not very positively assert that we were not guilty of skipping just one single page, at this very place. Mrs. Vernon, however, dies of a broken heart, (this much we saw,) and Fanny returns to her father, where, after devoting a proper and becoming time to solitary walks by the sea-shore, tears in her bed-room, and so forth, she, like a sensible girl, marries a worthy excellent young parson, who had been in love with her all the time, and who we have no doubt will make a much better husband than his red-coated rival.

Such are the bare bones of the story. Many of the characters are excellently brought out, and some of them with a fulness which seems to indicate a foundation in reality. Mrs. Vernon is capital—a sensitive and vain, but kind-hearted and clever woman, her temper, which under proper restraint would have been a very lovable one, spoiled by over-indulgence, first as a child, and then as a woman. She is ever suspecting that the unreasonableness of her conduct will bring upon her that which she knows it has long ago merited—the complete alienation of the affections both of her husband and her son, and the consequence is, that she is continually exacting from them fresh proofs of attachment, and thus passes her life in persecuting those whom she loves. Her husband, too, the man whom "the least perceptible threatening of a scene alarmed and discouraged," is wonderfully true to nature. We are certain there are many such, and he has our sympathies beyond, perhaps, what his author altogether intended, whilst the charming Mrs. Vernon possibly has them somewhat less. We believe it will be found no easy task, even for the authoress of Fanny Hervey, to enlist the sympathies of grown-up men in behalf of elderly ladies, whose feelings are so fine, that whenever reasoning is attempted with them, they take refuge in their smelling-bottles, who are ready to faint at the very thought of a syllogism, and whose only answer to a dilemma is—hysterics. To set Logic at defiance, a woman must

be young and pretty, and even then it ought to be a point of female gallantry not to abuse the privilege, for where the *ultima ratio*, which, in dealing with the rougher sex, might at once be appealed to, is excluded, it is not very generous to decline the combat on the only field that remains.

Young Vernon is as interesting to us as a man can be, who has no higher aspirations than to move gracefully in a fashionable circle. We have here the same complaint to make that we made against Rochester, though on somewhat different grounds, for Mr. Vernon is not represented as capable of taking a higher position among men than he did. But why make a hero of such a man? The function of an humble listener is not a very heroic one surely, and yet such must inevitably have been Mr. Vernon's, whenever chance brought him in contact with the better spirits among the young men of his own class and age. We are told that he was educated at Eton, and that he went to College; now one man, out of every ten who pass through this training, will probably attempt, or at least affect, something more than the *mere* man of pleasure. Why was not this tenth man chosen? Is a man less attractive in the eyes of a woman because he endeavours to be respectable in those of men? Would Fanny have loved Vernon less if she had read his speeches in the Times, heard him plead at the bar, seen his books reviewed, or known that he was entrusted with a foreign mission? Would the dust of the senate or the forum have soiled him in her eyes, or would his attentions have been less flattering, that to others at least his tongue sometimes told another tale than that of love? Would even his *badinage* have been less sprightly because it was the amusement of his leisure, instead of the occupation of his life? or would the graceful ease of his manners have been less imposing, that it proceeded from a consciousness of real superiority? We are aware that in attempting to construct a character of the kind which we have indicated, there might be some danger of falling upon that of an actually existing public man, and a sense of delicacy on this point may have restrained our authoress. But the past is at least as full of examples as the present, and at any rate, we see no reason why something of an upward tendency should not have been given in a general way. We cannot but feel that with such a girl as Fanny, the success of a man like Vernon must have been in consequence of the want of a worthier competitor, and we are certain that to such a person as Fanny's author must be, if he were to present himself in real life, he would appear excessively frivolous. Still she has chosen him for her hero!

Lord Delverly is more manly than Mr. Vernon; his blunt downrightness is an unequivocally male characteristic, and even his weaknesses are those of a man. His chief affectation, for in-

stance, consists in pretending to have less feeling than really belongs to him, and he willingly incurs the imputation of rudeness, in order to escape that of timidity. Even Delverly, however, by no means belongs to the class of Nature's nobles, and it is to the female characters in this pleasing book that we revert again and again with the greatest pleasure. Fanny, the heroine, is charming; we have not met with a creation so perfectly tender and womanly for many a day. A little more strength of character—a little more power of playing the helper, the counsellor, the confidante, would have made her quite our ideal woman, and we should have been ready to envy the good Edmund, and to exclaim with old Götz—"Wen Gott lieb hat, dem geb' er so eine Frau!" But absolute perfection was not the artist's aim. Fanny is altogether a sensitive plant. In circumstances less favourable, her sensibility would have become morbid, and would have manifested itself either in inequality of temper, as in Mrs. Vernon's case, or in a gentle and settled sadness. But thanks to the high principle which an excellent education had instilled, she is always reasonable, never allows her feelings to stand in the way of a necessary appeal to her understanding, and her kind heart is continually beforehand with her judgment in suggesting what ought to be said or done.

But it must not be supposed from our imperfect sketch, or from our dwelling upon one or two of the principal characters, that there is any want of subordinate ministers to the plot. There is a continual rural accompaniment of the most pleasing kind kept up in Sussex, of which the "wood-notes wild" make themselves heard in the abodes of fashionable life, in the shape of letters to Fanny from her sister Marian; and Marian's marriage with Cecil Beckford is in itself a very pleasing episode. Marian is worthy to be Fanny's sister—with a temperament less excitable, and an imagination less lively, she has a character better, because more easily, balanced. The relation between Fanny and Marian is exactly that which we find between sisters; and in the preservation of family-likenesses, in temperament, and general disposition, in the midst of the contrasts which individual peculiarities produce, our fair authoress, if not a professed physiologist, has at least shewn considerable physiological instinct. Vernon is exactly the son of his parents; Fanny is the *nervous* member of her family; and there is an old Mrs. Pemberton, and her daughter Anne, who are indisputably mother and daughter, though the one is crabbed and selfish, and the other all good-nature and disinterestedness. These two characters are quite after the best manner of Miss Austen; and, when taken in conjunction with the old Scotch Doctor, and his rival practitioner, Mrs. Rushworth, the Vicar's wife, who poisons

an old woman in her attempt to give her the benefit of a more modern treatment than that which the Doctor followed, exhibit a talent for humorous delineation which might have been indulged with advantage to a greater extent.

Most mothers, we believe, would readily admit, that the conversation of such a person as the authoress of *Fanny Hervey* would be invaluable to their daughters, and with this view alone would think it almost a duty to cultivate her personal acquaintance, if an opportunity of doing so should present itself. Now, why should not the more matured and elaborated opinions and reflexions of such a person be equally valuable? The subjects which she here discusses are precisely those on which both young ladies and their mammæ would willingly have her opinion, though they might not choose to ask it on a slight acquaintance; and, even if the *A. B.* case which she puts should not be quite in point, her manner of discussing it will, at any rate, be suggestive of deeper views than would otherwise have occurred to most of her readers. We believe that the reading of such books as this is very often the first thing which calls forth the reflective powers, and forms, in females particularly, that habit of introspection which, though capable, when abused, of degrading the whole character to mere barren subjectivity, is one without which no really noble, because no consciously noble, character can be formed. With the healthy action from without, which most persons in this country experience, the risk is much greater of their leading a purely external, what philosophers call a *spontaneous* life, than of their becoming the victims of a morbid self-contemplation. Of the former class, those who never in their lives were "reflectively conscious of a single mental operation," every one's acquaintance will furnish him with examples, without end; whilst of the latter, those who have not come in contact with Germans know the existence chiefly by report.

ART. VIII.—1. *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.* By W. F. LYNCH, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. London, 1849.

2. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Dead Sea.* From a Diary, by one JOHN PASTY. Edited by EDWARD P. MONTAGUE, attached to the United States' Expedition Ship "Supply." Philadelphia, 1849.

So, the disenchantment of the world goes on! The world's grey fathers were content with seven wonders. Thirty years ago, we might learn by books that there were at least a hundred wonders of the world; but where now is there *one* to be found? No sooner did the phrenologists find out the whereabouts of our faculty of "wonder," or "marvellousness," than straightway there ceased to be anything in the world to wonder at. About a hundred years ago, almost everything beyond our own islands, and even much that was in them, was wonderful to us. The world was so unknown—men and nature were so little understood—that all things beyond the range of every-day experience were marvellous; and where so much regarded as strange was known to be true, unthought-of and endless wonders were supposed to lie hid in the unascertained portions of the world. Hence the imaginary voyages of Robinson Crusoe, of Philip Quarll, of Richard Davis, of Peter Wilkins, and of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, were scarcely beyond the bounds of human credulity, and were by not a few received as true accounts of true voyages. Indeed, it might have been thought to require some hardihood to distrust even the immortal Captain, seeing that his "true effigies," in a very respectable peruke, were, as we happened lately to notice, prefixed to the early editions of his work. Who shall indeed set bounds to the possibilities of pleasant wonder, when the learned of the land were convinced by the daring impudence of George Psalmanazar, and were eager to send missionaries and Bibles to the interesting people to whom he professed to belong, and for whom he invented a language, the grammar of which seems to us the most daring attempt ever made to throw dust into learned eyes. But, that learned eyes are not always the keenest, seems to be shewn by the temporary success of that most astonishing experiment upon human credulity. O! happy people, who lived in days when there was something to wonder at—when the fountains of marvellousness, now, in these latter days, dried up, played in full stream, and sprinkled some refreshing excitements over this

dreary life. But what have we now left? All the world has been disenchanted:—every creek and cranny has been explored; and we have long ceased to expect the accounts of newly-discovered islands and continents, which ever and anon gladdened the hearts of our ancestors with something new and marvellous. Even if we had that expectation, it would cease to be exciting. We should be sure that the unknown would be like something we know. There is really nothing new under the sun—nothing even in expectation. Even the interior of Africa, still unexplored—and from whose gates Dr. Bialloblotzky now returns bootless home—is regarded with but languid interest by all but the one in ten thousand who has some zeal for geographical discovery. There is sure to be some sand: But what do we want to know of more sands, and sand-storms, and camels, and all that sort of thing? There is perhaps a lake: Well, there is nothing wonderful in that—we know all about lakes. There are perhaps new tribes of blacks: Nay, spare us—what do we want of any more blacks? We know all about them through and through; and what signifies some trifling addition to their variety—a darker or lighter shade—a stronger or laxer twist of wool—a somewhat less utterable jargon—a somewhat more hideous buggaboo? There is no bracing wonder here. We do not expect a new animal—scarcely a new plant: and when lately we were authentically told of a real wonder, in the shape of a sea-serpent, one-half the world rose in its wrath at the attempt upon its organ of wonder, and at the assault upon its firm purpose not to wonder at any thing the world contains; and the other half turned lazily upon its side, grunting—“Pshaw, what is there wonderful in a sea-serpent? An eel is a sea-serpent—a conger is a sea-serpent—and one somewhat bigger than a conger-eel is no great matter.”

Now-a-days, we know the Persians, the Turks, the Arabs, the Hindoos, better than our grandfathers knew the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans. The North-American Indians, the South-Sea Islanders, the Esquimaux, we know far better than the Russians, Danes, and Swedes were known a hundred years ago. Even the Chinese have ceased to amaze us. Their tails—why, fifty years ago we were ourselves not tailless;—their edible bird-nests turn out, when seen and explained, to be nothing *very* strange. Cats may be, after all, not bad eating;—and the small feet of the ladies may, for aught we know, be a salutary domestic institution.

Then, look at the results which the existing facilities of intercourse have produced upon our estimate of places which it was once an untiring wonder to talk of, and a life-adventure to visit. Rome and Naples are as well known to us as Paris was some

fifty years ago. Constantinople is better known to us than Rome was then; and with Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, we have now a far better acquaintance than we had twenty years ago with Petersburg, Lisbon, or Madrid. Palestine once afforded rich material for the play of the associative faculty upon the organ of wonder; but presently came that great iconoclast, Dr. Robinson of New York, who, by disproving one thing and doubting another, has left but little even there, in that cherished corner of the world, for the wonder of which entire belief is a most essential condition.

Wonder belongs to a time of ignorance, and we say that the days of ignorance have passed. What *is* there to wonder at? We know everything: and that which we understand ceases to be wonderful. Look at the map of the world. There is not a spot on which we can lay the finger whose inhabitants are not well known to us. They are differentiated by small matters—dress, habits of life, shades of colour, climatic influences. Strip them of these, and we come by a swift process to our brothers—the sons of a common father—like ourselves in all that is essentially the man; moved by the same impulses, subject to the same pains and the same pleasures, subdued by the same dreads, and nourished by the same hopes. The psychologist who dissects their souls finds them all as like to one another, and all as like to us, as does the anatomist who explores their bodily frame. So with animals. All the most remarkable creatures of the world have been brought to us from the uttermost parts of the earth; and existences which to our grandfathers were all but fabulous, we now regard as familiar things. Our zoological gardens and menageries; our “Penny Magazines” and “Museums of Animated Nature,” have quite disenchanted this branch of the world’s life. Its strangest things have passed from the realm of wonder; and the discovery of a really new beast, or bird, or reptile, would now awaken but a languid interest in the general mind. So of plants. Where are their wonders now? Within thirty years, thousands of plants from all parts of the globe, most of which had not even been heard of, and many of which were examined with wonder, have become the well-known inmates of our stoves, our green-houses, and even our gardens. A morning’s walk, or a short ride, will take any inhabitant of London and other large towns among the most remarkable forms of transmarine vegetation. Here are the palms and bananas of tropical climes, breathing an atmosphere by which you are almost suffocated; there a thousand whimsical shapes of the cacti and of the unearthly orchids meet the view; and here the singular pitcher-plants distil their waters. Depart now, wonder-proof! Travel where you will, you will see, you can see, nothing to astonish—nothing

more wonderful than that which you have seen with your own eyes at home.

And even in the phenomena of nature, the age of wonder has passed. We know everything; we can account for everything. Gases, vapours, and electric fluids are familiar things. We not long ago looked upon their spontaneous operations in nature with awe and wonder. But by and bye we grew bold in the presence of those awful powers. We ventured to lay our hands upon their manes, we vaulted upon their backs, and soon bowed down their terrible strength to our service.

Besides, this in which we have lived has been in all respects a most extraordinary age. It has been full of all kinds of wonders—social, moral, historical, physical, scientific—so vast, so prodigious, as to render familiar to us, as matters of present interest and daily thought, results and facts, greater, intrinsically more strange, than any that past ages, or any that distant countries offer to our notice. This has tamed down the sense of wonder. We can wonder at nothing; for nothing is so wonderful as the things that have become our daily food. Even history is disenchanting. The strangest things have become comprehensible, possible, commonplace. The great conquerors of ancient days have in our own times been surpassed. The revolutions—the changes of past times—each one of which was a subject of curious speculation, have been exceeded in our own days. Subversions, any one of which was erewhile good talk for a century, have been crowded upon us by the dozen within the space of a few weeks. If the sense of wonder in civilized man has not been wholly destroyed, we cannot doubt that this age in which we live will be looked back upon by our children's children as more replete with wonders than any which the world's history has hitherto recorded.

But what has all this to do with the Dead Sea? it may be asked. Much every way. Amid the general diswonderment of the world, we could feel that at least the Dead Sea, with all its mysteries, its horrors and marvels, was left to us. It became a sort of safety-valve for the fine old faculty—the source of so much innocent excitement, which was smothered everywhere else under heavy masses of dull facts and circumstances. But gradually, and with aching hearts, we have seen this retreat cut off from us. One traveller after another has stripped off some one of the horrors which overhung its deeps, or rested on its shores; and now at last it stands naked before us—a monument, indeed, of God's wrath against the sins of man, but invested with none of the supernatural horrors ascribed to it, or exhibiting any of the features which are not the natural and inevitable effect of the peculiar condition into which it has been brought.

As the books now before us bring all the questions with respect to this Lake into their final condition, they afford us a favourable opportunity of stating the question as regards the past history of the Dead Sea horrors, and of showing what has been really done by the Expedition in advancement of our knowledge. In this we must rely chiefly upon our own resources; for the Commander of the Expedition helps us very little further than by stating what he saw, and what he did. He appears to have had a sincere zeal in the enterprise, which originated in his suggestions, and he exhibited much energy and considerable tact in carrying out his objects in spite of the obstacles he encountered. He also knew *how* to observe, at least as a sailor, and he states well and clearly the process and results of his observation; but he scarcely knew *what* to observe, and certainly has not turned the rare advantages committed to him to all the account of which they would have been susceptible in the hands of a more literate traveller. Oh, that Dr. Robinson or Eli Smith had been of the party! Between their learning and deep studies in Palestine geography, and Lieutenant Lynch's practical energies, we might have had something far more worthy than the book before us of being set forth as the result of this most praiseworthy and liberal enterprise, which is in every way most creditable to the United States Government, and contrasts advantageously with the unutterable meanness of our own Government in all things of the sort. What is there in our position which places the inevitable mark of shabbiness, procrastination, and futility upon whatever our rulers do for the encouragement (!) of literature, art, and scientific investigation? Despotism act handsomely in such matters. So, as we now see, in this and other instances, can a Republican Government, quite as amenable as our own to the people for the employment of public money. Whence this unhappy *peculiarity*, for it is no less, of our position among the nations of the earth—with wealth more abundant—dominions more widely spread—and advantages far greater than any other nation ever possessed? We hope to look into this matter some day; but must now keep to our text.

Before proceeding to state the results which have been promised, we may give the reader some notion of the books before us. The second and smaller of them has been procured with difficulty; and the accounts which fell under our notice in American papers might have been sufficient to prevent the desire to see it; but it occurred to us that the different position and point of view of the writer would induce him to state some particulars which might throw light on the other account, or furnish some points of comparison with, or of contrast to it. We are bound to say, that in this case there has been discreditable haste even in the authentic

account by the Commander of the Expedition, in taking advantage of the public curiosity, without proportionate regard to the real advantage of the public and the interests of science, by the preparation of a well-digested account of the explorations. The writer actually apologizes for the manifest defects of his book on that very ground.

"As soon as possible after our return I handed in my official report, and, at the same time, asked permission to publish a narrative or diary, of course embracing much, necessarily elicited by visiting such interesting scenes, that would be unfit for an official paper. To this application I was induced by hearing of the proposed publication of a Narrative of the Expedition, said to be by a member of the party. The permission asked was granted by the Hon. J. G. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, with the remark,—‘I give this assent with the more pleasure, because I do not think that you should be anticipated by any other who had not the responsibility of the enterprise.’

"Feeling that what may be said on the subject had better be rendered imperfectly by myself than by another, I have been necessarily hurried; and the reader will decide whether the narrative which follows was elaborately prepared, or written ‘*currente calamo*.’"—Pp. v. vi.

It would, however, have been much better that it should not have been so written. The object was not adequate to justify the production of a very crude account—which this certainly is—of an Expedition to which the public funds had been applied, and in the results of which all Christendom was interested. After all, the rival account was produced before the authentic statement appeared; and the object of haste being thus frustrated by a work which could satisfy no cultivated mind, more time might have been safely taken. Perhaps, indeed, our worthy sailor could not, with any amount of time, have produced a much better book; and we regret that he had not been advised to put his materials into hands better qualified than his own to do them justice. Dr. Robinson might have made something of them. The lesser book, however, appeared before the other, and was an obvious and gross attempt to forestall the market. On its appearance it was disavowed by Lieutenant Lynch; and from the explanations which passed on both sides in the American papers, but which do not appear in either of these volumes, it seems that Mr. Montague is an Englishman, who held a petty officer's berth on board the "Supply." He was left ill of the small-pox at Port Mahon on the outward passage, and saw nothing of the Expedition from the 1st of February 1848, two months before it landed in Syria, until it re-embarked at Malta on the 12th September following. It is evident, therefore, that he has no responsibility save of literary execution for that part which relates

to this long interval, and which, he alleges (but not in the book) was prepared from the diary of one of the men. His claim to any peculiar qualification for this task is not very clear, unless it be that he performed part of the outward voyage with those who afterwards formed the exploring party—and to which very common run he devotes no less than ninety pages. Again, he was with them for several weeks on the homeward voyage, and might have picked up by questioning the men all that he here states. But we believe, from internal evidence, that he had, as he states, the diary of one of the men for his guidance. There is, indeed, in the part Montague might have furnished for his own observations, the same vile taste, the same school-boy balderdash, and the same wretched forecastle slang as in the rest; but it is only afterwards that we encounter the peculiar American crow which pervades the rest of the volume, and continually starts up in such delicious phrases as,—“We Yankee boys flinch not: we fear neither the wandering Arab nor the withering influence of disease; we fear neither the heat of the sun nor the suffocating sirocco. We have determined souls, enduring constitutions, plenty of provisions, lots of ammunition, swords, bowie knife, pistols, Colt’s revolvers, and a blunderbuss which is capable to scatter (*sic*) some fatal dozes among any hostile tribe; we have officers as determined, cool, and brave as—ourselves (!); and for a commander, one of the best, most humane, thoughtful, and generous men in the world, who lacks nothing in the sense of ‘bravery,’ and the resolute ‘go-a-head’ spirit of a real, true-born American.” Again—“We Yankee boys can perform wonders, and are not yet out of spirits.” Again—“Such an accumulation of difficulties and disappointments are sufficient to cause any other than *Americans* to give up to despair.” Again—“However, the true-born, undaunted American never flinches from his duty,”—and so on, “cock-a-doodle doo!” after the manner of Captain Ralph Stackpole, throughout. From this and other signs, we have no doubt that *this* account of the Expedition was drawn from the notes of one of the American sailors (they were all picked native-born Americans) of the Expedition; and though upon the whole a worthless, trashy book, one may pick up a notion or two out of it, seeing that it is at least real, when we are enabled to view the same object through the eyes of *both* the commander and of one of his men.

The larger and authoritative work will considerably disappoint expectation on the grounds at which we have already hinted. Notwithstanding the gallant author’s disavowal of “author craft,” the work has most visible signs of book-making. The information respecting the proceedings of the Expedition is not advantageously exhibited, for want of adequate information in the writer;

and taking it as it is, it might, with great advantage, have been compressed within half the space over which it is spread; for there is much in the volume on common and exhausted topics and places before we come to the Jordan and after we leave the Dead Sea. It may also be added that the book is disfigured by much of a kind of uncouth and very commonplace sentimentality, which is fearfully out of keeping in the account of a scientific Expedition. Perhaps, however, the very qualities which detract from the value of the work in the eyes of serious philosophers may help it much in the circulating libraries—and it is certainly a sufficiently readable book. In our esteem the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the engravings. These are from drawings by Lieutenant Dale, the second in command of the Expedition, and who appears to have well merited the designation of a “skilful draughtsman,” which is given to him. The interest of these lies in their representing subjects mostly new to the eyes of those who have been wearied with the five-hundredth repetition of the same scenes and objects. The views on the Dead Sea are of special and remarkable interest, and the costume figures are also striking and suggestive, although with one or two exceptions very wretchedly engraved; and the effect of the Arabian figures is spoiled by the stiff cable ropes which are twined around the *koofeyehs*, or head-shawls, in place of the soft twists of wool or camels’ hair of which this head-band is really composed. But the sketch-map of the whole course of the Jordan between the lakes of Tiberias and Asphaltites, with its rapids and innumerable bends, and that of the Dead Sea, through its whole extent and in its true shape and proportions, are both invaluable; and their production, without a word of letterpress, were well worth the whole cost and labour of the Expedition.

The history of that Expedition we may now state, before examining the results which it has realized.

After the surrender of Vera Cruz in May 1847, when there was no more work for the United States’ navy in these parts, Lieutenant Lynch applied to his Government for leave to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Dead Sea. After some consideration, a favourable decision was given, and he was directed to make the requisite preparations. At the beginning of October the Lieutenant was ordered to take the command of the store ship “Supply,” formerly the “Crusader.” This vessel was to be laden with stores for the squadron in the Mediterranean; and while preparing for this regular duty, the commander made the arrangements that appeared needful for the more special service. He had constructed, by special authority, two metallic boats, one of copper and the other of galvanized iron. These

boats were so constructed as to be taken to pieces for convenience of transport across the land; but, as the taking the boats apart was a novel experiment, and might prove unsuccessful, two low trucks (or carriages without bodies) were provided, for the purpose of endeavouring to transport the boats entire from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. The trucks, when fitted, were taken apart, and compactly stowed in the hold, together with two sets of harness for horses. The boats, when complete, were hoisted in, and laid keel-up on a frame prepared for them; and with arms, ammunition, instruments, tents, flags, sails, oars, preserved meats, cooking utensils, the preparations were complete. Nothing that could conduce to the safety or success of the Expedition seems to have been overlooked. Air-tight gum-elastic water-bags were even procured, to be inflated when empty, for the purpose of serving as life-preservers to the crew in case of the destruction of the boats. Great care was also taken in the selection of the crew intended for the special service. Ten "young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits," were chosen, and from each of them was exacted a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks. "To this stipulation," says the commander, "under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected." Besides these few men, Lieutenant Dale and Midshipman Aulick were attached to the Expedition; and the commander had with him his son, who took charge of the herbarium. Thus the party consisted in all of fourteen persons, to whom were subsequently added, as volunteers, Mr. Bedlow and Dr. Anderson, the former at Constantinople, and the latter at Beirut, where also an interpreter was acquired in the person of an intelligent native Syrian, called Ameuny. We should like to know whether this was the person of the same name who, a few years back, studied in King's College, London. We feel almost sure that this is the same person; and, in that case, we know that he was qualified to render far greater services to the Expedition than he has credit for on the face of the narrative.

The Supply sailed from New York on the 21st November 1847, and reached Smyrna on the 18th February 1848. From Smyrna the officers of the Expedition proceeded to Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, with the view of obtaining from the Sultan, through the American minister, permission to pass through a part of his dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and of tracing the Jordan to its source. The account of this journey occupies too much space; and even the writer of the lesser account, although avowedly remaining

behind at Smyrna, treats us to an account of Constantinople, prepared, it would seem—like the other notions of places which he is fond of thrusting in—from those invaluable authorities, the geography books for the use of schools.

The commander had the honour of an audience of the young Sultan, and manifests some disposition to plume himself upon the Republican freedom of his demeanour. There is, we must say, much bad taste of this sort throughout the book. We are also indulged with some rather twaddling observations upon the character of the Sultan, and the impending downfall of the Turkish empire. The latter is a subject on which we are sorely tempted to have our say too; but we will not at this time allow even Lieutenant Lynch to seduce us from our proper theme. The desired authorization was granted; and the Sultan even appeared to manifest some interest in the undertaking, and requested to be informed of the results.

Thus armed with all necessary powers, the officers returned to Smyrna, rejoining the Supply, which sailed the next day (March 10) for the coast of Syria, and, after touching at Beirut and other places, came to anchor in the Bay of Acre, under Mount Carmel, on the 28th.

The Expedition men, with the stores, the tents, and the boats, having landed, an encampment was formed on the beach, and the Supply departed to deliver to the American squadron the stores with which it was charged, with orders to be back in time for the re-embarkation of the exploring party. "With conflicting emotions," writes Lieutenant Lynch, "we saw the Supply stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean familiar deck? What matters it! We are in the hands of God, and, fall early or fall late, we fall with his consent." There was certainly room for serious reflection. The fates of the unhappy Costigan, and more recently of Lieutenant Molyneux, both of whom perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea, were but too well calculated to damp the spirits of the adventurers. Even the thoughtless sailors felt this influence:—

"We had been told," it is stated in the Montague book, "that there never was an expedition planned to explore the Dead Sea which had prospered; some fatality, like the unerring dart of an eagle, had always pounced upon its brave fellows: they had been sick, and lingered but a short while, and had died in this unfriendly climate; or had been attacked by the bloodthirsty Arabs, plundered, and then murdered. These things had taken place so recently, that the murderer has scarce sheathed his sword—the smoke from his pistol has scarce died away in the atmosphere—the unerring spear has scarce stayed from its quivering—and the blood of the murdered has scarcely yet

been dried up by the prevailing heat, or absorbed by the surrounding earth. But we Yankee boys," &c.

The first difficulty of a practical nature was how to get the boats across to the Sea of Tiberias. The copper boat, we should have noticed, was named Fanny Mason, and the other Fanny Skinner—two very pretty and appropriate names for the navigation of the Sea of Death. The boats, mounted on the trucks, were laden with the stores and baggage of the party, and all was arranged most conveniently—only the horses could not be persuaded to draw. The harness was also found to be much too large for the small Syrian horses; and although they manifestly gloried in the strange equipment, and they voluntarily performed sundry gay and fantastic movements, the operation of pulling was altogether averse to their habits and inclination. What was to be done? Oxen might have been tried, and we have no doubt that they would have performed the task well; but they were all engaged in the labours of the field, it being now "the height of *seed-time*," (which must be a mistake for *harvest*,) and Lieutenant Lynch generously hesitated to withdraw them from that essential labour. He was thinking of taking the boats to pieces, though most reluctant to adopt that course, when the idea of trying whether camels might not be made to draw in harness crossed his mind. The experiment was tried; and all hearts throbbed with gratitude as the huge animals, three to each, marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease. It was a novel sight, witnessed by an eager crowd of the natives, to whom the successful result disclosed an unknown accomplishment in the patient and powerful animal, which they had before thought fit only to plod along with a heavy load upon his back.

This difficulty, and some others, thrown in their way by the Governor of Acre, being removed, the party at length set forth from the coast on the 4th of April. They were accompanied by "a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherif Hazza of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet." As he appeared to be highly venerated by the Arabs, Lieutenant Lynch thought it would be a good measure to induce him to join the party; and he was prevailed upon to do so with less difficulty than had been anticipated. Another addition to the party was made next day in the person of a Bedouin sheikh of the name of Akil, with ten well-armed Arabs. This person, described as a powerful border sheikh, had become known to them at Acre, and on now visiting him at his village of Abelin, he was induced to attend the Expedition "with ten spears," which, with the sheikh and sherif, and the servants of the latter, made fifteen Arabs in all. The exploring party itself amounted

to sixteen, with the interpreter and cook ; so that altogether, with the Arabs gallantly mounted, with their long tufted spears, the mounted seamen in single file, the laden camels, and the metal boats, with flags flying, mounted on carriages drawn by huge camels, the party presented rather an imposing aspect. "It looked," says the commander, proudly, "like a triumphal march."

Some difficulty was experienced in getting the boats over the broken and rocky upper country, the roads being no better than mule tracks ; but by breaking off a crag here, and filling up a hollow there, and by sometimes abandoning the road altogether, difficulties were overpassed, and the whole equipage reached the brink of the slopes overlooking the basin of the Galilee lake. How to get them down into the water was still some question.

"Took all hands up the mountain to get the boats down. Many times we thought that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls [of Tiberias] uninjured, and amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the sea of Galilee—the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for *backshish*—but we neither shouted nor cheered. From Christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to remembrance the words, 'Peace, be still' which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a time all worldly care. Buoyantly floated the two 'Fannies,' bearing the stars and stripes—the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea ; and for many, many years but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface."—P. 162.

This "solitary keel" is, it appears, the same that the party bought for six pounds, and put in repair to relieve the other boats in transporting the baggage. It was called "Uncle Sam ;" and on the 10th of April the boats were pushed off from the shelving beach, and sought the outlet of the Jordan ; Uncle Sam, rowed by Arabs, being preceded by his two fair daughters—Fanny Mason leading the way, closely followed by Fanny Skinner ; the allied Bedouins, with the cattle, proceeding along the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Dale. The real business of the Expedition here commenced, and, aware of this, the commander made a division of labour, assigning to each officer and volunteer his appropriate duty. Mr. Dale was to make topographical sketches of the country ; Dr. Anderson was to make geological observations and collect specimens ; Mr. Bedlow was to note the aspect of the country on the land route and the incidents that occurred on the march ; Mr. F. Lynch was to collect plants and flowers for the herbarium ; to Mr. Aulick, who

had charge of the Fanny Skinner, was assigned the topographical sketch of the river and its shores; and Lieutenant Lynch himself, in the Fanny Mason, undertook to take notes of the course, rapidity, colour, and depth of the river and its tributaries, the nature of its banks, and of the country through which it flowed—the vegetable productions, and the birds and animals which might be seen, and also to keep a journal of events.

The descent of the river occupied above a week, as the bathing place of the pilgrims, somewhat above the Dead Sea, was not reached until the night of the 17th. During this time the water party had generally, in the evening, joined the land party on the shore, and remained encamped until the morning. But little information concerning the river could be obtained at Tiberias, and it was therefore with considerable consternation that the course of the Jordan was soon found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. Thus, to proceed at all, it often became necessary to plunge with headlong velocity down the most appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that on the second evening the boats were not more than twelve miles in direct distance from Tiberias. On the third morning it became necessary to abandon poor Uncle Sam, from its shattered condition. It was seen that no other kind of boats in the world, but such as those which had been brought from America, combining great strength with buoyancy, could have sustained the shocks they encountered. The boats were indeed sorely bruised, but not materially injured, and a few hours sufficed to repair all damages.

The immense difference between the levels of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea—the latter having been, by the best observations hitherto obtained, ascertained to be no less than 984 feet lower than the former—had recently been called in question both by Dr. Robinson and Carl Ritter. In the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*" for August 1848, Dr. Robinson has a statement on the subject, which may be thus summed up:—

The result of the survey made by Lieutenant Symonds of the Royal Engineers gives 1311·9 feet for the depression of the Dead Sea, and 328 for that of the Lake of Tiberias below the sea-level of the Mediterranean. Seeing that the distance between the two lakes does not exceed one degree, this would give to the river Jordan, which passes from the one to the other, a descent of 16·4 feet per mile. Of several rapid rivers, whose course is stated, the lower part of the Orontes, "roaring over its rocky bed," and unnavigable, and the Missouri at the Great Falls, are the only ones whose rapidity of descent can compare with this. "But the Jordan, so far as known, has neither cataracts nor rapids, and its flow, though swift, is silent. Yet, of the 984 feet

of its descent in 60 geographical miles, there is room for three cataracts, each equal in descent to Niagara : and there would still be left to the river an average fall equal to the swiftest portion of the Rhine, including the cataract of Schaffhausen." On these grounds Dr. Robinson hinted there might probably be some error in the calculation, affecting the results. We must admit there was ample ground for the doubt thus expressed, and which the great Prussian geographer declared that he shared—but seeing that a few weeks were destined signally to subvert the whole reasoning, and the doubt that rested on it, there is a striking resemblance between this and Mr. Cobden's famous declaration respecting the unchangeable peacefulness of Europe. The great secret of this depression is solved by our explorers on the basis of the very facts whose non-existence Dr. Robinson too hastily assumed. First, there *are* rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude ; and then, although the direct distance between the two lakes does not exceed sixty miles, yet the distance actually traversed by the stream in its course—found to be exceedingly tortuous—is at least 200 miles, reducing the average fall to not more than six feet in each mile, which the numerous rapids in that distance render very comprehensible. Thus the great depression of the Dead Sea below the Lake of Tiberias is established both by scientific calculation and by actual observation—by two independent lines of proof, which support and corroborate each other.

The larger narrative traces with great and proper minuteness the changing aspects and circumstances of the river at the successive stages of progress. These details are so numerous and so various that it is difficult to generalize them. We are, therefore, glad that Montague's sailor, in his more general and less responsible view, supplies a few lines, which, corroborated as they are by the Commander, will serve our purpose well. He says,—

"The banks of the Jordan are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan are clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls. It is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and shady course ; but we see no trace of the lions and bears which once inhabited its thickets : now and then are to be seen footsteps of the wild boar, which sometimes visits the neighbourhood."

The wide and deeply depressed plain through which the river flows, is generally barren, treeless, and verdureless ; and the

mountains, or rather, the cliffs and slopes of the risen uplands, present, for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. The verdure—such as it is—may only be sought on and near the lower valley or immediate channel of the Jordan. No one statement can apply to the scenery of its entire course; but the following picture, which refers to nearly the central part of the river's course, some distance below Wady Adjlun, is a good specimen of the kind of scenery which the passage of the river offers. It is also a very fair example of the style in which Lieutenant Lynch works up the passages he wishes to be most effective:—

“The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

“The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

“Toward the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

“The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at ‘the meeting of two adverse tides;’ and presented a wild and chequered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility.

“A low, pale, and yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half-redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

“Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river!—its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh, calcined earth around.”—Pp. 232, 233.

Of the manner in which the rapids were passed, the following passage will afford an adequate notice:—

“At 10. 15 A.M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate-looking cascade of eleven feet,

In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed in pieces. This rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which a caldron of foam swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids—longer, but more shelving, and less difficult.

"Fortunately a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up where the rush of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them if possible clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across; and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat stood by the line; a number of Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water, gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the roaring of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and five on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

"The Fanny Mason in the meanwhile swayed from side to side of the mad torrent like a frightened bird, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush—a plunge—an upward leap, and the rock was cleared—the pool was passed! and, half-full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapids. Such screaming and shouting! The Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only. They were glad—we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them."—Pp. 189, 190.

The following, which is one of the best descriptions, has reference to an earlier portion of the river's course, about one-third from the Lake of Tiberias:—

"For hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and mani-

fold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like trees, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own will, darting through the arched vistas, and shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals. There was little variety in the scenery of the river; to-day the streams sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpse of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan; the western shore was peculiar from the high calcareous limestone hills which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the Sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left and eastern bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, gave it the appearance of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger [leopard?] on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but for some moments we tracked his pathway by the shaking cane, and the crashing sound of broken branches.

“The birds were numerous; and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wilderness song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold dull-lighted hall, where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings, and the dance goes on.”—Pp. 212, 213.

The passage of the river was accomplished without any real opposition from the neighbouring Arabs—all hostile demonstration being apparently held in check by the manifest strength of the party. Some friendly intercourse, indeed, took place at different points. We observe generally that the explorers, with their minds pre-occupied with ideas of North American Indians, greatly underrate the position, character, and knowledge of the Arabs. Indeed they are plainly called “savages;” but they are not savages, unless the patriarchal fathers of Scripture history were savages, which no one ever thought. This misapprehension of the Arabs is, of course, exhibited in a still more exaggerated form in the narrative of Montague’s sailor, whose less cultivated perceptions are still more obtuse. He ventures to say in one place that the Arabs wondered how the boats could walk the waters without legs!

All this that relates to the Jordan is new, valuable, and important. It is the real, great work of the Expedition. We absolutely knew next to nothing about the river between the two lakes before, except just below where it leaves the upper lake, and just above where it enters the lower; but here the whole river is set forth before us, and all the mysteries connected with its course are completely solved. For this, the commander is well entitled to the gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society, which we should hope will be awarded to him. In the Dead Sea, the additions to our knowledge are less striking and important. The lake had been viewed at nearly all points by different travellers; the comparison of whose statements furnished a sufficiently correct idea of the figure and directions of the lake, and of the peculiar phenomena which it offers. In most respects, therefore, the business here was not to discover anything new, but to verify previous accounts; and in most respects, all the accounts given by the best of former travellers—especially such as subvert the old traditions of the lake—are abundantly confirmed, and settled beyond all further doubt or question. In fact, the navigation of the lake in boats is not a new thing—it having been previously done by an Irishman, Costigan, and more recently by an Englishman, Lieutenant Molyneux, of H.M.S. Spartan. Indeed, the latter officer had also performed the same passage down the Jordan; and had he lived to impart to the public the fruit of his observations, the interest of the present Expedition would have been forestalled, and its facts anticipated at all points. It is to the credit of Lieutenant Lynch that he manifests a full consciousness of the claims of his predecessors. He even gives the name of Point Costigan to one of the points of the peninsula, towards the south of the Dead Sea, and of Point Molyneux to the other; and it is certainly not the least of our obligations to these officers, that their prior claims, in all probability, prevented these spots from being ornamented with the names of Fanny Mason and Fanny Skinner, if not of Uncle Sam. It is bad enough as it is, to see an ancient and a sacred soil thus desecrated with any modern and Frankish names. Dr. Robinson would have ascertained the native names of those places; and our explorers might, if they had chosen, have done the same, by the aid of so accomplished and excellent an interpreter as Mr. Ameuny. We hope this sort of folly will end here. It is quite enough that the geographical nomenclature of half the world is ruined by this frightful bad taste, without the sacred land itself being exposed to the same deep abasement.

The Expedition spent no less than twenty-two nights upon the lake. During this time the whole circuit of it was made, including the back-water at the southern extremity, which had

never before been explored in boats. Every object of interest upon the banks was examined; and the lake was crossed and recrossed in a zigzag direction through its whole extent, for the purpose of sounding. The figure of the lake, as laid down in the sketch-map, is somewhat different from that usually given to it. The breadth is more uniform throughout; it is less narrowed at the northern extremity, and less widened on approaching the peninsula in the south. In its general dimensions it is longer, but is not so wide as usually represented. Its length by the map is forty miles, by an average breadth of about nine miles. The observations and facts from day to day are recorded in Lieutenant Lynch's book; and it is by reading them that the reader must realize the impressions which the survey is designed to produce, for the author does not take the trouble to combine his results in one clear and connected statement; indeed, the want of these occasional generalizations of details, which the reader of such a work is entitled to expect, and which, it might be thought, might have been easily given as a general retrospect of the whole, is the great defect of the book. Dr. Robinson, in his really great work on Palestine, after giving the details of his explorations, pauses on every vantage-ground to survey the scene, and to state the general effect and character of the whole. But nothing of the kind is attempted by our author, who seems to have been either ignorant of this necessity, or to have lacked the skill to supply it. The sea-custom of keeping an account of minute particulars and observations from day to day in the log-book, tends to create a habit of correctly observing and registering small details, but is perhaps unfavourable to the formation or cultivation of the faculty of generalization. On the other hand, there are men who can only

“ See things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail.”

One of this sort is Montague's sailor, who, being incapable of following the observations of his commander, and being, as it seems, only partially acquainted with other than the most obvious results, states general impressions rather than particulars; and we are not sure but that in this way he renders to the common reader the general effect of the whole much more effectively than his commander, whose account alone is, however, here of any scientific value. It has seemed to us, indeed, that this part of Montague's book is better done than any other. He here makes a most distinct impression, and, but for the egregious blunders into which he falls whenever stating what men know from *reading*, we might suppose that in this portion of the work he had access to better information than in other parts. This

writer does not lack power of observation; and his errors are mostly in those allusions to "things in general," in which only a man possessed of assured knowledge from reading and study, can be always correct. We are not sure that the blunders made in allusions of this sort—which are as plenty as blackberries—and the disgust one feels at the vile slang which turns up every now and then, tends to create an under-estimate of the truthfulness of many observations on matters that fall within the fair scope of an intelligent seaman's knowledge.

The only passage in which Lieutenant Lynch attempts to furnish us with something like the result of his exploration is this:—

"We have carefully sounded the sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wonderful body of water as it appeared to us.

"From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot, upon that ridge, it is supposed that Abraham looked 'toward all the land of the plain,' and beheld the smoke 'as the smoke of a furnace.' The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and 'overwhelmed' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

"Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden break down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

"All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come

down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too—as reference to the map will show—have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities, without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

“There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

“But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I believe, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be-unbelievers.”—Pp. 378-380.

As we have chosen a way of our own in which to state some of the other results of this exploration, we must hasten to complete the historical notice of its incidents, by stating, that before quitting the shores of the Dead Sea, the party made an excursion to Kerak, with the view principally of affording the men an intermediate refreshment from the close atmosphere of the lake. Here there are about 1000 Christians kept in most oppressive subjection by about one-third of the number of Moslem Arabs, who live mostly in tents outside the town. They have commenced building a church in the hope of keeping all together, and as a safe place of refuge for their wives and children in times of trouble; but the locusts and the sirocco have for the last seven years blasted the fields, and nearly all spared by these distractions has been swept away by the Arabs. They furnished the party with the subjoined appeal to the Christians in America, and which deserves to be known in this country.

“By God's favour!

“May it, God willing, reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers, whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen.

“8642.

“BEDUAH.

“We are, in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

"We beg your Excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

"The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locust for the last seven years.

"The church is delayed in not being accomplished for want of funds, for we are a few Christians surrounded by Muslims.

"This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

"The trustees in your bounty.

"ABD' ALLAH EN NAHAS, Sheikh.

"YÂKÔB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother.

"*Kerak, Jâmad Awâh, 1264.*"

These poor people behaved very well, as they always do, to our travellers; but from the Arabs of Kerak they were, on their return, threatened with much danger—with greater danger, indeed, than had previously been known. But this and all dangers passed, and the survey of the lake being soon after completed, the boats, no longer needed, were taken to pieces, and sent, with two camels' load of specimens, to Jerusalem, whither the party itself followed by the route of Santa Saba. After some stay there they crossed the country to Jaffa. Nor was this without object or labour, a line of levels having to be carried, with the spirit level of the most recent and improved construction, (Troughton's,) from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the desert of Jordan, "over precipices and mountain ridges, and down and across yawning ravines, and for much of the time under a scorching sun." The merit of this operation is assigned to Lieutenant Dale. The results are not stated, but are said to be confirmatory of the skill and extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation by Lieutenant Symonds.

At Acre the party divided, one portion proceeding in a Turkish brig to Beirut, and the other returning across the country to Tiberias, by way of Nazareth. The object being from hence to follow the Upper Jordan to its source, our interest in the special objects of the Expedition is revived. This part of the business is, however, passed but lightly over, there being no very new or very adventurous work to execute, and, as it seems to us, the officers being but ill-informed as to the points which in this part specially demanded attention.

In his way up the shore of the lake of Galilee, Lieutenant Lynch very modestly expresses an opinion in favour of Tell Hum as the probable site of Capernaum, in preference to Dr. Robinson's Khan Minryeh; and his return to the old ways we hail as a proof of his sound judgment. In respect of Bethsaida he is less fortunate, confounding the north-east Bethsaida with the western Bethsaida as the city of Andrew and Peter. But mis-

takes of this sort swarm throughout the work. The chances being only a degree or two less in this work than in Montague's that we encounter a blunder in connexion with every proper name that turns up.* Between the two lakes the river hastens—a rapid and foaming stream, between a thick border of willows, oleanders, and ghurrah. Of the lake Huleh nothing is added to our previous information, indeed, scarcely any thing is said; and we are quite distressed to say that the commander does not seem to have been at all aware that it was an object of interest to ascertain whether the river from Hasbeiya, which, as the remoter source, must be regarded as the true Jordan, unites with the river from Banias before it enters the lake Huleh, or else reaches it as a separate and parallel stream. Not a word is said on this point, and there is no map or plan that might indicate the view taken of the matter.

The sources of the Jordan have been so often visited, and are so well known, that we could hardly expect much that is new on the subject. We certainly do not find any thing that was not previously well known. Upon the whole, this exploration of the Upper Jordan is a failure altogether. But this is excusable from the unbent attention of men whose energies had of late been greatly over-tasked, and who regarded the great objects of their undertaking as already accomplished.

The party proceeded to Damascus, and returned by way of Baalbek to Beirut. It was with dismay that it was found the Supply had not, according to appointment, arrived there to receive them—the rather as Mr. Dale and some of the men became sick, and needed medical assistance. In a few days, however, they all recovered except that able officer, who, after lingering a few weeks, died of the same low nervous fever which had carried off Costigan and Molynaux—the former explorers of the Dead Sea. He died at a village twelve miles up the Lebanon, to which he had withdrawn, in the hope of being invigorated by the mountain air. The afflicted commander deter-

* We note a few specimens. It is "Collingwood," and not Jervis, who is described as breaking the enemy's line at Cape St. Vincent. The prophet "Isaiah," and not Elijah, as resting under the juniper-tree in the wilderness. Reland is throughout "Reyland." "The Arab has no name for wine, the original Arabic word for which is now applied to coffee!" The truth being, that one of *many* Arabic words for wine is so applied. "J. Robinson, D.D., of New York," for E. Robinson, D.D. "The Chinese Kotan" for "Kotou." "Almeidan" for "At-maidan." "We saw the river Cayster (*modern* Meander!)" "Acre derived its name from the church of St. Jean d'Acre." "Saul and his three sons threw themselves upon their swords." "Near the palace [of Beschiktasche on the Bosphorus] stood the column of Simeon and Daniel Stylites, two saintly fools, who spent most of their lives upon its summit." Simeon was never near the Bosphorus. But enough of this.

mined to take the body home, if possible, immediately started with it to Beirut. "It was a slow, dreary ride, down the rugged mountain by twilight. As I followed the body of my late companion, accompanied only by worthy Arabs, and thought of his young and helpless children, I could scarce repress the wish that I had been taken and he been spared." The body was, however, not taken home, but was deposited, "amid unhidden tears and stifled sobs," in the Frank cemetery at Beirut.

There is much reason to apprehend that the report of the results of this Expedition has suffered much from the loss of this accomplished officer. We see from a paper by Dr. Robinson in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for November 1848, that *he* anticipated this would be the case. He states,—

"Lieutenant Dale had reached the age of thirty-five; he was a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, and was selected by Lieutenant Lynch to be his companion because of his experience in the exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, and as an engineer, first in connexion with the coast survey, and afterwards in Florida. His loss will doubtless be greatly felt in making up the report of the Expedition, the end of which he was permitted to behold, but not to participate its fruits, nor to enjoy its rewards."

We grieve to add, from the Preface of the volume before us,—
"His wife has since followed him to the grave; but in his name he has left a rich inheritance to his children." These are sad words, when we recollect the shortness of the interval between the return of the Expedition and the appearance of this statement.

About a week after, being a full month after the return to Beirut, the party embarked on board a French brig for Malta, being tired of waiting longer for the Supply. At Malta they were joined by that vessel on the 12th September, and re-embarking in her, sped homeward, reaching New York early in December, after an absence of something above one year.

Having thus traced the course of the Expedition, we must return to offer the reader some remarks upon the Dead Sea, in connexion with those researches concerning it which this American Expedition may be regarded as having consummated.

The name of "Dead Sea" is not known in Scripture, in which it is mentioned by the various names of the East Sea, the Sea of Sodom, the Sea of the Desert, and the Salt Sea. In Josephus and the classical writers, it is known by the name of the Lake of Asphaltites, from the great quantities of bitumen it produced. Its current name doubtless originated in the belief that no living thing could subsist in its waters. In the incidental allusions to it in the Old Testament—for it is not named in the New—there is nothing to suggest a foundation for the statements which have since been disproved; and all recent research confirms the Scrip-

tural intimations. We no sooner, however, get out of the Bible into the Apocrypha, than we are in the region of exaggeration and tradition. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the cities of the plain, says—"Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruits that never come to ripeness; and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul."—x. 7. Here are three points,—smoke rising from the lake; plants whose fruits will not ripen in this atmosphere; and the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned.

Now it must be confessed that this smoke was a very suitable incident for the imagination to rest upon. It was in keeping. It agreed with the doom in which at least the southern gulf of the lake originated, and suggested that the fires then kindled, and by which the guilty cities were consumed, still smouldered in the depths or upon the shores of the Asphaltic Lake. This smoke, however, turns out to be no other than the dense mist from the active evaporation going on upon the surface, which often overhangs the lake in the morning, and is only dissipated as the sun waxes hot. This is frequently mentioned by our expeditionists. It is seen not exclusively in the morning:—

"At one time to-day, the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enclosed it in a thin transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strongly with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused but motionless."—P. 324.

The idea of fire, which is connected with that of smoke, may in part also have originated in the intensely phosphorescent character of these heavy waters by night. We are not certain that this has been noticed by any other than the present travellers.

"The surface of the sea," says Lieutenant Lynch, "was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rock."

Then there are the fruits which will not ripen. It is evident that there are many plants to which the saline exhalations and intense heat of the deep basin of the Dead Sea must be ungenial, and which will therefore scarcely bring forth fruit to perfection; but there are others with which these conditions agree well, and which will there yield their fruits. There is not much evidence on this subject to be found in travellers, who have seldom been there in the season of fruit. But our expeditionists found divers kinds of plants and shrubs in vigorous blossom, and which

might therefore be expected to yield their fruits in due season. However, the general character of the shores is dismal, from the general absence of vegetation except at particular spots; and it must be admitted that the exhalations and saline deposits are as unfriendly to vegetable life as the waters are to animal existence.

We suspect, however, that the writer of Wisdom had in view those same famous apples of Sodom, of which Josephus speaks as of a peculiar product of the shores of this lake. "These fruits," says Josephus, "have a colour as if they were fit to be eaten; but if you pluck them with your hands, they dissolve into smoke and ashes." So Tacitus: "The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this florid outside, all within turns black, and moulders into dust." This plant has of course been much sought after by travellers. Hasselquist and others thought it the fruit of the *Solanum melongena* or egg-plant, which is abundant in this quarter, but which only exhibits the required characteristics when attacked by insects. But since Seetzen and Irby and Mangles, there has been no question that the renowned "apple of Sodom" is no other than the *Osher* of the Arabs, the *Asclepias procera* of the early writers, but now forming part of the genus *Callotropis*. Dr. Robinson gives a good account of it; and our expeditionists add nothing to the information already possessed concerning it. The plant is a perennial, specimens of which have been found from ten to fifteen feet high, and seven or eight feet in girth. It is a gray, cork-like bark, with long oval leaves. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, and when ripe is of a yellow colour. It is even fair to the eye, and soft to the touch, but when pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibres. It is indeed chiefly filled with air like a bladder, which gives it the round form, while in the centre is a pod, containing a quantity of fine silk with seeds. When green, the fruit, like the leaves and the bark, affords, when cut or broken, a viscous, white milky fluid, called by the Arabs *Osher-milk*, (*Leben-osher*), and regarded by them as a cure for barrenness. This plant, however, which from being in Palestine found only on the shores of the Dead Sea, was locally regarded as being the special and characteristic product of that lake, is produced also in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia; which at once breaks up this one of the mysteries of the Dead Sea. It is no doubt found on those shores from the climate being here warmer, and therefore more congenial to it than in any other part of Palestine.

As to the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, the existence of which has been recorded by many traditions, and of

which so many travellers have heard vague reports from the natives; it is one of the most remarkable discoveries of our Expedition, that a pillar of salt does exist, which is, without doubt, that to which the native reports refer, and which, or one like which, may have formed the basis of the old traditions. That this pillar, or any like it, is or was that into which Lot's wife was turned, is another question, which it is not needful here to discuss. The word rendered "a pillar," denotes generally any fixed object; and that rendered "salt," denotes also bitumen; and the plain significance of the text would therefore seem to be, that she was slain by the fire and smoke, and sulphureous vapour; and her body being pervaded and enveloped by the bituminous and saline particles, lay there a stiffened and shapeless mass. The text appears to mean no more; but whether this mass may not have formed the nucleus of a mound, or even of a pillar of the same substance, forming as it were the unhonoured grave of this unbelieving woman, is a question we are not called upon to consider. If the text required us to understand literally "a pillar of salt," we should know that it existed, and should think it likely that it exists still, and the question would be whether this, which our travellers have found, is that pillar or not. We should probably think *not*; for although its place is in what must have been the general locality of this visitation, yet if Zoar, to which the fugitives were escaping, has been correctly identified (as we doubt not) in Zuweirah, it is difficult to find *this* place for the pillar, upon the route thereto, from any spot which Sodom can be supposed to have occupied. Besides this pillar is upon a hill, whereas the visitation evidently befell Lot's wife in the plain. The following is the account of it which Lieutenant Lynch gives:—

"To our astonishment, we saw, on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments, and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea,

but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance on them."

Not a word is here said respecting the connexion of this pillar with Lot's wife; but in a note it is pointed out that "a similar pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses his belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife had been transformed." This is cautious and judicious. Montague's sailor, however, to whom this sort of thing was specially suited, speaks with less reserve; and we remember that this portion of his book had a run through the press in the United States, having been communicated by the publishers before the work appeared. It was well chosen for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of the public for the disclosures the book was to contain. After a somewhat bald description of the pillar, the writer proceeds, and informs us that it was sixty feet high and forty feet in circumference. He then goes on:—

"We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equalled that of the column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of, let that pillar be whatever it may, and whatever its size. They will not probably credit that this is the pillar; their preconceived notions have much to do with the matter; and they would have everybody—Americans and Syrians alike—think she was at once transformed into a column of very fine grained, beautifully *white* salt, about five feet or a few inches in height, and in circumference that of a middle-aged woman of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited the spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock-salt, one mass of crystallization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here; and the Arabs of the district, to [by] whom this pillar is pointed out as being that of Lot's wife, [must believe this to be] the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference; the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion on the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to God's express command, given in order to ensure her safety; that, while so lingering, she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column. If it be produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person."—Pp. 201, 202.

We were almost prepared to expect that this writer would shine among those who profess to have seen below the waters the ruins of the submerged cities. Even he, however, does not go to this extent; but, instead, he treats us with a very elaborate picture of the great scene of their destruction, all the outlines of which are amusingly filled up with details which could only be true of New York, or of some other great cities invested with all the circumstances of modern art and civilisation.

Among the other traditions of the lake are those which speak of the peculiar density and saline qualities of the waters; that, from the buoyancy imparted to them by this density, bodies could not sink in them; that, from the ingredients they hold in solution, no animal life could exist in these waters; and that, from the pestiferous effluvia, no birds are found near the lake, and that such as attempt to fly across fall dead upon the surface.

As to the density of the waters, it is said by Josephus that Vespasian tried the experiment of tying the hands of some criminals behind their backs, and throwing them into the lake, when they floated like corks upon the surface. This was, it must be admitted, not a very sagacious experiment, the position of the hands behind the back, whereby the dangerous weight of the arms is supported by the water, being the most favourable to floating safely in any waters. This, therefore, could not prove that bodies would not sink; yet being thought to prove that, or to have been intended to prove it, Dr. Pococke's assurance that he not only swam but *dived* in the water, was thought to shew either that the experiment had not been correctly stated, or that the water had, in the course of ages, become more diluted than at the time the experiment was made. This, indeed, is one of the points in which tradition has not erred. From the impregnation of saline and bituminous matters, this water is greatly heavier than that of the ocean. This has been shewn by many travellers for a hundred and fifty years past, and scarcely needs the confirmation which our explorers afford. Their long stay on the lake enabled them, however, to put together a greater number of *practical* illustrations of the fact. We will put a few of them together from both books. Some of the particulars almost suggest the idea of a sea of molten metal, still fluid, though cold. The sailor, who took his share in rowing, is most sensible of one of the effects which his commander less notices—the unusual resistance of the waves to the progress of the boat, and the force of their concussion against it. There was a storm of wind when the lake was first entered; and, says this writer, “the waves, dashing with fury against the boat, reminded its bold navigators of the sound and force of some immense sledge-hammers, when wielded by a Herculean power.” Again, he dwells on “the

extraordinary buoyancy of the waters, from the fact of our boats floating considerably higher than on the Jordan, with the same weight in them; and the greater weightiness of the water, from the terrible blows which the opposing waves dealt upon the advancing prows of the boat." There was another circumstance resulting from this density, noticed by the commander, that when the sea rolled, the boats took in much water from the crests of the waves circling over the sides. Before quitting the lake, Lieutenant Lynch

"Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic; the latter from 25 deg. N. latitude and 52 deg. W. longitude; distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.02, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved $\frac{1}{4}$; the water of the Atlantic $\frac{1}{8}$; and distilled water $\frac{1}{4}$ of its weight of salt; the salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river."—P. 377.

Of the experiments in bathing, little is added to those erewhile so graphically recorded by Mr. Stephens in his *Incidents of Travels*. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Montague has drawn somewhat upon the pages of that lively traveller. Stephens says, "It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium, but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror." This is closely imitated by Montague, who writes, "An experiment with an ass and a horse was also made. They were separately led into the sea, and when the water came in contact with the body of the animals, it was found heavier than the body itself, and consequently supported it upon the surface. The legs of the animals being rendered useless, were brought upon the surface, and they were thrown upon their side, plunging and snorting, puzzled by their novel position."—P. 219. Now, Lieutenant Lynch, in reporting the same experiment, expressly says, that the animals were *not* turned on their sides; and he is at a loss to account for Stephens' statement, but by supposing that the animal was in *that* case unusually weak. He admits, indeed, "that the animals turned a little on one side," but adds, that "they did not lose their balance." A similar experiment was made at another time with a horse, which "could with difficulty keep itself upright." In bathing himself, the commander says, "With great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I laid [lay] upon my back, and drawing up my knees placed my hands upon them, I rolled immediately over." We fancy that we should have "rolled over" in any water, or even

on land, in making that experiment. But, however, the buoyancy of this water is unquestionable ; and it is clear that both man and beast may not only roll over, but roll over with impunity upon it. So in Montague's book we read—

“ Most of the men have bathed in its waters, and found them remarkably buoyant, so that they float with perfect ease upon it, and could pick a chicken, or read a newspaper at pleasure while so floating ; in fact, it was difficult to get below the surface.”

These, certainly, are rather luxurious ideas for the Dead Sea—floating at ease, without fear of drowning, upon a soft water-bed, picking a chicken and reading a newspaper. Nevertheless, this like other luxuries has its penalties—for afterwards we read, “ After being in it some few hours it takes off all the skin, and gives one the ‘ miserables ;’ on washing in it, it spreads over the body a disagreeable oily substance, with a prickly smarting sensation.” Again—“ Another peculiarity was, that when the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, and even the skin is oily and stiff, having a prickly sensation all over it.” Hence they washed with delight, when opportunities offered, in the fresh-water streams that came down to the sea.—P. 181.

“ We had quite a task to wash from our skin all the uncomfortable substances which had clung to us from the Dead Sea, for our clothes and skin had become positively saturated with the salt water.”—P. 189.

But although thus unpleasant, acrid, and greasy, we are assured by Captain Lynch that the water is perfectly inodorous. And he ascribes the noxious smells which pervade the shores, not, as Molyneux supposed, to the lake itself, but to the foetid springs and marshes along the shore, increased perhaps by exhalations from the stagnant pools upon the flat plain, which bounds the lake to the north. Elsewhere, he contends, that the saline and inodorous exhalations from the lake itself must be rather wholesome than otherwise ; and as there is but little verdure upon the shores, there can be no vegetable exhalations to render the air impure. The evil is in the dangerous and depressing influence from the intense heat, and from the acrid and clammy quality of the waters producing a most irritated state of the skin, and eventually febrile symptoms and great prostration of strength. Under these influences, in a fortnight, although the health of the men seemed substantially sound,

“ The figure of each had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent ; the pale faces had become florid, and those which were florid, ruddy ; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of many of us

were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best."—*Lynch*, p. 336.

Remarkable effects are afforded by the saline deposits upon the shores. On the peninsula towards the south end,

"There are few bushes, their stems partly buried in the water, and their leafless branches incrustated with salt, which sparkled as trees do at home when the sun shines upon them after a heavy sleet."—*Lynch*, p. 298.

"Overhauled the copper boat, which wore away rapidly in this living sea. Such was the action of the fluid upon the metal, that the latter, so long as it was exposed to its immediate friction, was as bright as burnished gold, but when it came in contact with the air, it corroded immediately."—*Lynch*, p. 344.

"The shores of the beach before me, as I write, are incrustated with salt, and looked exactly as if white-washed."—*Lynch*, p. 344.

"The sands are not so bright as those of the Mediterranean and Atlantic Oceans, but of a darkish brown colour, and have the same taste as the sea-water, although it seldom distributes its waves over them."—*Montague*, p. 186.

"We noticed, after landing at Usdum, that, in the space of an hour, our very foot-prints upon the beach were coated with crystallization."—*Montague*, p. 207.

"A book of a large octavo size, being dipped in the water, either by accident or otherwise, resisted every attempt made to dry it. I have subsequently seen it in the oven of the ship's galley on several occasions, but without any permanent effect."—*Montague*, p. 224.

Now, as to the non-existence of living things in the water. This tradition, and that respecting the buoyancy of the water, seem to be those alone that are fully true. That creatures from the fresh-water streams that pour into the lake should die in water so essentially different—so salt, so dense, so bitter—was to be expected; but that this condition of the water should be fatal to all animal existence—that it harboured no peculiar forms of life—seemed to require strong proof; and this has, we think, been now sufficiently afforded. This had been stated by other travellers; and being now confirmed by those who were three weeks upon the lake, may be treated as an established fact. No trace of piscatory or lower forms of aquatic life was in all that time seen in these waters. Some of the streams that run into the lake are salt.

"In the salt-water streams there are plenty of fish, which, when they are unfortunately carried into the Dead Sea by the stream, or caught in their own element by the experimentalist, and thrown into it, at once expire and float. The same experiment was made and re-

peated at the mouth of the Jordan, with ourselves, of fish which we caught there, and cast into the sea; and nature, alike in both instances, immediately refused her life-supporting influence."—*Montagne*, p. 223.

The commander himself cites a still more extraordinary fact. In a note at p. 377, he says,—

" Since our return, some of the water of the Dead Sea has been subjected to a powerful microscope, and no animalculæ or vestige of animal matter could be detected."

This experiment, and proper care to secure some of the water of the lake, reminds us of a curious passage in our favourite old French traveller, Nau, who seems to regard this interest in the lake as a characteristic of Protestantism :—

" Before I finish this chapter, I must not omit to mention one thing that surprised me much in my two journeys. In both there were in the company some heretic merchants, who all manifested a marked devotion for this Sea of Sodom, testifying an extraordinary gladness in beholding it, and filling a large number of bottles with its water, to carry home with them, as if it had been some precious relic. I am not well able to understand the reasons of their devotion, or why they burdened themselves with so much of this water, which is of wrath and vengeance, rather than with that of the Jordan, which is a water of mercy and salvation. In fact, these men declared that there was nothing in all the Holy Land which they had seen with so much gratification."—*Voyage Nouveau*, p. 384.

The scarcity of vegetation upon the bushes would account for the comparative absence of land birds from the lake; and the absence of fishes and other aquatic creatures from the waters would sufficiently explain the absence of aquatic fowl. There is no doubt, for these causes, some scarcity of birds here as compared with other lakes. But the notion that the effluvia of the waters were fatal to birds that attempted to pass, has been disproved during the present century by a great accumulation of evidence, which our explorers have been enabled largely to confirm. In fact, though we have long ceased to have any doubts on this point, we feel somewhat surprised at the number and variety of birds that are mentioned as found upon the borders of the lake, as flying over it, or as skimming its surface. It is scarcely worth while to multiply instances of what almost every recent traveller has noticed. One instance is sufficient and conclusive, which is, that wild ducks were more than once seen floating at their ease on the surface of the lake. The tradition, now to be treated as obsolete, probably originated in the bodies of dead birds being found on the shore or upon the water. Such were indeed three times picked up by our travellers; but Lieutenant Lynch feels

assured that they had perished from exhaustion, and not from any malaria of the sea. Montague thinks they had rather been shot in their flight, and adds the interesting fact, that they were in a good state of preservation, though they appeared to have been for some time in the water. The water, he adds, seems to have the quality of preserving whatever is cast into it. Specimens of wood found there were in an excellent state of preservation.

We now quit with reluctance a subject in which we feel very much interest. Lieutenant Lynch's book must be pronounced of great value, not only for the additions which it makes to our knowledge, but as the authentic record of an enterprise in the highest degree honourable to all the parties concerned. Our only regret is, that the author's avowed anxiety to occupy the book-market has prevented him from digesting his materials so carefully as the importance of the subject demanded, and has left inexcusable marks of haste, which should in any future edition be removed. Mr. Bentley is not, in this matter, altogether free from blame; for there are numerous persons in this country whose services would have removed most of the grosser errors by which the work is disfigured. As for the other book, what we have already said, we say once more:—It is a bushel of chaff, from which those who think it worth their while, and who have sufficient patience and skill, may contrive to extract a few grains of wheat.

- ART. IX.—1. *Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas.* By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," &c. 2 vols. London, 1846.
2. *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature des Slaves.* Par F. G. EICHHOFF. Paris, 1839.
3. *Dalmatia and Montenegro; with a Journey to Mostar in Herzegovina, and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations.* By Sir J. GARDNER WILKINSON, F.R.S. 2 vols. London, 1848.
4. *Panslavism and Germanism.* By Count VALERIAN KRASINSKI. London, 1848.
5. *Der Krieg in Ungarn; mit einer Geschichte der Serbischen und Croatischen Wirren.* Von OSKAR FODAL. Mannheim, 1849.

No one that has not worked much in the element of History can be aware of the immense importance of clearly keeping in view the differences of race that are discernible among the nations that inhabit different parts of the world. In practical politics it is certainly possible to push such ethnographical considerations too far, as, for example, in our own cant about Celt and Saxon, when Ireland is under discussion; but in speculative History, in questions relating to the past career and the future destinies of nations, it is only by a firm and efficient handling of this conception of our species as broken up into so many groups or masses, physiologically different to a certain extent, that any progress can be made, or any available conclusions accurately arrived at.

The NEGRO or African, with his black skin, woolly hair, and compressed elongated skull; the MONGOLIAN of Eastern Asia and America, with his olive complexion, broad and all but beardless face, oblique eyes, and square skull; and the CAUCASIAN of Western Asia and Europe, with his fair skin, oval face, full brow, and rounded skull;—such, as every school-boy knows, are the three great types or varieties into which naturalists have divided the inhabitants of our planet. Accepting this rough initial conception of a world peopled everywhere more or less completely with these three varieties of human beings or their combinations, the historian is able, in virtue of it, to announce one important fact at the very outset,—to wit, that, up to the present moment, the destinies of the species appear to have been carried forward almost exclusively by its Caucasian variety. In the broad field and long duration of Ethiopic or Negro life, only one native and spontaneous civilisation appears to have presented itself—that of the ancient and almost mythical kingdom of Meröe on the sources of the Nile. Mongolian humanity, on the other hand, if we except the two abortive beginnings of the native

Mexicans and Peruvians in America, has been able as yet to produce but one great civilisation—that of the Chinese and Japanese. With this Ethiopic retrogression, and this Mongolian uniformity, compare Caucasian progress, as exhibited in the splendid succession of distinct civilisations, from the ancient Egyptian to the recent Anglo-American, to which the Caucasian part of the species has given birth. Such, at least, is the Past; as to the Future let no man speak!

His attention thus specially directed to the Caucasian section of mankind, the historian finds it farther necessary to break it also up into parts. Studying the physiological and philological differences observable within its field, he is able, in the first place, to separate it into two great families of nations, essentially distinct—the *Semitic* family, consisting of men having the Arabic physiognomy, and speaking a class of languages, of which the Arabic is the type; and the *Indo-European* family, consisting of men having a less determinable cast of physiognomy, and speaking a class of languages, of which the Sanscrit is the type. The special geographical seat of the former, or Semitic branch of the Caucasian stock, is that part of Western Asia which lies between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea on the west, and the Tigris and Persian Gulf on the east; these lands, together with adjacent portions of Africa, are occupied by Semitic peoples now, and have been occupied by them from time immemorial. The area over which the Indo-European branch of the Caucasian stock has extended itself is much larger, and the diversities of its several partitions or offshoots are much more marked and important. Schlosser, whose scheme on this subject is the best that we have seen, enumerates four leading subdivisions of the Indo-European family:—1. The Armenian race, whose seat is in the vicinity of the Caspian, and whose part in history has hitherto been small; 2. The Seythian race, overspreading the vast regions of Eastern and North-Eastern Europe, and of Central Asia, to the confines of the Mongolian countries; 3. The Pelasgic race, diffused, in the remotest ages, through Asia Minor, the Ægean Islands, Greece, Italy, and other parts of Southern Europe; and the mother-race of the great Greek and Roman peoples; and 4. The Indo-Persic race proper, stretching in Asia from the Caspian to the Bay of Bengal; and the parent, in the west, of the two great modern races, the Celts of Gaul, Britain, Spain, &c., and the Germans of central Europe and the Scandinavian peninsulas. All these races, scattered as they are geographically, and differing, as they do from each other in many important respects, are yet bound together by certain similarities that distinguish them in the mass from the Semitic branch of nations.

Mastering such current ethnographical distinctions as these,

the student of history ought to take care at the same time thoroughly to digest and appropriate the positive notion that is wrapped up in them,—to wit, that our species is not a huge collection of perfectly similar human beings, but an aggregation of a number of separate groups or masses, the men of which, though all agreeing in the grand characteristics of humanity, all the creatures of a common Father, and all the heirs of a common hope, have yet such subordinate differences of organization that, necessarily, they must understand nature differently, and employ in life very different modes of procedure. Assemble together a Negro, a Mongol, a Shemite, an Armenian, a Scythian, a Pelasgian, a Celt, and a German, and you will have before you not mere illustrations of an arbitrary classification, but positively distinct human beings, men whose relations to the outer world are by no means the same. In all, indeed, there will be found the same fundamental instincts and powers, the same obligation to recognised truth, the same feeling for the beautiful, the same abstract sense of justice, the same necessity of reverence; in all, the same liability to do wrong, knowing it to be wrong. These things excepted, however, what contrast, what variety! The representative of one race is haughty and eager to strike, that of another is meek and patient of injury; one has the gift of slow and continued perseverance, another can labour only at intervals and violently; one is full of mirth and humour, another walks as if life were a pain; one is so faithful and clear in perception, that what he sees to-day he will report accurately a year hence; through the head of another there perpetually sings such a buzz of fiction that, even as he looks, realities grow dim, and rocks, trees, and hills reel before his poetic gaze. Whether, with phrenologists, we call these differences craniological; or whether, in the spirit of a deeper physiology, we adjourn the question by refusing to connect them with aught less than the whole corporeal organism—bone, chest, limb, skin, muscle, and nerve; they are, at all events, real and substantial; and Englishmen will never conceive the world as it is, will never be intellectually its masters, until, realizing this as a fact, they shall remember that it is perfectly respectable to be an Assyrian, and that an Italian is not necessarily a rogue because he wears a moustache.

It is but a change of expression to say that races, whose individual specimens differ so much, must stand in very different relations to the general history of the world. While the Shemite, for example, whose mental characteristics are extreme spontaneity and ease, attained his highest perfection almost at once, and has since acted but fitfully on the general condition of the world, the Indo-European, on the other hand, with faculties more stubborn and more dependent on discipline, has advanced by successive

steps, and has charged himself specifically with that part of the entire business of the species which consists in continuous intellectual evolution. Thus, in Europe, civilisation as it now exists has been the progressive work of three great Indo-European races. First of all there was the Pelasgic movement, including the whole of Greek and Roman activity; to this succeeded the less ostensible Celtic movement, dating from the first conflicts of the Celts with the Roman Empire, and including the whole of Celtic activity as exhibited in the original formation and the subsequent history of the Romano-Celtic kingdoms of France, Spain, &c., in Western Europe; and lastly came the Teutonic or German movement, pursuing close on its predecessor, and filling Central and Northern Europe with Germanic kingdoms. At this hour, the more important half of Europe, that half which includes the five great civilized populations of the West, the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, the British, and the Germans, is a medley of Pelasgic, Celtic, and Teutonic elements. According to all analogy, however, it is not by mere continued action and fermentation among themselves that these elements will work out the final and most perfect condition of Indo-European life. The capacities, indeed, of the five great western nations are by no means yet exhausted, and for centuries to come they may still lead the van of human progress; but what instinct and experience alike teach is that sooner or later they must receive from without a new barbaric impulse. As the Celtic was superinduced upon the waning Pelasgic, and as the Teutonic came like a deluge upon both, so, even now, it appears, there must be waiting a new element ready to rush in upon civilized Europe when the hour shall require it. And where shall we look for this element if not to the great Scythian regions of Eastern Europe, where already something of the kind seems to be gathering? An Indo-European race, it is for the Scythians more than for any other still barbaric part of the species, to undertake the next stage in an evolution, all the previous stages of which have been achieved by Indo-European hands; and, situated on the eastern confines of the civilized confederacy of occidental nations, it is for them more than for any other population on the world's map to move next in a progress, the direction of which hitherto has uniformly been from east to west. Such, at least, is the historical conjecture of the day, the great speculation that lies concealed amid all the vague talk that has been going on regarding Russia, Eastern Europe, and the Slavonian nations.

Much confusion has been produced by the constant use in books of words denoting the supposed state of flux and restlessness in which the early nations of Europe lived. The natural impression, after reading such books, is, that masses of people

were continually coming out of Asia into Europe and driving others before them. So far, of course, this is true, and a clear view of the original colonization of Europe by immigrations from Asia would be a very important acquisition. But care must be taken to confine these stories of wholesale colonization to their proper place in the ante-historic age. For all intents and purposes it is best to conceive that at the dawn of the historic period the leading European races were arranged on the map pretty much as they are now. Regarding the Slavonians, at least, this has been established; they are not, as has generally been supposed, a recent accession out of the depths of Asia, but are as much an aboriginal race of Eastern, as the Germans are of Central Europe. In short, had a Roman geographer of the days of the Empire advanced in a straight line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he would have traversed the exact succession of races that is to be met in the same route now. First, he would have found the Celts occupying as far as the Rhine; thence, eastward to the Vistula and the Carpathians, he would have found Germans; beyond them, and stretching away into Central Asia, he would have found the so-called Scythians—a race which, if he had possessed our information, he would have divided into the two great branches of the Slavonians or European Scythians, and the Tatars, Turks or Asiatic Scythians; and, finally, beyond these, he would have found Mongolian hordes overspreading Eastern Asia to the Pacific. These successive races or populations he would have found shading off into each other at their points of junction; he would have remarked also a general eastward pressure of the whole mass, tending towards mutual rupture and invasion, the Mongolians pressing against the Tatars, the Tatars against the Slavonians, the Slavonians against the Germans, and the Germans against the Celts.

The Slavonians, we have said, are an aboriginal European branch of the great Scythian race. Their specific name among the Greeks was *Ένετοί*, of which the Latin translation was *Venetæ*; their western neighbours, the Germans, called them *Wenden*; by the northern Scandinavians they were called the *Vanar*; the name by which they called themselves was *Serbi* or *Sirbi*. The name *Slavonians*, which has superseded all these, is of comparatively recent origin, and is derived either from the native word *slava*, meaning "glory," or from the native word *slovo*, meaning "speech." The original territories of these *Venetæ*, *Wenden*, *Serbi*, or *Slavonians*, were very extensive; Ptolemy (A.D. 140) speaks of them as an *ἔθνος μέγιστον*, and Procopius (A.D. 550) calls them a *natio populosa dwelling per immensa spatium*. The ancient Thracians, it is now concluded, were a Slavonic people, probably with Pelasgic intermixture;

the Dacians, the Mæsiens, and other populations living north of the Thracians, and ultimately included with them in the Roman Empire, were still more certainly of the Slavonic stock ; and the Veneti of the Adriatic, an aboriginal Italian nation finally conquered by Cæsar, were, as the name implies, an extreme western outpost of the same great race. The chief seat of the Slavonians, however, was to the north of the Black Sea and the Carpathian mountains, and between the Baltic and the Volga. It is even likely that then, as now, their northern offshoots reached to the Icy Seas. Spreading over so vast an extent of territory, they must then, as now, have been by far the most numerous of the European races. At present the Germans of Europe are estimated at thirty-five millions, and the Slavonians at eighty millions ; and it is considered probable that their original proportions were nearly the same.

The general description given by Herodotus of the manners of the ancient Scythians appears to apply partly to the Tatars or Scythians of Asia, but chiefly to the Slavonians ; for in his enumeration of the Scythian nations he distinctly mentions many that must necessarily have been Slavonic. According to this description, the Slavonians were a race partly agricultural in their habits, but chiefly pastoral and nomadic, great horse-breeders and cattle-rearers, moving about along the banks of the rivers that flow into the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Baltic. Coming down to later times, we find them advanced a stage. According to a manuscript quoted by Gibbon, there were, towards the close of the Roman period, no fewer than 4600 villages scattered over the future area of Russia and Poland, a fact indicating the pretty general exchange that had by that time taken place among the Slavonians, of the nomadic for the settled and industrial mode of life. Individually the Slavonians were tall and strongly made ; their complexions, though swarthier than those of the Germans, were fairer than those of the Tatars or Mongols ; their eyes were small and deeply sunk ; their hair was dark or reddish, but not black. In their habits they were more dirty and slovenly than the Germans. In war they were brave, energetic, particularly successful in ambuscades, and, though ferocious in the moment of attack, much less cruel to their prisoners than any other people ; in peace they were of hospitable and mild disposition, generally honest in their dealings, and faithful in their domestic relations. As among the Hindoos, it was the custom of their widows to burn themselves on the same pile with their deceased husbands ; and altogether their women held an inferior position to that assigned to women among the Germans. They were fond of music ; and their national instrument was the *gusla*, a kind of cithara or guitar with only one

string, played with a bow, and accompanying the voice, still the popular instrument in all Slavonic countries. Their government was by popular assemblies held in the open air, in which all full-grown men had a right to take part; slavery was unknown among them, and even foreign captives were after a certain time admitted to civil rights. Among no people, it would appear, was despotic individual power more repugnant to the national spirit—a curious fact, when we consider the present condition of the Slavonic world. Their executive chiefs and dignitaries—such as the *Pan* or “lord,” the *Jupan* or “governor of a province,” the *Voyevoda* or “leader in war,” the *Boyar* or “fighter,” the *Kniesz*, which is translated “count” or “prince,” and the *Kral* or “king”—appear all to have been originally elective. In religion they were Polytheists, with glimmerings of belief in one supreme Spirit. Their Pantheon, however, was not the same as that of the Germanic races. *Biel Bog*, or the “white god,” and *Cherni Bog*, the “black god,” represented as a lion, were their good and evil principles. Besides these, they worshipped *Perun*, the thunder-god; *Rugevit*, the war-god, represented with seven faces; *Porenut*, the god of seasons; *Radesgast*, apparently the god of hospitality, represented as a naked man with the head of a lion, crowned by a bird; *Proven*, the god of justice; *Volos*, the god of flocks; *Koleda*, the god of festivals; and *Kupala*, the god of fruits, whose feast-day was on the 23d of June, a circumstance still commemorated among the Russians by the half-pagan name of St. John Kupala given to the saint whose fête falls on that day. One of the greatest deities of the Slavonians, however, was *Sevantovid*, or “Holy Sight,” whose chief shrine was in the island of Rügen. He was represented with two bodies and four heads; in one hand he held a bow, and in the other a horn, which was filled once every year with mead. To this god was consecrated a white horse, which none but the priest was allowed to feed or mount; and a saddle, bridle, and sword lay continually near the idol, that, when he chose, he might ride forth against the enemies of the Slavonians. At the annual festival held in his honour, the priest held up before the multitude the horn that the god had held in his hand, prognosticating the state of the future harvest from the quantity of last year’s mead that remained in it; then, pouring this out, he replenished the horn, replaced it in the hand of the god, and invited the people to eat and make merry. Wo to the Slavonian that did not get drunk on that day!

Extending over an area so vast, and presenting such varieties of climate, soil, neighbourhood, &c., it was inevitable that the great Slavonic mass should gradually fall asunder into fragments, distinguished from each other by peculiarities of feature, dialect, and customs. Three such spontaneous fragments appear very

early to have exhibited themselves—the northern Slavonians, the ancestors of the present Russians, inhabiting the countries immediately east of the Baltic, and having for their chief towns Novgorod on the Volkof, and Kiew on the Dnieper; the Central Slavonians, or Lekhs, the ancestors of the Poles, inhabiting all that tract of Eastern Europe that constituted Poland at its greatest extent, and having for their chief towns Arkona in Rügen, and Vineta at the mouth of the Oder; and the southern Slavonians or Tchekhes, the ancestors of the present Bohemians, Moravians, Slavonians of Hungary, &c., inhabiting the countries to the south of Prussia and Poland, and having for their chief town Prague. The memory of this primitive tendency of the great Slavonian family to separate itself spontaneously into three parts, in obedience to mere geographical causes, is still preserved in a Slavonian mythus, which tells how in remote ages the three brothers Russ, Lekh, and Tchekh, left the Illyrian mountains to found the three great States of Russia, Lekhia or Poland, and Tchekhia or Bohemia.

Had no foreign causes interfered, had the three Slavonian nationalities that were thus gradually forming themselves been allowed to arrive at maturity, uninfluenced by anything from without, we should then have witnessed in their history and their condition at the present hour, the spectacle of a free development of the Slavonian genius, in all its force and all its peculiarity. We should have seen, for example, in what form or forms of government, applicable to civilized states of large extent, the peculiar democratic spirit of the original Slavonians would in course of time have resulted. Fortunately, however, Providence does not work in this easy simple way, as if to illustrate Montesquieu. The Slavonian peoples were not left shut in by themselves to evolve a pure and peculiar civilisation by their own unaided energy; they were assailed, broken in upon, and disrupted by foreign elements and agencies, linking them with the rest of the world; and thus, though the Slavonian genius has developed itself, though in Eastern Europe at the present moment we have a state of things essentially and specially Slavonian, yet the result, as it now stands, is altogether more complex and extraordinary than could have been anticipated.

The division of the empire of the Cæsars into the two empires of the East and the West (A.D. 395) was an event of great importance to the Slavonian nations, seeing that, by their geographical position, they were thus placed exactly between two great sovereignties, and subjected to all the consequences that might arise from their disjunction. Nor were such consequences slow to manifest themselves. Hardly had the separation taken place when the German race of the Goths, who had already far

more than a century been advancing from their Scandinavian homes into the territories of the Central and Southern Slavonians, the lands of the Lekhs and Tchekhes, burst the restraints that had been imposed upon them by the prudence of former emperors, and marched under Alaric against the empire of the West—thus giving the signal for a general irruption to the other Germanic races. Towards the close of the fourth and during the early part of the fifth century, the Central and Southern Slavonians were but allies, subjects, and entertainers of the Goths, quartering and recruiting their armies as they passed on towards the West. Suddenly, however, a new race of invaders swept over the Slavonian plains. The Huns, that truly Mongolian or Calmuck people, whose long wanderings from the time (A.D. 90) at which they are known to have quitted their original settlements on the confines of China, till the time at which they emerged like a devastation on Eastern Europe, the historian can but vaguely conceive,—this race of swarthy, short, thick-set, hideous-looking men, already for some time settled in Eastern Russia, along the Volga, had at last advanced to the Danube, and were now preparing to follow as conquerors in the track of the tall and fair-skinned Goths. Nor even among them was a great leader wanting. It was in the year 433 that the Calmuck Napoleon, Attila, described as a diminutive, squat, broad-shouldered figure, with a large head, first announced himself to East and West as “the scourge of God.” Leading his Hunnish hordes in all directions over the Slavonian countries, he speedily made them his own, subduing both Germans and Slaves from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from the Rhine to the Volga. The Hunnish empire which he had established, however, fell to pieces at his death (453); and in the sixth and seventh century the only traces that remained of the terrible visitation of Europe by the Huns were to be found in the prevalence of people of Hunnish or Bulgarian descent in particular spots of the Slavonian region, and especially among the Tchekhes, part of whose territories became almost a Hunnish kingdom, under the name of Hungary. The troubles of the Slavonians, however, were by no means ended by the annihilation of Hunnish rule. Already considerably affected by Gothic and Hunnish influences, the Central and Southern Slavonians now found themselves exposed to the encroachments on the west of the various Germanic races, (Franks, Burgundians, Lombards, &c.,) who, having acted their part in the dissolution of the Western Empire, had by this time consolidated themselves in Western and Central Europe, and were ready to extend their dominion eastward along the Danube. Scarcely able to resist these western warriors, the Slavonians sought out a weaker foe, their victories over whom might

compensate for their losses by the stronger. The Empire of the East, daily becoming more feeble, was a tempting prey. Pouring southwards (A.D. 527) through the provinces of *Mæsia* and *Thrace*, into the Greek countries, the Slavonians threatened to enact the same part towards this Empire that the Germans had enacted towards the Empire of the West. Defeating the Imperial legions that were sent against them, they appeared before the walls of Constantinople; and it was only by the address of *Belisarius* that they were persuaded to quit that neighbourhood, and return to the banks of the *Danube*. For some time after this, the Greek Emperors were delivered from all fear of another Slavonian invasion by the appearance in the Slavonian territories themselves of a new enemy—the *Avares* or *Avari*, a Turkish or Tatar race, who, following the beaten route from Asia into Europe, seemed resolved to repeat on a smaller scale the grand enterprise of the *Huns*. No sooner, however, had the *Avari* become masters of Central and Southern Slavonia, than they, in turn, assailed the Byzantine Empire. Mingled armies of *Avars* and Slavonians ravaged its provinces, and menaced Constantinople. Jointly, they would doubtless have proved successful; it was therefore a matter of no small joy to the Greek Court, that at the very time when the danger was greatest (624,) efforts began to be made by the Slavonians to throw off the yoke of the *Avars*. The Slavonians of *Bohemia* were the first to rise; but, encouraged by their example, and stimulated by the Byzantine statesmen, the rest of the southern Slavonians made a bold attempt, and, recovering their own independence, at the same time served the interests of the Empire. To reward the Slavonians for this service, settlements were given them in various parts of the Greek dominions. One Slavonian tribe,—the *Chrobati*, descending from the *Carpathians*, and settling in parts of *Illyria* from which they had expelled the *Avars*, founded the state or nation of *Croatia*; other Slavonian tribes dispersing themselves over the whole tract of country south of Hungary that lies between the *Adriatic* and the *Black Sea*, formed the present Slavonian settlements of *Servia*, *Bulgaria*, *Slavonia proper*, and *Dalmatia*; while not a few bands of Slavonians were transferred as colonists even into Southern Greece and *Asia Minor*, where, absorbed into the native population, they contributed that Slavonian ingredient which philologists discover in the language of the modern as compared with that of the ancient Greeks.

The series of events which we have thus sketched, affected, it will be observed, chiefly the Central and Southern Slavonians, or, as we have already called them, the *Lekhs* and the *Tchekhes*. As regards the former, the general result of so much conquest and invasion was, that they suffered a social change; were trans-

mutated from a mere aggregation of perfectly free tribes into the two large nations of the Lithuanians and the Poles proper, each consisting of a vast population of serfs ruled over by a hereditary sovereign and a numerous caste of military nobles or free men. On the Tchekhes or Southern Slavonians, the general effect had been, as we have seen, still more remarkable. Territorially disrupted as well as socially changed by the successive conquests of the Germans, the Huns, and the Avars, they had gradually separated into two great masses—the western or Independent Tchekhes, divided into the subordinate denominations of Bohemians, Moravian, and Slovacks or Tchekhes of Hungary; and the Southern Tchekhes or Græco-Slavonians, subject to the Eastern Emperors, and divided into the subordinate denominations of Croats, Servians, Bulgarians, Slavonians proper, Dalmatians, &c. It is only to the former of these two masses that the name Tchekhes is now applied; and properly enough, when we consider that in the formation of the Græco-Slavonian colonies, the Lekkish Slavonians must have in some degree assisted. Finally, as regards the third of the great primitive fragments of the Slavonian race—the northern Slavonians or Russians, this nation, it will have been remarked, was exempted by its geographical position from much of the agitation that had so violently shaken its kindred populations, the Lekhs and the Tchekhes. Living peaceably, and plying trading occupations, of which they were fond, the tribes of Novgorod, Kiev, and their adjacencies, still retained unchanged their native Slavonian habits and characteristics. Even they, however, were doomed at last to foreign invasion. Huns and Avars had spared them, despising the conquest of their sunless and wintry lands; but the Northern Scandinavians, less difficult to please, now began to pay them marauding visits. At length, in the year 850, one Danish or Swedish chief, named Rurik, crossed the Baltic with a fleet, and making himself master of all the Slavonian countries of the Baltic, established himself at Novgorod, and founded the dynasty of the Grand Dukes of Muscovy, or Great Russia.

The Muscovites or Great Russians, extending from the Baltic inland as far as the Dwina and the Volga, and ruled over by a Scandinavian dynasty; the Lekhs or Poles, forming the two independent nations of Lithuania and Poland proper, governed by native dynasties, and extending from the Oder to the Dnieper, and from the Baltic to the Carpathian mountains; the Tchekhes or Slavonians of the three independent states or kingdoms of Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary; and the medley of Græco-Slavonian nations, Croats, Servians, Bulgarians, Slavonians proper, Dalmatians, &c., attached to the Greek Empire—such, in the ninth century, were the four leading divisions of the Slavonic

family. A great change was produced in the condition of these four Slavonian masses individually, and in their mutual relations, by the introduction among them of Christianity. There were two quarters, it is evident, from which Christianity might reach the Slavonic nations—the Latin world on the west, spiritually subject to the Roman pontiffs; or the Greek world on the east, spiritually subject to the patriarchs of Constantinople. From both these quarters, Christianity did make its way. The Lekhs of Poland, and the Tchekhes of Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary, received their religious forms chiefly from the West, (A.D. 700-1000,) and consequently became, for the most part, adherents of the Latin or Roman Catholic Church; the Græco-Slavonians, and the Muscovites or Great Russians, on the other hand, were converted chiefly by Greek missionaries, (A.D. 640-1100,) and consequently adopted, in preference, the rites and doctrines of the Greek Church. This fact is of great importance in its bearing on Slavonian history. The Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Tchekhes, for example, converted into adherents of the Romish faith, became by that very fact members of the great confederacy of the Western nations; while the Russians, the Bulgarians, &c., fell back, as it were, into the arms of the East. This distinction was perpetuated by certain corresponding differences in the written characters used by the two groups of peoples. At first, the Cyrillic alphabet, so called because it was devised from the Greek by a Greek monk, Cyril (873), was used, with the vernacular form of service, even in Bohemia and Moravia, where, indeed, Cyril preceded the Latin missionaries: ultimately, however, by the strenuous exertions of the Romish Church, the Latin character and the Latin form of service triumphed among all the Slavonian Romanists, with the exception of some Romanist communities among the Græco-Slavonians of the Adriatic, for whom an expressly new character was invented, called the Glagolitic, and who were allowed, besides, to retain their vernacular service. The use of the Cyrillic character, therefore, became a characteristic of the Slavonians of the Greek Church.

The two great influences between which, as between two opposite pressures, we have seen the Slavonian populations struggling and gradually moulding themselves from the fourth to the tenth century—to wit, the encroachments of the German powers on the west, and the indefatigable irruptions of the Asiatic race from the east, did not yet cease to operate. Let us briefly indicate the results of their continued action from the tenth century forward.

The Roman Empire of the west, disintegrated and overrun by the various Teutonic races, had at length (800) been re-united under the sceptre of the Frankish Charlemagne. But the pur-

pose of this Germanic reconstruction of the western world having been fully served, a new subdivision was required ; and, in the year 843, the grandsons of Charlemagne effected such a subdivision by sharing among themselves the vast dominions of their ancestor. Gaul and the dominion of the western Franks were assigned to Charles the Bald ; Lothaire, the eldest of the brothers, retained Italy and other central territories, together with the Imperial dignity ; while Louis became master of Germany, *i.e.*, feudal chief of the confederate German States proper, beyond the Rhine.

The German Empire of Louis, in addition to some wine-growing districts on the left bank of the Rhine, comprehended on the right bank the German States or Duchies of Bavaria, Saxony, Franconia, and Swabia, together with some Slavonian dependencies, consisting chiefly of lands that had been conquered by Charlemagne from the Lekhs of Lithuania, and the Tchekhes of Bohemia. Powerful from the first, and rendered still more powerful by being converted (887) from a hereditary possession of the Carolingian kings into a confederacy of free States under an elective head, the German Empire was able generally to extend its Slavonian appendages. Under Henry the Fowler, for example, who was Emperor from 919 to 936, the districts of Brandenburg and Lusatia were conquered from the Lekhs and the Tchekhes ; and by his successors of the Saxon dynasty (936-1024) not only were new conquests added to these, extending the German frontier as far as the Oder, but the Slavonian dukes of Bohemia and Poland were reduced to the condition of tributaries. The more thoroughly to Germanize the Slavonian parts of the empire, German colonies were planted and German bishoprics established in them ; and, indeed, it was chiefly by the rough-handed efforts of their German conquerors that the North-western Slavonians were first reclaimed from Paganism. To provide for the efficient government of this quarter of the German Empire, several margravates or marquises (literally earldoms of the marches) were erected ; of which the two most important were the margravate of the North, otherwise called the margravate of Brandenburg, established on the frontier towards the Lekhs of Poland, and the margravate of the East, otherwise called the margravate of Austria, (*Oester-reich*, literally Eastern march,) established on the frontier towards the Tchekhes of Bohemia and Hungary. This latter margravate, though but a creation and outpost of the Germanic Empire, soon swelled itself to the dimensions of a great power, by assuming the chief burden of the activity of the empire against the Slavonians. Elevated into a Duchy by the Emperor Frederic I. (1152,) and still farther aggrandized when Rudolph of Haps-

burg, having been elected to the empire in 1273, assigned it as fief to his eldest son Albert, it gradually acquired, by marriage, inheritance, or conquest, (1273-1560,) dominion over Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, &c., thus absorbing into itself the whole of the Tchekkh portion of the Slavonian family. It was in consequence of this very extension of its rule by the annexation of Slavonian territories that Austria attained that predominance in the Germanic Empire which enabled it to retain the imperial dignity, so long as that dignity existed, in the possession of the House of Hapsburg. Meanwhile, what the margravate of Austria had been to the Tchekhes or Southern Slavonians, the margravate of Brandenburg had proved to their north-western brethren the Lekhs. Converted into an Electorate of the empire by the Golden Bull of Charles IV. in 1356, and acquired by purchase in 1417 by the House of Hohen-Zollern, this margravate was gradually enlarged by the abilities of its holders till it assumed the dimensions of the original Prussian kingdom. That kingdom, the creation of the successive Fredericks and Frederick-Williams of the House of Hohen-Zollern, is, in reality, but a well Germanized section of the territories of the Lekhs or central Slavonians. The name Prussia itself was originally but the designation of a Polish fief, added to the Electorate in 1618; and it was not till 1701 that the electors of Brandenburg, wishing a title more descriptive of their position as sovereigns of a joint population of Germans and Slavonians, assumed that of kings of Prussia.

While Germany was thus seizing the Slavonian races from the West by its two greedy arms Prussia and Austria, a more violent and stormy influence was agitating them from the East. Since the days of the Huns and the Avars, there had been a general tendency of the Asiatic races to dash themselves against the populations of Eastern Europe. One such Asiatic race, calling themselves the *Magyars*, and belonging not to the Calmuck or Mongolian family, as some have supposed, but to the Turkish or Tatar subdivision of the great Caucasian family, detached themselves about the year 880 from their Asiatic connexions, whatever those were, and advancing into Europe, under a chief named Arpad, took possession of a large tract of land in the very heart of the Tchekhes, and subjecting the native inhabitants to serfdom, founded the present Tatar-Slavonic kingdom of Hungary. The name Hungary itself, though imagined by some to have been an ancient name given to that section of the Tchekkh dominions, to denote its previous extensive colonization by the Huns or Calmucks, is by others regarded as a native Magyar appellation, given to what had till then been known only as a part of Great Moravia. In any case, the Magyars

were able almost instantly to naturalize themselves in the fine country which they had selected for their habitation. Under Geysa, the grandson of Arpad, they embraced Christianity, and thus entered within the pale of Catholic Europe. Stephen, the son of Geysa, assuming the title of King of Hungary, became known as a warlike potentate; and his successors following in his footsteps, added the Græco-Slavonian territories of Croatia (1100), Slavonia proper, Dalmatia and Servia, as well as part of Poland, to the dominion of the Magyars. The royal line of the Magyar chief Arpad, however, becoming extinct in 1301, the throne thus becoming elective, or, at least, passing from hand to hand, and other circumstances occurring to weaken the power of the Magyars, these Slavonian provinces were again separated from the Hungarian kingdom, which ultimately, as we have seen, became itself merged with Bohemia in the Arch-Duchy of Austria (1558).

The Magyar invasion of Eastern Europe, although its effects have been intense and permanent, was a movement of far less tremendous aspect than the invasion of the so-called *Moguls*, which took place about three centuries and a half later. These Moguls were, as the name implies, a branch of the great Mongolian family, and consequently kinsmen of the Huns. Roaming in the extreme east of Asia to the north and north-east of the Chinese wall, they were suddenly united into one great horde, or nation of irresistible power, under a native chief, named Temudgin, a man of true Mongol genius, with powers not inferior to those of his Hunnish prototype Attila. The conquest of the world, or at least of what he called the world, was the dream of this chieftain, and he all but realized it. Subduing first the other Mongolian hordes of Eastern Asia, such as the Calmucks, he next advanced among the Turkish or Tatar races of the west. The conquest of these brought him to the borders of Europe. Russia was the country most exposed to his attacks. Since the establishment among the northern Slavonians of the Scandinavian dynasty of Rurik (850), this country had been gradually forming itself. Divided into several principalities, under different branches of the family of Rurik, one of which usually held the supreme dignity, it had come, at length, to include, when considered as a whole, not only the original Muscovite or Great Russian populations of Novgorod, Kiew, &c., but also various other populations surrounding those or adjacent to them, to wit, the Fins, or Tchoudes of the north, an extreme western offshoot of the Mongolian family, whose tendency it seems to have been from the first to push itself completely round the Arctic circle; the Tatars of the Uralian mountains, and their neighbourhood; and towards the south, portions of the two Lekhish populations of

the white Russians, and the Ruthenians, Cossacks, or Little Russians, detached from the Lithuanian and Polish nations by encroachment and war, and differing very much in character from the timid and pacific Muscovites. Such was Russia, or rather such was Russia tending to become, when the hordes of the Mogul chief Temudgin, or, as he now called himself, *Tchinghis Khan*, (i.e., most great ruler,) appeared on its frontier. Under the generals of Tchinghis they overran and thoroughly subdued the whole country, reducing its Scandinavian princes to the condition of vassals and tributaries. Nor was Russia the only country in Europe that suffered from this Mogul invasion. Poland, Moravia, Hungary, and the coasts of the Adriatic, were ravaged by the conquerors; and, in effect, Eastern Europe was converted into a mere western segment of one prodigious Mogul empire, that extended through Asia to the Pacific, comprehending on the one side the Russians, and, on the other, the Chinese. Even after this unparalleled empire had been dissolved by the death, in 1294, of Kublai Khan, the grandson of Tchinghis, Russia continued to be but an appendage of one of its divisions, that of the so-called Kiptchak Tartars, or Tartars of the Golden Horde. For more than two centuries the Khans of this horde, whose favourite pastures were on the banks of the Volga, exacted tribute and homage from the Russian princes. When the representative of the Khan visited Moscow, the Russian *Veliki-Knierz*, or Grand-Prince, was obliged, it is said, to lead his horse by the bridle, and feed him with oats out of his royal cap. One grand-prince was even put to death by the Khan; and frequently the Russian lands were mercilessly plundered by their roving sovereigns. At length, however, the Grand-Prince, Ivan III., who reigned from 1462 to 1505, was able to throw off the yoke of the Kiptchak, and to reunite the various parts of Russia under one rule, incorporating in the general population such colonies of Mongols and Tartars as had, during the two preceding centuries, settled on this side of the Ural mountains, a measure of naturalization of so extensive a character as almost to convert into a literal fact the well known *mot* of Napoleon—"Scrape a Russian and you will find a Tatar." It was under Ivan III. that Russia first began to be regarded as one of the powers of Europe, and to enter on its career as a nation. His grandson, Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible, added Siberia to his dominions, and exchanged the title of *Veliki-Knierz*, or Grand-Prince, which had hitherto been borne by the reigning sovereigns of Russia, for that of *Tsar*, or Emperor, now in use. Fedor, the son of Ivan, was an idiot; and by his death, in 1598, the male line of the descendants of Rurik became extinct. For fifteen years after this event Russia was but a theatre of confusion, a prey to intriguing

boyars and to invading Polish and Swedish armies; but, at length, in 1613, roused by a sense of danger, the Russians unanimously selected as their Tsar a nobleman, named Michael Romanof, a distant kinsman, by the female side, of the ancient Scandinavian house.

A third Asiatic invasion, different from either that of the Magyars or that of the Moguls, was that of the Turks proper, called also the Ottoman Turks, or the *Turks-Osmanlis*, the founders of the present Turkish rule. The Greek, or Byzantine empire, it is well known, had gradually dwindled from the time of its separation from the empire of the West, till, in the seventh and eighth centuries, it was all but swallowed up in the great Arabic or Saracen empire, extending from Spain to India, that was established by the Caliphs, the successors of Mohammed. The empire of the Caliphs itself, however, had been at length (1038-1200) superseded, so far at least as regarded Western Asia, by that of the Seljuk Sultans, a race of Turkish or Tatar chiefs, who, though professing the Mohammedan faith, to which they had been converted in their native steppes, had not scrupled to dethrone and reduce to vassalage the genuine successors of the Prophet. Their empire, in its turn, gave way to that of the Ottoman Turks, or *Turks-Osmanlis*, a branch of the general Seljuk race, which, originally established in Bithynia, spread thence, under the command of its first Emir, Ottoman or Osman, (1327,) over the whole of Asia Minor. Orchan, the son of Osman, assumed the title of Sultan; and his son Soliman crossed the Hellespont, and opening a passage through Thrace, (1358,) first brought the Turks into conflict with the nations of Eastern Europe, and commenced that long series of attacks upon the remaining fragment of the Greek empire, which terminated, in 1451, in the siege and capture of Constantinople. It was not with indifference that the Slavonian nations viewed the progress of this new and terrible enemy. The Servians, the Croats, the Bulgarians, &c., who had already, for a long time, been independent of the decrepit Byzantine Government, and under the rule of native Pans and Jupans, were all necessarily engaged in the struggle; and the Magyars of Hungary, then, as we have seen, at the height of their power, led their subject Tchekhes and the confederate forces of Eastern Europe, against the invaders. Still the Turks were victorious, Hungary was overrun by them; and for more than two centuries their name continued to be a terror to Europe. At length success declared itself on the side of the Christians; defeated before the walls of Vienna, (1683,) chiefly by the heroism of John Sobieski, king of Poland, the Turks were unable afterwards to make any decided impression, and, accordingly, on the 26th of January, 1699, they were

glad to conclude a treaty with the Germans, settling the boundary between the two empires. By this treaty, known as the peace of Carlowitz, Austria received back Hungary, with Croatia, Slavonia proper, and part of Dalmatia; while the Turks retained Servia, Bulgaria, and the part of the Dalmatian territory called Bosnia.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, therefore, the Slavonians of Eastern Europe were still divided into four great bodies, not quite identical, however, with the four divisions of them that we found subsisting in the ninth century. The Muscovite, or Russian fragment of them, which was then but assuming shape under the sway of Scandinavian chiefs, had since been swelled by the annexation of the Cossack, Ruthenian, or Little Russian, and of other segments of the Lekhish population, into the Slavonian nucleus of an immense and complex empire, stretching from the Dnieper to the Icy Sea, and from the Baltic far into Asia, and governed in the most absolute manner by the will of the Tsar. Out of the principal mass of the Lekhs, or Central Slavonians, again, originally subdivided into the Poles and Lithuanians, there had been formed one united Polish nation, consisting of a caste of free nobles and a population of serfs, and occupying the lands to the south of Russia from the Oder to the Dnieper. Thirdly, out of the north-western fringe of the Lekhs, added to the whole body of the ancient Tchekhes, and to the northern portion of the Græco-Slavonians, there had been formed an immense Slavonic population attached to the confederate German empire—part adhering to Prussia, and governed by the Prussian kings, and the remainder (including the Bohemians, the Moravians, the Slovacks of Hungary, the Croats, the Slavonians proper, and the northern Dalmatians) adhering to Austria, and governed by the Austrian sovereigns, in professed accordance with special constitutions. Finally, the former Græco-Slavonian states of Servia, Bulgaria, and Bosnia, had, after many vicissitudes, been detached altogether from the Christian world, and annexed to the motley empire of the Turks, to be governed or misgoverned by Turkish pashas, dependent on the Sultan and the Ottoman Porte.

Though thus broken up, and, as it were, shared out among other races as an inheritance, the Slavonians had not altogether disappointed those expectations that a hopeful stranger—looking at them in their original condition, when they were but a vast aggregation of barbaric tribes, adoring Sviantovid, drinking mead, and dancing to the sound of the gusla—might have been led to form of them. It had been from no want of real *stamina* in themselves, but rather from an accumulation of irresistible circumstances from without, that, instead of founding a united

Slavonic empire in Eastern, and furnishing Slavonic dynasties to Western Europe, they had fallen asunder into fragments, some of which, like the German and Turkish Slavonians, were but appendages to foreign sovereignties, and others, like Russia and Poland, but the Slavonian patrimonies of foreign aristocratic houses. This singular tenor of their past history did not by any means demonstrate their incapacity to act a wholesale part in the general career of the human species, or the inferiority of the Slavonic to other races. On the contrary, as might more philosophically be argued, all this sifting and tearing apart of the Slavonian mass, and intermingling with it of foreign ingredients, German, Turkish, Mogul, and Magyar, had been but a necessary process of preparation, in order that, finally, the Slavonian genius might manifest itself with greater power and acceptance, just as some substances have their special and characteristic attributes not altered or extinguished by the limited interfusion of others, but only developed and made available. Various circumstances seem to indicate this, and to prove that, at the present moment, there lies underneath the uniform surface of Slavonian Europe a pent-up flood of future influences.

In the first place, the various Slavonic nations have all along taken a part in the general commerce and material ongoings of the world, such as only nations of good brain and faculty could have been equal to. They figure sufficiently well in M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary, and in the lists and figure-tables of Manchester manufacturers. Russia, for example, with its marvellous capital, St. Petersburg, containing nearly 500,000 inhabitants, exports wheat, flour, cattle, furs, flax, oil, tallow, and hides, in large quantities; imports foreign commodities in return; and is altogether an important member of the European confederacy of nations. The Muscovite, or Great Russian part of its population, are the fondest of trading, and of industrial occupations generally; the Cossacks, or Little Russians, are bolder, less thrifty, and make better soldiers. Nor are the Slavonian populations under German rule inferior, after their respective fashions, to the Russians. The Slavonians of Prussia contribute their full share to the general prosperity of that remarkable country. The kingdom of Bohemia, with its capital, Prague, a town of about 110,000 inhabitants, is well known to be one of the most important of the manufacturing departments of the Austrian empire. Its glass has been celebrated since the thirteenth century; its northern districts are one continued manufactory of linens; and its calicoes, woollens, china-ware, cutlery, &c., employ thousands of hands. From the rich adjoining country of Moravia, the capital of which is Brünn, a town of about 35,000 inhabitants, there is a large export trade to various parts of Germany.

Hungary, whose commercial capital is Pesth, with upwards of 62,000, and its political capital, Presburg, with about 38,000 inhabitants, is said to excel almost any country in Europe in the abundance, variety, and value of its natural productions. It has coal-mines, and mines of all the metals except tin; it grows more wheat, maize, and oats, than it can use; it has whole forests of fruit-trees; tobacco is cultivated in nearly every part of it; it contains millions of sheep and cattle of good breeds; and its wines, the best of which is the sweet strong aromatic Tokay, yield to none in the world. So richly favoured by nature, the Hungarians do not practise many branches of manufacture, but import the manufactured goods they require in exchange for their superfluous home-produce. Nor is the prosperity of Hungary, such as it is, the sole work of its ruling inhabitants, the Magyars. The Slovacks of its northern districts, a branch of the Tchekhes of Moravia, are industrious cultivators of their Carpathian valleys; besides which, (whatever the fact may indicate,) a detachment of them, after the manner of the Italian organ-boys, are perpetually perambulating Germany, with countenances and eyes the most magnificent in the world, selling mouse-traps. The kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia proper, too, politically incorporated with that of Hungary, and enjoying similar advantages of soil and climate, are by no means nests of savages. Agram, the capital of Croatia, a town of some 17,000 inhabitants, is a great market for the sale of Hungarian wheat, tobacco, and pigs; and the Croats, though rough fighting fellows, dwelling in barns without windows, make their own carts and ploughs, and drink their own wine and plum-juice. The Slavonians proper resemble the Croats; their chief town, Essek, is a handsome place, containing about 12,000 inhabitants, and, besides trading in grain, cattle, and hides, does a little silk-spinning. The capital of Illyria, which is the modern name of the patch of the Slavonian territory lying between the Venetians and the Croats, is the growing Austrian seaport of Trieste, the population of which is about 60,000; and even from the rude Dalmatians of the Adriatic, civilized Europe gets its favourite maraschino. Turning to the Slavonians that are under Turkish rule, we find among them the same evidences that industry and skill are not deficient in the Slavonic race. The Servians are a nation of traders. While they were under the absolute government of the Turks, their chief town, Belgrade, carried on extensive manufactures of woollens, carpets, and iron-ware; and though these manufactures were considerably injured by the brave war of independence which the Servians waged against their Ottoman masters in the present century, they are now reviving. The Bosniaks and the Bulgarians, the former consti-

tuting a distinct eyalet or province of the Turkish empire, and the latter included in the great eyalet of Rum-ili, are likewise nations of traders. The chief towns in Bosnia are Banyaluka, containing about 16,000, and Herzegovina, or Herzek, containing about 10,000 inhabitants.

If, again, we choose to regard as tests of the native faculty of a people the fact of their having or not having produced a literature, and the kind and quality of their literature, if they have produced one, neither, in these respects, will the Slavonian nations be found wanting. To the western world, indeed, Slavonian literature is as if it were not. A few eccentric scholars, it is true, have from time to time entered the jungle; and have brought back little translated specimens of what they have found there, chiefly in the form of songs and ballads; but the majority even of persons in quest of accomplishments are deterred by the mere look of Slavonian printed words casually seen, and are accustomed to declare that languages tolerating such words must consist of undisguised hiccoughs and sneezes. Nevertheless, it begins now to be known that, to the east of the great German literature, from which Western Europe has derived so much that is rich and ennobling, there lies another literature, as old, hardly less extensive, and quite as peculiar, the creation and property of eighty millions of Slaves. This literature divides itself into two great branches—the first comprehending the literature of the Slavonic nations attached to the Greek Church, and using the Cyrillic character, or modifications of it; the second comprehending the literature of the Slavonic nations now or originally attached to the Latin Church, and using the Latin character. The present is not the place to attempt any detailed sketch of the history of Slavonic literature in either of these branches. Of the first, suffice it to say that it includes a *Russian literature*, commencing from the eleventh century, and containing the works of a vast number of authors of all kinds; and a *Servian literature*, somewhat less extensive, but still considerable, and dating from the fourteenth century; besides special literary accumulations by the *Croats*, the *Slavonians proper*, and the *Dalmatians*, who, moreover, regard themselves as part-proprietors of the literature of the Servians. The second branch is even more important. It comprehends (1.) *Polish literature proper*, which dates from the twelfth century, and the golden age of which used to be placed in the interval between 1508 to 1632, prior to the new and splendid outburst which has taken place in our own times in such men as Niemcewicz, Lelewel, Mickiewicz, and Krasinski; (2.) *Lithuanian literature*, or the special literature of the Lithuanians as distinct from the Poles; and (3.) *Tchekkh literature*, including the multitudinous literary productions of the Bohemi-

ans and Moravians, and of the Slovacks of Hungary, from the twelfth century downwards.

Regarding the worth of all this mass of literary matter, the deposit, during six centuries or more, of the mind of the Slavonian nations, it is of course impossible for any but a universal scholar to deliver a sound opinion. In Eichhoff, Wilkinson, and other writers, we see differences hinted at, that distinguish, it is said, the various dialects of the general Slavonic tongue from each other. The Russian literary language, it seems, is more harmonious and soft than most Slavonic dialects, a peculiarity ascribed to its richness in vowels; the Lithuanian is the harshest and least pure of all; and so on. In the spirit, too, of the different Slavonic literatures differences are discernible. In the literature of the modern Poles, the Servians, the Croats, and such other Slavonic peoples as have passed through periods of struggle and suffering, there is a fire, a verve, and a gloomy earnestness not found, it is said, in any other literature whatever; in light, mimetic writing, after the manner of many French and English authors, the Russians are believed to have succeeded best, though even among them a tendency to something higher is manifested in their admiration for Pushkin, the Russian Byron; and, lastly, for erudite reflectiveness, and a slow heavy adherence to the historic walk, not always pleasing to their more ardent brethren, the Tchekhes of Bohemia are among all Slavonians allowed the palm. Altogether, if we are to trust those who appear to speak from knowledge, the Slaves are proved both by their spoken language and by their written literature to be one of the superior races of our species. As regards the first, no more highly organized language, we are told, was ever spoken on earth than the Slavonic; vying in grammatical devices as it is said to do with the ancient Greek; possessing, for example, numerous declensions, an ablative case, a dual number, a patronymic termination, diminutive and augmentative nouns, frequentative and inceptive verbs, various preterite and future tenses, inflexions of verbs rendering pronouns unnecessary, unlimited powers of compounding words, and a host of serviceable particles; besides all which it includes every articulate human sound known, except the English *th*. Again, as regards Slavonic literature; here, it is said, with a due amount of all that varied intellectual vigour that is exhibited in the literature of the Indo-European races in general, there is discernible a certain important *differentia* or originality, a certain peculiar something that is not Celtic, that is not Pelasgic, that is not Germanic, but solely and essentially Slavonic. This peculiarity of the Slavonic genius, this characteristic attitude, if we may so call it, of the Slavonian soul, naturally shows itself most clearly in the higher poetry

of the Slaves, and above all, in their popular songs and ballads. There, besides an intense nationality, and a burning hatred, in particular, to the Germanic races, partly produced, no doubt, by historical causes, but arising to some extent also from the consciousness of a difference of character, there prevails a certain large and melancholy wildness, as we occidentals would call it—a wildness as of a scared horseman in a great desert, urging his steed through the winds, with the far horizon in his eye. Nay, were we to allow the author of the *Revelations of Russia* to sum up for us in this place, we should have from him, in conclusion, a flat assertion of the general intellectual superiority of the Slavonic to the Teutonic races. Of this superiority, he says, the Slaves themselves are profoundly convinced. In the present state of our information, however, it will be wise to say as little as possible on that point.

There is still one other way in which the worth of a people may be estimated; by ascertaining, namely, whether they have, on any occasion, fought and resisted bravely, whether in their history there are any grand and heroic passages, whether they have ever stood forth before other men as the champions of a cause. Tried by this test, at least, the Slavonian peoples are safe. Of their primeval heroism, of their conflicts long and resolute with German, Turk, Mongol, and Magyar, we shall not speak; all that is but mist and song. Coming down, however, to a clearer day, what eye does not rest fondly on one hour at least in the European past, made memorable by Slavonian courage—the hour of Huss, of Jerome of Prague, and of Ziska, those three Bohemian patriots, who, seized at a distance by the spirit of the English Wycliffe, first spoke the bold truth in their native part of Europe, and scattered abroad, Slaves as they were, seeds that were but revived by the German Luther? Or, descending still later, to our own times, who has not heard of the brave struggle of the Servians against the Turks, a struggle continued during twenty-six years, (1804-30,) with a determination comparable to that of the Scotch under Wallace, and which resulted at last in a guarantee of virtual independence wrung by the subjects from their hard masters? Nay, and if farther proof should still be required, have we not one last argument at hand in the history of the Polish nation?

After remaining distinct for several centuries, the two nations that had formed themselves in the Tchekkish portion of the general Slavonian area, to wit, Poland and Lithuania, were united in 1385 by the marriage of Hedvige, the Queen of Poland, with Jagellon, the reigning prince of Lithuania. The throne of Poland being elective, however, while that of Lithuania was hereditary, the union was at first by no means complete; and it was

only in consequence of a tacit suppression on the part of the Polish nobles of their right to elect the sovereigns of their country, that the princes of the Jagellon line continued to rule in both nations. To put an end to this anomalous state of things, a formal arrangement was made in 1569, by which the Lithuanian sovereignty, becoming also elective, was merged in that of Poland, the Lithuanian nobles becoming entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by their Polish brethren, that of sitting and voting, for example, in the general Diet; but the laws, the armies, and the finances of the two countries to remain still distinct. By this arrangement, Poland attained the dimensions of a great European state, extending from the Oder to and beyond the Dnieper in one direction, and to and beyond the Dwina in another. Unfortunately, however, hardly had the union taken place, when Sigismund Augustus, the last of the Jagellon princes, died, (1572,) and the throne, till then elective but in theory, became elective in practice. From that day dates the decline of Poland. Internal Polish history became thenceforward but a continued series of election-struggles between different factions of the nobility, of intrigues on the part of foreign states interested in the success of different candidates, and of religious persecutions directed against the Protestant portion of the population. Occasionally, indeed, as for example, during the reign of the Hungarian Stephen Battori, (1575-1586,) or during that of John Sobieski, (1673-1690,) there was a flash of new splendour; but on the whole, the progress towards ruin was steady and uniform. The reconstruction and enlargement of the Muscovite kingdom under Ivan the Terrible, (1550,) and the subsequent accession to the Russian throne of the House of Romanof, (1613,) were disastrous events for Poland. Engaged in almost incessant wars with Russia, as well as with Sweden and Turkey, the Poles were reduced before the middle of the eighteenth century to a state of perfect helplessness. Even before the close of the seventeenth, they had lost part of their territories by ceding, on the west, the Lithuanian fief of Prussia to the Electorate of Brandenburg, to which it had till then belonged only dependently; and on the east, various Cossack districts on the Dnieper to Russia and Turkey. Their farther humiliation, however, if not their total annihilation as a nation, was the fixed scheme of the House of Romanof. Peter the Great, (1689-1725,) founding the Russian Empire by his genius, had chalked out for his successors a line of policy, leading, by implication, to the subjugation of Poland. It was reserved for Catherine the Great, (1762-1796,) to execute the project. The Polish throne becoming vacant in 1764, she sent a Russian army to compel the Diet to elect her former lover, Stanislaus Poniatowski. The Czartoryskis, then the heads of a

zealous Reform party in Poland, supported the nominee of the Empress, hoping the best results from her avowed liberalism. No sooner was Poniatowski elected, however, than Russian influence was employed to crush the reforms proposed by the Czartoryskis. A civil war followed; Russian armies occupied the country; and in 1772, took place, under Russian auspices, the first dismemberment of Poland. By this dismemberment, the Poles lost 3925 square German miles of their territories, or more than a fourth part of the whole. The confiscated lands were divided unequally between Prussia, Austria, and Russia; Prussia receiving the most valuable portions of Western Poland proper and Western Lithuania; Austria, the territories that now constitute the kingdom of Galicia and Lodomeria; and Russia nearly the whole of her present provinces of Livonia, Witepsk, Mochilew, and Minsk. Thus diminished and degraded, Poland endeavoured to regenerate what was left of her. Again Russia remorselessly interfered, and by a second dismemberment, (1792,) the Poles were deprived of 5614 square German miles of their territories, 1061 of which were appropriated by Prussia, and 4553 by Russia. Then ensued the last struggle under Kosciuszko; on the suppression of which, (1795,) the third dismemberment took place; and Poland was effaced from the map of Europe.

"And rightly served!" cry our stern judges of the worth of nations. "A wrangling pack of some 200,000 nobles, with millions of serfs under them, uneducated and ill-fed: such was the Polish nation—a nation that deserved to die, if ever nation did!" Quick reasoning; very summary justice! Was Poland, under the Jagellons, in a worse condition than other countries in Europe? Even in her worst days, were her serfs more degraded beings than those of Russia now? Did not Poland, even in her later days, accomplish some things that were great—produce a Copernicus; give birth to a Sobieski? Was her crime of a bad constitution one unparalleled in the history of nations that have turned out well? Has the change been for the better? Have her spoilers, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, been more conscientious stewards of the interests of the Polish millions than those whom they superseded? Was there no evidence that a change was in progress in Poland herself at the very hour when her life was trampled out? A Poland organized by Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz, what had it been in Europe now! Those struggles, too, of the Poles to regain themselves, those services under Napoleon, and insurrections under Nicholas that have scattered the Slavonic physiognomy over the earth, and filled our cities with men the types of energy—are they of no account? Above all, was the punishment a doom, or only a probation? Is there no pardon? has there been no repentance? Has not

Poland, territorially defunct, waxed morally stronger? Has not the sore trial of eighty years fulfilled its stated purpose; and if now, the chastened, united, Polish spirit were gathered as a thunderbolt, and let loose on Slavonic Europe, would it not split and nobly recreate it?

The following is a survey of the present arrangement of the Slavonic race, as quoted by Count Krasinski from the Slavonian Ethnography of Schaffarik:—

	Russia.	Austria.	Prussia.	Turkey.	Cracow.	Saxony.	TOTAL.
Muscovites or Great Russians, ...	35,314,000						35,314,000
Little Russians or Ruthenians, ...	10,370,000	2,774,000					13,144,000
White Russians, ...	2,726,000						2,726,000
Bulgarians, ...	80,000	7,000		3,600,000			3,687,000
Servians and Illyrians, ...	100,000	2,294,000		2,600,000			5,294,000
Croats, ...		801,000					801,000
Carinthians, ...		1,151,000					1,151,000
Poles, ...	4,912,000	2,541,000	1,592,600		130,000		9,355,000
Bohemians and Moravians, ...		4,370,000	44,000				4,414,000
Slovacks in Hungary, ...		2,733,000	82,000				2,753,000
Lusatians or Wends, ...						60,000	142,000
Total, ...	53,502,000	16,791,000	2,108,000	6,100,000	130,000	60,000	78,691,000

Of these 78,691,000 Slavonians, (wholly distributed, it will be observed, with the exception of 190,000 Poles of Cracow and Wends of Saxony, among the four great powers of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Turkey,) 54,011,000 belong to the Greek Church; 19,359,000 are Roman Catholics; 2,990,000 (all of whom are Little Russians) are of the Greek Church united with Rome; 1,531,000 (chiefly in Austria and Prussia) are Protestants; and 800,000 (in Turkish Bulgaria and Servia) are Mohammedans.

Is this a state of things likely to continue? Is the Slavonic race, thus parcelled out among the four great powers of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Turkey, to advance into the future only as these powers conspire to draw it? No one can believe that this will be the case. Whatever may be thought of the Tsar Nicholas, whether he is to be accounted, as some think, an energetic and able man doing his best in a harsh way with a rude empire, or, as others think, a despot under whom even the material condition of the Russian people is unnecessarily wretched—it is as certain, at least, as that the concerns of sixty millions of men are more important than those of one man, that a day will come when Tsardom must be abolished.* Again, can an empire like that of Austria, in which, out of a population of thirty-four millions, only six millions are Germans, while at least sixteen mil-

* Worse than anything we have yet seen of the Emperor Nicholas is the fact, announced in the newspapers as we write, that he has issued a ukase, limiting the number of students in each of the Russian Universities to 300; and ordering, that in case the applicants shall exceed that number, the preference shall be given, *first*, to sons of nobles; and *secondly*, to youths intending to practise medicine. As

lions are Slavonians, continue to exist as it now is? Or finally, is it to be regarded as probable that six millions of Slavonians, almost all of whom are Christians, will remain long attached to an empire like that of Turkey—an empire already crumbling to pieces, and which every friend of the human race would desire to see at once dissolved, and for the sake of the twenty-three millions it misgoverns, undertaken by English or other competent hands? As confidently, then, as one may predict anything, one may predict a speedy change in the condition of Slavonian Europe.

For more than ten years the Slavonians themselves have been occupied with the thought of their coming regeneration, and with speculations as to the means and method of it. Two great theories on this subject have been given to the world—the one the so-called theory of Panslavism; the other the theory of spontaneous separation into distinct nationalities.

The theory of Panslavism was, in its origin, purely literary. It was first promulgated by John Kollar, a Slovak or Tchekh of Hungary, born in 1793, and who, since 1819, has officiated as the clergyman of a Protestant congregation in Pesth. In his youth, while still a theological student, Kollar had devoted himself to literature; and in 1824, or five years after his settlement at Pesth, he published a collection of sonnets, which at once gave him the first rank among living Bohemian poets. These sonnets, of which a new edition was published in 1832, consist of passionate representations of the condition of the Slavonian peoples, strung together by a story of ideal love. What woes the Slavonians have endured—what wrongs at the hands of Germans; how God will yet raise up prophets among them, and how there shall be a future Slavonian heaven for the heroes of the race, while its recreant sons shall dwell with Germans, Frenchmen, and Magyars in hell: such are the themes of the poet. Nor was the choice of such themes a mere literary whim. As a man, Kollar has no other thought than that of the regeneration of the Slavonic race. Slavonia is “his mistress, his religion, his muse;” he fasts, it is said, on the anniversaries of all days of Polish or Bohemian disaster; and the tears have been seen on his cheeks as he has told a story of the Slavonian past. This burning national feeling he has never ceased to express in every possible way. What he had treated emotionally in his sonnets he set himself to treat more intellectually and practically in various prose dissertations. Of these the most celebrated was a

there are six Universities in Russia, (at four of which, we believe, the average attendance exceeds 300, while at one it is 800 or 900,) this is equivalent to declaring that, out of a population of 60 millions only 1800 persons shall annually receive academic instruction. The action is monstrous; and the system of things with which it accords is an outrage on human intelligence.

treatise that appeared in 1828, entitled "*The Reciprocity of the Slavonians.*" Here he demonstrated that, various as are the dialects spoken by the widely-spread Slavonic race, these dialects do not differ among themselves more than did the different dialects of the ancient Greek; and consequently, that as the ancient Greek nations had a common literary language and a common literature, the property of them all alike, so might the modern Slavonian nations, if they chose to decree it. To effect this end, he proposed that there should be established a literary reciprocity among all the Slavonian nations; that is, that all the Slavonian *literati*, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, or Servian, should make themselves acquainted with the different dialects and sub-dialects of their common language, so that the past as well as the future literary accumulations of each Slavonic people or tribe might be rendered accessible to all Slavonians, and a Panslavic literature thereby be instituted. This idea of Kollar almost immediately gained adherents in different parts of the Slavonic world. Among his own immediate countrymen, the erudite Tchekhs of Bohemia, Moravia, and Northern Hungary, its most illustrious proselytes were Jungman, Hanka, Schaffarik, and Palachy. Schaffarik, by birth a Slovack, and the most learned Slavonian alive, had published, almost contemporaneously with Kollar's Essay, a General History of the Slavonian Language and Literature; and, the coincidence of the views expounded in this work with those of Kollar leading to a closer association between the two men, Schaffarik has since rendered immense services to the Panslavic movement, by subsequent works on Slavonic Ethnography and Antiquities. Palachy, who is a Moravian by birth, and whose reputation as a historian is as great as that of Schaffarik as a scholar, has also lent his support, though in a less decided manner, to the same cause.

Neither Kollar nor his Bohemian adherents appear to have intended any immediate expansion of their theory beyond the field of literature. As originally conceived among the Tchekhs, indeed, the movement may be said to have borne the exact stamp of the Tchekkish character—it was reflective, scholarlike, prudent. Only perhaps in the breast of Kollar himself, who, among all the Tchekhs, has most of Polish fire and enthusiasm, was the notion of Panslavism connected with high revolutionary longings. Even from his pen, however, nothing of a political nature appeared, more specific than such passages as this:—"If of this metal (the Slavonic race) so multiform, I could cast one statue, I would make of Russia the head, Poland should occupy the heart, and Bohemia should perform the office of arms." It was probably, indeed, from the very trust reposed in this sluggish and merely reflective disposition of the Tchekkish-Slavonian mind, that the Austrian Government permitted the theory of Kol-

lar so freely to develop itself, and did not employ those means to suppress it, which, in the more alarming case of any Polish-Slavonian movement, would doubtless have been put in force. But if, as shaped and discussed among its authors, the Tchekhs of Bohemia and Northern Hungary, Panslavism was a mere dream of scholars, it received a wonderful expansion as soon as it had reached that peculiar spot of the Slavonic world, where, above all, it was welcome—the palace of the Emperor Nicholas. Thankfully accepting the intellectual conclusions of Kollar and Schaffarik, and delighted with the phrase in which they were symbolized and summed up, the Tsar and his minister Nesselrode converted the theory of literary Panslavism into that of a political Panslavism under Russia. That all the Slavonic nations should ultimately be gathered round Russia, so as, with her, to form one great Slavonic empire overspreading Eastern Europe, what finer scheme could a congress of Slavonic patriots devise than this? Forthwith all the organs of Russian opinion were employed in its behalf. At present Preus, Bodianski, and Srzevnesski, the professors of Slavonian literature respectively at the three Russian universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kharkow, are ardent Panslavists. Even among the Austrian Slavonians, not a few eminent and really worthy men, especially among those who had previously been literary Panslavists, have embraced the notion of a political Panslavism under Russia—a notion, it will be observed, that by no means pledges its holders to the system of despotism now existing in Russia, inasmuch as it is quite possible to conceive a great Panslavic empire administered constitutionally and federatively instead of by a Tsar.

As the theory of Panslavism originated, although not in its present political form, with the Slovakian Tchekh Kollar, so the other great theory, that of the spontaneous separation of the Slavonic mass into distinct nationalities, may be said to have originated in the labours of an Illyrian of plebeian birth, Dr. Ludowick Gaj or Gai. Previously well known as a literary man and a scholar, Gai commenced in the year 1835 a journal called the *Croatian Gazette*, published at Agram, the capital of Croatia. The leading idea of this journal was the consolidation of the several Slavonic nations of the extreme south, both Austrian and Turkish, viz., the Illyrians, the Croats, the Slavonians proper, the Servians, the Dalmatians, the Bosniaks, the Montenegrins, and the Bulgarians, into one body or state, to be called *Great Illyria*. These nations, Dr. Gai argued, properly constituted but one mass; they all belonged to what historians had called the Græco-Slavonic branch of the Slavonic stock; and though dissevered by circumstances, ought to be united. To facilitate this, however, various preliminary measures would be necessary, such as, the substitution of one common Illyrian lan-

guage for the different dialects, and of one common Illyrian alphabet for the two, (the Cyrillic of the Greek Church, and the Latin of the Roman Catholics,) then in use among the nations in question. With incredible industry Gai himself laboured to accomplish what was requisite. Abandoning his *Croatian Gazette*, he commenced two so-called *Illyrian Gazettes*, the one literary, the other political, but both included in the same subscription; he introduced what he considered a suitable and literary language, and devised a new Illyric alphabet; he organized an Illyrian scientific society, and a more extensive popular Illyrian club or publication society; he established at Agram a national Illyrian theatre; and finally, he undertook to write a national history of the Illyrian peoples. The movement soon extended from Croatia over all the nations that Gai desired to influence. The Carinthians, the Dalmatians, the Slavonians proper, the Servians, and finally, even the Bosniaks and the Bulgarians, felt the agitation; publications sprang up everywhere advocating Gai's opinions, and hundreds of young men began to talk enthusiastically of the future Great Illyria. At first Metternich did not find it necessary to offer any opposition to this movement; on the contrary, as it tended to assist the Austrian policy in Hungary by arraying the Croats and other Slavonians of Southern Hungary against the Magyars, he even encouraged it; ultimately, however, he deemed it proper to impose a slight check upon it, by forbidding the use of the word *Illyrian* in the new political acceptation that the patriots were giving to it.*

There is essentially, it will be observed, no contrariety, but rather an accordance, between the literary Panslavism of Kollar and the national Illyrian movement of Dr. Gai. The one is the broad ideal expression of Slavonic feeling, as developed among the erudite, reflective, and heavy Tchekhes; the other is a narrower, but far more intense and practical expression of the same feeling as developed among the keen, fierce Croats, and their neighbours, the Illyrians and Servians. On the one hand, Dr. Gai may accept, and doubtless does accept, the notion of a Panslavic literary association, extending from the Adriatic to the Icy Sea; recently he has even constituted himself an agent of Russia, for his own purposes, among the Southern Slavonians; on the other hand, the more ardent of the Tchekhes, including Kollar himself, could hardly but approve of the idea of a provisional arrangement of the Slavonian nations for political purposes into several separate masses. At all events, not only did the views of Gai with reference to the construction of a single Illyrico-Slavonian state out of the Southern Slavonian peoples,

* For these facts regarding Dr. Gai, we are indebted to a paper on "The National Slavonian Movement," written by Mazzini in 1847.

find acceptance among the Tchekhes, but a precisely similar movement arose among the Tchekhes themselves, having for its object the construction of a great Tchekkish-Slavonian state, to include the Western Slavonian peoples, namely, the Bohemians, the Moravians, the Slovacks of Hungary, and the Silesians of Prussia. The leading literary Panslavists of Bohemia, embracing this idea, founded an association like that of the Illyrians, for the purpose of expounding and advocating it; and hosts of publications charged with it, have of late years been distributed in Bohemia, and among the Slovacks.

Two great Slavonic nationalities having thus been imaginatively carved out of the general Slavonian mass of eighty millions, to wit, the *Illyrico-Slavonian* of the south, comprehending about eleven millions, and the *Tchekkish-Slavonian* of the west, comprehending about nine millions; the remainder naturally separated itself in the hands of the theorists into two nationalities more, to wit, the *Polish-Slavonian*, including the whole of Poland as it existed before the three partitions, and comprehending about eleven millions, and the *Russo-Slavonian* or *Russian*, comprehending the residuary forty-nine millions. The segregation of the great Slavonic family of nations into these four groups, it was agreed, was consistent no less with the traditions of the past and the feelings of the present, than with the interests of the future. Russian Slavonia, left still a large empire, would, it was believed, act as a civilizing power upon Northern Asia, and Illyrian Slavonia would co-operate with restored Greece against Turkey; while Tchekkish Slavonia and Poland would be added with the best effects to the confederacy of European states. The greatest difficulty in the way of the scheme as regarded the Tchekkish group, arose, it was acknowledged, from the Magyar question. Was Hungary to be associated, in its entire area, with the Tchekkish group, and a complicating Magyar element thus added to the otherwise purely Slavonian constituents of that group? or were the Slovacks alone of the inhabitants of Hungary, to be included in the group, and the Magyars left to shift for themselves? On the whole the leaning of the theorists was to the second of these alternatives.

Intermediate between the two schemes of a Panslavism under Russia, and a separation of the Slavonic family on Panslavistic principles, into four national masses, may be noted a third scheme that seems to have occurred to some isolated Slavonic thinkers, and, among them, to Count Krasinski. According to this scheme, the Slavonian peoples would most conveniently arrange themselves into two great empires of nearly equal dimensions—a reformed Russian empire, to include all the present possessions of Russia, except the Polish territories, in lieu of which, however, it might take the Slavonian countries now sub-

ject to Turkey; and a reformed Austrian empire, to include all the present Austrian populations, the Italians excepted, and to embrace also the whole mass of the Poles. Both these empires would be essentially Slavonic. In the former, for example, there would be about forty-nine millions of Slaves to eleven millions belonging to other races; in the latter, there would be twenty-four or twenty-five millions of Slaves to twelve or thirteen millions of other races, chiefly Germans and Magyars, who would, of course, be duly represented in the constitution. As regards Austria, its conversion from a Germanic empire, with vast Slavonian appendages, into a Slavonian empire, with Germanic members, would be but the execution of a project proposed by the Emperor Joseph towards the close of the last century.

Such were the different theories of political regeneration that were afloat in the Slavonic world, when that great series of events began by which Europe still continues to be agitated. The French revolution of February 1848, fell like a bomb amidst the states and kingdoms of Germany; and, like reluctant debtors threatened with legal terrors, the various German monarchs hastened to pay their subjects the constitutions that they owed them. On no part of the Germanic world was the effect more immediate than on Austria. Since the peace of Europe, in 1815, the policy of the Austrian Government, as administered by Metternich, had been systematically to repress all powerful intellectual or moral manifestation among the various populations subject to it, and to centralize all the activity of the empire in a strong irresponsible cabinet, or camarilla, at Vienna. With regard to most of the states (seventeen or eighteen in all) composing the empire, little difficulty had been felt in accomplishing the desired object—the imperial authority being in most all but supreme, both legislatively and executively, and the sole business of the diets or parliaments, in almost all such states as had them, being to forward representations to the imperial cabinet, and to oversee the collection of the taxes demanded by it.

In one state alone did there exist a constitution powerful enough to resist the attacks of the central authority, a nucleus of freedom so hard that Metternich could not melt it down. This state was Hungary, the land of the Magyars. At the time of her union with Austria, which was effected not by conquest, but by the marriage of Ferdinand I. of Austria with a Hungarian Princess, (1526,) Hungary, which then included Croatia and Slavonia proper, was what is called a limited monarchy. The king had large prerogatives, but was held in check by a diet or parliament, consisting of the great Magyar nobles and the Catholic prelates, forming one table; and the representatives of the inferior nobles, and deputies from the towns, forming another. The population of the kingdom consisted almost entirely of two.

racés—the Magyars, the descendants of the Tatar conquerors of the ninth century, and the Slavonians, or conquered Aborigines, divided into Slovacks, Croats, and Slavonians proper. The former were the governing race; it was chiefly their interests that the Diet represented; and their higher class, or nobles, were exempt from all taxes, and enjoyed important feudal privileges. A Magyar-Slavonic kingdom, therefore, possessing an independent aristocratic constitution, and attached to the motley Austrian empire by the simple accident that the house of Hapsburg ruled over both—such was Hungary for more than three centuries. In the year 1842, according to Schaffarik, the population stood as follows:—Total population of the Hungarian kingdom, 11,662,000; Slavonians, (Slovacks, Croats, and Slavonians proper, together with Little Russians and Servian colonists,) 6,342,000; Magyars, or real Hungarians, 3,500,000; Germans and Wallachians, 1,820,000; Magyar nobles, exempt from taxes, about 350,000. The Magyar portion of the population (probably numerically underrated in the foregoing estimate) were an able, intelligent, and resolute race; the Magyar nobles and land-holders, in particular, were highly accomplished and educated men, speaking Latin with ease, conversant with German, and many of them also with French and English, and cultivating, besides, a native Magyar literature of no mean pretensions—very tenacious, however, of their feudal rights, and consequently regarded with extreme jealousy by their Slavonian subjects, as well as by those Hungarians of mixed descent, (included probably among the 6,342,000 Slavonians of Schaffarik,) in whom the pride of Magyar blood had been obliterated by the sense of present poverty and hardship.

In attempting to break up the exceptional Magyar constitution, so as ultimately to incorporate the independent kingdom of Hungary with the Empire, Metternich had made large use of the policy so familiar to Austrian rulers, *Divide ut imperes*. To rouse the national feeling of the Slavonian part of the population—to array the Slovacks of the north of Hungary, and the Croats, Servian colonists, and Slavonians proper of the south, against the Magyars, or proper Hungarians of the centre—had been his favourite method of attack. We have already seen how, for this end, he had tolerated and even fostered the Pan-slavic movement among the Tchekhes, and the national Illyrian movement among the Croats. These movements among the Slavonians of Hungary had naturally provoked a counter-movement among the Magyars. From time immemorial, all the business of the Hungarian Diet had been conducted in the Latin language—a device introduced probably to secure harmony among the different populations whose interests the Diet professed to represent, and which, though clumsy in other respects,

had tolerably well answered that purpose. In 1830, however, a movement had been begun, which had terminated, in 1844, in a decree of the Diet, ratified by the Emperor, abolishing the use of Latin in all the official transactions of Hungary, and substituting, with certain slight reservations in favour of Slavonian members of the Diet, the Magyar language. This decree had been wormwood to the Slavonian part of the population. The Croats and the Slavonians proper, having a provincial Diet of their own, subordinate to the general Hungarian Diet, had petitioned the Emperor for an entirely separate government, and had at length, in the true spirit of their leader, Dr. Gai, declared that they would give up Latin only for their native Croat or Illyrian. The Slovacks of northern Hungary, having no separate diet to complain through, had remonstrated in a more private manner. These dissensions, as well as other dissensions of a religious and social nature, had been sedulously encouraged by Metternich, who hoped, through them, to accomplish his long-meditated object, and finally get rid of that teasing anomaly in the Austrian empire, the free Hungarian constitution. Still, however, the Magyars, or at least the majority of them, stood firm; and, in 1847, their attitude towards the Austrian Government was bold and independent. Their ostensible leader, at this time, was Count Batthyanyi; their greatest man was Louis Kossuth, a lawyer and journalist, forty-one years of age, with a body meagre and weighed down by sickness, and a deadly pale, melancholy face, that it was a pain to see. Already known over all Hungary for his sufferings in the national cause, gifted with a power of speech quite miraculous, and uniting a marvellous sagacity and genius for organization, with an oriental depth and fervour of soul, this noble man had been providentially returned to the Diet precisely at the time when his services were about to be required. A Magyar by birth, but with Slovak blood in his veins, his sympathies were with the oppressed, as well as with the governing race; and he was at the head of a party that had long been growing among the Magyars, and had at length attained the majority, whose aim it was to do away with feudal distinctions, raise the Slavonians to equality of rights with the Magyars, and form, of all the dwellers on the Hungarian soil, one great Hungarian nation.

The French Revolution of 1848, came opportunely for the Hungarian patriots. On the 4th of March, Kossuth made a motion in the Diet, to the effect that, "in order to secure the Magyar Constitution eternally threatened by the despotic system pursued in the other parts of the Emperor's dominions," measures should be taken to obtain for Hungary an independent executive, and otherwise to restore the kingdom to the exact status in which it had been at the time when, by the free vote of its Diet, it had

conferred the Crown on the House of Hapsburg. In the Lower House, the motion was carried unanimously; and was followed almost immediately by a resolution in favour of the abolition of all feudal burthens throughout Hungary. The Upper House, containing an Austrian party, suspended its sittings. Metternich and the Austrian camarilla prepared to dissolve the Diet, and to place Hungary under military rule. But Vienna itself rising in revolution, (13th March,) the camarilla was broken up, and Metternich driven into exile. Those in whose hands he left the government—men of his own stamp, overawed by the circumstances of the hour—yielded everything; to the Hungarians the independent ministry they desired, and the imperial assent to the proposed abolition of feudal rights and civil reconstitution of the country; to the Viennese, a constitution for Austria, with freedom of the press, a national guard, and all the established accompaniments.

Under the Archduke Palatine Stephen, as Viceroy of the kingdom, the new Hungarian ministry assumed office on the 11th of April. Count Batthyanyi was President, and Kossuth Minister of Finance. The proposed reforms in the internal condition of Hungary had, in the mean time, been matured in the Diet, and were now carried into effect; feudal burthens were declared obsolete; the Slavonians were invited to exercise the full rights of citizenship; the Magyar proprietors yielded a large portion of their lands to the occupant peasantry; preparations were made for the return, by an extensive and searching suffrage, of a new and fair representation of the whole Hungarian people, to assemble at Pesth on the 2d of July; and altogether, Hungary seemed to be entering on the brightest period of her history. The Slovacks, the naturalized Servians, the Germans, and the Wallachians, appeared all to appreciate the admirable conduct of the Magyars, and to be willing to act in the same spirit of union and self-denial. Even the Croats had not been forgotten. The number of federal representatives to be sent from Croatia and Slavonia to the Hungarian Diet had been raised from three to eighteen; the use of the Slavonian language in the provincial Diet of Croatia, and the provincial independence of that Diet, had been guaranteed; and the Croats had been invited to point out any specific measures that they might wish adopted for the promotion of a better understanding between the two countries. Treated thus considerably, the Croats and Slavonians could not but acquiesce; and the dream of an Illyrian Empire was for the moment laid aside.

A month or two, however, sufficed to change all this. The Austrian Court, tired of the farce of liberalism, and rendered desperate by the conduct of the Viennese, who were evidently bent on a real Revolution, had removed to Innsprück, and was

there beginning to lay deep schemes for the restoration of absolutism. To throw themselves into the hands of the army; to incite the army to act the part of prætorian guards and re-establish the Imperial system as if by main force, was the scheme of the courtiers. The veteran Latour, who was appointed Minister of War, was the very man to carry out such a scheme. From Innsprück, secret communications were sent to the various divisions of the army; and the soldiers and officers were universally taught to regard Prince Field-Marshal Windischgrätz, then governor of Prague, and the most aristocratic and gentlemanlike of Austrian commanders, as the man destined by Providence to take matters into his own hands, rescue the poor Emperor from the meshes of the Revolutionists of Vienna, and restore the integrity of the Empire. For many reasons, however, it was deemed advisable to begin with Hungary. The Hungarians once crushed, it would be easy to deal with the Viennese and the Austrians. But evidently the most efficient way of bringing to wreck the Hungarian movement, and the way, at the same time, that would least compromise the Court, was to resuscitate the national feeling of the Croats and Slavonians of Hungary, and play it off against the Magyars. This was accordingly done. Dr. Gai, whose fixed idea of a future Illyrian Empire, with Croatia included in it, was obviously imperilled by the course that Hungarian affairs were taking, lent himself as a willing instrument to the Austrian camarilla. The Croats and Slavonians, or at least all of them that had been previously smitten with the Illyrian fever, were easily roused. In order that they might have a competent chief, the office of Ban or Lord of Croatia, Slavonia proper, and Dalmatia, was conferred by the Emperor on the Baron Joseph Jellachich, a Slavonian of Bosniak descent, who had served all his life in the Austrian army, had written songs for the German soldiers, and had held a command in that peculiarly constituted part of the Austro-Hungarian territories known as the "Military Frontier," and whose conduct hitherto, while it had by no means uniformly pleased the Court, had earned him an immense influence over his countrymen, the Croats and southern Slavonians. A political disciple of Dr. Gai, Jellachich was but too ready to forward the darling Illyrian project by doing the bidding of the Court, and leading the Croats against Hungary. Successful in such an enterprise, and the acknowledged saviours of the Austrian Empire, would not the Croats then be in a position of importance that would enable them to demand their own price? In this natural but somewhat ungenerous expectation—an expectation which, as is usual when a scheme is more cunning than chivalrous or truthful, the event has woefully disappointed—the Croats did not stand alone. The Servians of southern Hungary, the descendants of Servian refugees that had settled there at various

times, were roused in a similar manner, by the joint influence of Raiachich, the subtle Archbishop of the Greek Church in Serbia, and George Stratomirovich, a fierce Servian officer in the Austrian army, both of whom were also disciples of Dr. Gai. In all these transactions, too, Russian influence was discernible. The Russian consul at Belgrade was seen to be at work; and Russian Panslavism and Illyrian nationalism, like the man and the horse in the fable, had evidently struck a league.

The Hungarians (with whom, on this occasion, the Slovacks and Ruthenians of northern Hungary, the Germans, and the Wallachians, as well as not a few even of the Servians, most honourably coalesced) remonstrated against the hostile preparations of the southern Slavonians. They called on the Emperor to repudiate and forbid them. The Emperor seemed to agree. Jellachich, who had of his own authority summoned for his purpose a Croat-Slavonian-Dalmatian Diet, received (29th May) a formal imperial order not to hold it, and to repair at once to Innsprück. Perfectly understanding the meaning of this order, he disobeyed it, and the Diet met. Again the Hungarians remonstrated; and again the Emperor disclaimed his agent. On the 10th of June, an order was even issued suspending the Ban from all his functions, military and civil, and declaring him guilty of high treason. This order too, Jellachich treated as null; and on the 14th of June, appearing at Innsprück, he was received, not as a traitor, but as a faithful and loyal servant of the Emperor.

Meanwhile the absolutists were gathering strength for the contest. The Italian victories of Radetsky adding boldness to their counsels, they brought back the Court to Vienna, where already the Austrian Diet, that most incompetent of Parliaments, was sitting and debating. The military scheme of Latour now began more openly to develop itself; and for the first time, Windischgrätz was called upon to employ his cannon. Imitating the conduct of the rest of the world, and jealous in particular of the Frankfort Assembly, in whose schemes for the Germanization of Eastern Europe, it was to be feared the interests of the Slavonians would be too much overlooked, the Tchekhes of Bohemia had demanded a national existence, equivalent to that of the Hungarians, separate from Austria. Was not this the time, the poor Bohemians thought, for making a demonstration in favour of their long cherished Panslavism, or at all events for doing something towards the formation of the great Western Slavonic state, that had been so long talked about! If Dr. Gai was on a fair way to succeed with *his* Great Illyria in the south, why should they not have a prospect of *their* Tchekkish Slavonia too; nay, why should not the fine proposition of the four Slavonic groups or nationalities be at once initiated, and the new Poland also

called into existence? Full of these sanguine hopes, the Bohemians, though refused their demands by the Emperor, had summoned a Slavonic Congress to meet at Prague, and to consist of sixteen deputies, sent respectively from each of the three Southern Slavonic groups of nations, Russia, for obvious reasons, not being included. This congress had actually met, (May,) and was discussing the various theories of Slavonic regeneration, when the inhabitants of Prague, tired of inaction, rose (11th June) in open revolt. Windischgrätz, whose wife was killed at a window by a bullet during the insurrection, stormed the town and placed it under martial law. This effected, he was the better prepared, both morally and intellectually, to do what was required of him, and crush insurrections elsewhere.

Nor was it long before his stern services were again in demand. On the 2d of July, the new Hungarian Diet, returned according to the extended suffrage, assembled at Pesth. In order to show decisively that the Emperor and the Hungarians were on good terms, and that the rumour was false that Jellachich had secret instructions from the Court, the Hungarian ministry were anxious that the Emperor should come to Pesth, and open the Diet in person. Their request to that effect, however, was not granted; and the Diet was opened by the Archduke Palatine. The first business of the Assembly was to open negotiations with Jellachich, with a view to a satisfactory settlement of the whole question between Croatia and Hungary. Jellachich was stubborn; and at once waiving all merely Croatian considerations, plainly intimated that he would treat on no other basis than the submission of the Hungarians to the Austrian Government—a submission to be signified by the immediate abolition of the separate Hungarian ministries of War and Finance, so that the army and revenues of Hungary might be under Austrian control. Thus was the secret, at last, divulged; Jellachich was but the agent of the Austrian absolutists; and the national Croatian movement was but a pretext and a lie. Had any farther proof of this been necessary, it was furnished on the 4th of September, when the decree suspending Jellachich from his functions as Ban, was withdrawn by the Emperor.

The die was cast. On the 9th of September, Jellachich at the head of 65,000 Croats invaded Hungary, and advanced in a bloody track towards Pesth. The Hungarian ministry, with Count Batthyanyi at its head, resigned. The Court, its object being to gain time, prevented the formation of a new ministry. The whole business of the hour devolved on Kossuth and his able associates. As early as the 11th of July, Kossuth as Finance-Minister had demanded from the Diet a levy of 200,000 men. It had been granted with acclamation; but as yet the Hungarian forces in the field numbered but a few thousands.

With unparalleled energy Kossuth hastened the levy ; Hungary from end to end was roused by the thunder of his proclamations ; and on the 29th of September, Jellachich, beaten in his first great battle with the Hungarians, was a fugitive towards the Austrian frontier. The Austrians, who had expected to hear that the Ban had taken Pesth and conquered Hungary, were thunderstruck when he and his Croats were known to be marching upon Vienna. As his defeat, however, had been concealed, the meaning of the movement was not understood, and the perplexity was increased when on the 4th of October there appeared in the *Vienna Gazette* an imperial manifesto, dissolving the Hungarian Diet, placing Hungary under martial law, and appointing the Ban governor of the country. The Viennese, sympathizing with the Hungarians, were in a state of phrenzy ; and, on the 6th, availing themselves of the dissatisfaction of a German grenadier battalion that had been ordered to the scene of the war, they rose in insurrection. The streets were barricaded, the war-office was taken, and the minister Latour hanged from a lamp-post ; and the Court having, at length fled, the city remained in the hands of the triumphant revolutionists. The democratic members of the Diet, aided by the students, assumed the government. Soon, however, attracted to the scene of tumult, came four very important personages, democratic members of the Frankfort Diet ; Fröbel, Hartmann, Trampusch, and Blum. Nor was a soldier wanting to take the military command. Bem, a Galician Pole, who had served in his youth with the French in Russia, and had afterwards shared the misfortunes of his nation, and led a life of exile and adventure in England, France, and other countries, had been enabled by the events of 1848 to return to Galicia ; and accident having led him to Vienna only a day or two before the Revolution, the Viennese were glad to entrust to such a man the command of their National Guard.

The Revolution in Vienna was an interval of grace for Hungary. The whole force and strategy of the Court party had for the time to be concentrated upon the single object of reducing the Viennese. Windischgrätz, hastening to unite his troops with those of Jellachich, declared (20th October) the city in a state of siege. For ten days the defence was continued, the sole hope of the Viennese being that the Hungarians would, in the mean time, advance to their relief. Unfortunately, however, reasons of ceremony interfered to prevent this. The Hungarian general Moga and his officers, many of whom held commissions in the Austrian service, hesitated to invade the Austrian territory, and demanded, in their justification, an order from the Viennese Diet ; the Viennese Diet hesitated to give such an order ; the Diet at Pesth, too, wavered at the critical moment, and after

sending to their General a peremptory injunction to attack the besiegers, countermanded it. At length Kossuth, who had in the mean time been appointed President of a Committee of Defence, entrusted, in the absence of a regular ministry, with full ministerial functions, came in person to the Hungarian headquarters, bringing 10,000 men, thirty pieces of artillery, and his own courage with him. In a council of war held on the 27th, and in which only two officers, Colonel Görgey and Major Pastelnik, stood by Kossuth, his authority was definitively exerted, and the order to march was given. But it was too late. The Viennese were wearied out; and when on the 30th, the Hungarians appeared before the city, and engaged the forces of Windischgrätz, the bombardment was already at an end. The Imperialists entered Vienna to hang and to shoot; and the Hungarians retreated into their own country to prepare for a trying winter.

Now was the hour of Kossuth. Although not a soldier himself, he could organize armies, choose generals, and make a nation fight. Money and stores were collected; men levied and drilled; powder mills set at work; and all Hungary was filled with the clang and confusion of arms. The places of Moga and other irresolute officers, were supplied by new men, sought out and promoted on the instant—Görgey, Dembinski, Klapka, Perczel, Damianich, Guyon, men of all nations, Magyars, Slavonians, Englishmen. On Bem, the brave Pole, saved from the fate of Blum by a difficult escape from Vienna, was immediately conferred a high command. Such were the visible signs of preparation; of the invisible and unknown reality who shall speak—of the thoughts, prayers, and fears of ten millions of human beings, as fit for liberty as the people of England, and spread over a country twice as large? Worthless, indeed, the heart that, beating freely in this land of ours, franchised for us by the blood of our fathers, can think unmoved of those millions of our contemporaries striving to do the like for their children, albeit they do live in Eastern Europe, and call themselves Magyars!

In December 1848 the war was begun. An Imperial army of 130,000 men under Windischgrätz as commander-in-chief, and Jellachich and other generals of note as his subordinates, entered Hungary. The movements of the various divisions of this army, and the countermovements of the Hungarians, during the four months that followed, will some day form a subject of study for such as shall be interested in military science. At present the details are hardly known. Suffice it to say that, during these four months, the Hungarians beat their enemies again and again; beat them in slight engagements, and in pitched battles; beat them in bravery and in strategy; beat them at the very time when the Austrian journals were publishing lying reports of vic-

tories gained by the Imperialists, and when hardly a true account from beleaguered Hungary could reach the rest of Europe. All that title to freedom, therefore, that arises from lion-like courage, from fierce hard obstinacy, from perfect soundness of head joined to strength of heart, from unwearied and successful perseverance in a course once begun—a title more respected by the world in general, and by Englishmen in particular, than any arising from mere historic or metaphysic right—this the Hungarians showed themselves most unmistakably to possess. In one other respect, too, they proved the superior temper of their race. Fighting against generals the most pitiless and barbaric that ever took the field, men that, defeated in battle, would hang, shoot, burn, flog, and call it military firmness, the Hungarians carried all gently, heroically, like a people noble in misfortune. That such a people should win would be a boon to the world. Nor, had they been left, they and their natural enemies, to fight it out equally between them, could the result have been doubtful. One more trial, however, was to be heaped upon them. Already, in April 1849, had the Austrians been driven from Hungary; already in the same month had the emancipated Hungarians proclaimed their freedom, and chosen Kossuth their first chief and President, with other ministers, both Magyar and Slavonian, to assist him, when the flood-gates of northern despotism were opened on Austrian solicitation, and the expected tide rushed in. In the end of April 50,000 Russians crossed the Hungarian frontier. Other armies have followed in their track. And now for three months has the war been waging between the Hungarians and the united Russian and Austrian armies. The efforts of the Hungarians have been unprecedented; like brave men, they have staked all on their last struggle. In their first battles they beat the Russians, as they had already beaten the Austrians; at the moment that we write, however, matters wear a more perplexed aspect, and all Europe waits with anxiety to know the issue. Should the Hungarians finally be victorious, the results will be most beneficial; in Eastern Europe there will be founded a free Magyar-Slavonic State, stronger and greater than Austria, a splendid commercial member of the European commonwealth, and a nucleus round which the Slavonic races may gradually and conveniently form themselves according to their common Pan-Slavic or their separate national tendencies: should the Russians, on the other hand, win the day, then there will be Pan-Slavic Empire in right earnest; the Tsar, overruling decrepit Austria like a master, will place his foot upon Constantinople, and look scowlingly towards the European West, and this state of things will continue till the coming blow shall be struck that shall shiver Russia itself in pieces, and proclaim a new era for the enfranchised world.

- ART. X.—1. *The Railways of the United Kingdom Statistically considered, in relation to their Extent, Capital, Amalgamation, Debentures, Financial Position, Acts of Parliament by which Regulated, Creation and Appropriation of Shares, Calls, Dividends, &c., concisely arranged, from Authentic Documents.* By HARRY SCRIVENOR, Secretary to the Liverpool Stock Exchange. London, 1849. 8vo. Pp. 840.
2. *The Railways of Great Britain and Ireland Practically Described and Illustrated.* By FRANCIS WHISHAW, Civil Engineer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London, 1840. 4to. Pp. 574. With Seventeen Plates.
3. *An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion by means of Steam Carriages on Common Roads.* By ALEXANDER GORDON, Civil Engineer. London, 1838. 8vo. Pp. 192.
4. *Past and Present Views of Railways.* By ALEXANDER GORDON, Esq., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London, 1849. Pp. 20.
5. *Stokers and Pokers, or the London and North-Western Railway, the Electric Telegraph, and the Railway Clearing House.* By the Author of Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau. Published in Murray's Colonial Library, No. 66. Pp. 208.
6. *Report of the Commissioners of Railways, 1848. Part I.* London, 1848. Pp. 224.
7. *Report of the Commissioners of Railways, 1848. Part. II.* London, 1849. Pp. 220.

It has been lately shown that there is poetry in science, and more recently it has been asserted that there is poetry even in railways. We cheerfully adopt both these propositions in all their truth and beauty, and are surprised only at the limitation with which the sentiment has been surrounded. Poetry acknowledges no boundary to its domains. Its strains are breathed throughout the physical as well as the moral world—its music is heard among the spheres—it chaunts its lays over the loves of the plants, and its sympathies are entwined even round the sufferings and enjoyments of irrational existence. What a noble epic is the universe itself! delineated in radiant hieroglyphics on the azure canvass of the firmament, as explored by the space-penetrating tube of the astronomer, and deciphered by the analysis of the mathematical sage. What a melodrama is exhibited on our own globe, while it speeds in ether its annual and its daily round;—on our earth-home—the stage upon which man has so long strutted his brief hour, emblazoning his vices and his crimes,

and rioting in giddy frivolity above burning caverns and primeval tombs, and among the contemporary dead, over whom he has himself sighed and wept.

Beneath the lava crust on which he daily treads and slumbers, he witnesses the tragedy of the pre-Adamite age, in which all the characters have perished, without leaving a seed behind ;—while on its surface is played the comedy of modern life, in which intellectual and immortal man eats, and drinks, and dies ; and exhibited the farce, in which kings and conquerors are reproduced in clay, or embalmed by the apothecary, or thrust under ground by the sexton. Nor is the poetry of life thus limited to humanity with its conflicting interests and passions. It claims a right of song over the speechless denizens of the forest and the heath, of the ocean and the air. The Pierian spring has tributaries even in the haunts of ferocious natures ; and with the blood-stained hearth of the tiger, and the roofless home which the jungle or the rock affords to the carnivorous pilgrim, there are associations of tenderness and love, of suffering and enjoyment, more noble and affecting than those which are linked with the lower and more savage grades of humanity. When animal and intellectual life are sheltered under the same roof, and when instinct and reason are auxiliaries in the house or on the heath, we learn to appreciate the virtues and the affections, if not the knowledge and the wisdom, of the brutes that perish.

The poetry of mechanism is one of the most interesting departments of the poetry of science, and that of railways cannot fail to be regarded as the Iliad of its productions—embracing the account of works the most expensive and gigantic—the description of engines the most ingenious and complex, and the history of social ameliorations which are now altering the very condition of man—virtually extending the very term of his existence, and opening new and extensive fields for the exercise of his holiest and noblest affections.

It is not our design in the following Article to amuse the reader with any account of those singularly curious and interesting arrangements* which have been rendered necessary by the great and rapid extension of the railway system, for the comfort and security of the millions whom it accommodates. Our object is to give the general reader some idea of the origin, progress, and extent of the railway system—of the ingenious inventions and stupendous works which it has called into existence—of the social triumphs which it has achieved—of the improvements of which it is susceptible, and which are necessary

* This has been already beautifully done by the distinguished author of "*Stokers and Pokers*," a work well worthy of the reader's perusal and study.

for the security of life and property—of its present state and prospects as a commercial speculation, and of the necessity of protecting it as a great national institution,—by the development of the whole traffic of the empire—by the grant of public aid—by placing all the railways in the kingdom under the management of Government, and by preventing in future that enormous expenditure of railway capital which has been so unnecessarily sunk in the preliminary stages of their existence, and which has led to the ruin of many of those enterprising capitalists to whom the public are indebted for the commencement and completion of these great undertakings.

Great Britain has long been distinguished among civilized nations by the magnitude and splendour of her public works. Her harbours, docks, and breakwaters, her canals, bridges, aqueducts, and lighthouses, have ever been the boast of our country, and the admiration of foreign lands. The Docks of Liverpool, the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Caledonian Canal, the Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, the Menai Bridge, and the Eddystone and Bell-Rock Lighthouses, should be familiar to every Englishman, and should be described in the humblest of our schools. But noble and magnificent as these public works are, they almost sink into insignificance when placed beside the gigantic undertakings which form a part of the Railway system of England. Science demanded from matter powers and functions which fancies the most sanguine never deemed it to possess. Reason broke down the barrier of physical impossibilities, and advanced to the breach where Imagination did not dare to follow it. The strongholds of time and space were stormed and captured; and the possessors of wealth, placing a generous confidence in human genius, offered their homage to the iron crown for which a bloodless victory had achieved the empire of space.

Like all great inventions, that of Railways was of slow growth; and so divided has been the merit of the various engineers to whom we owe it, that no individual has been bold enough to claim it for himself. The ancients had formed no conception of its nature. Poets and philosophers had not descried it, even in the far distance; and if it was anticipated at all, it was by the far-seeing eye of prophetic inspiration. "Make straight in the desert," says Isaiah, "a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed;"*—and Daniel

* This passage is supposed by some commentators to refer to the great highway which Semiramis formed by cutting and filling up hollows on her march to Ecbatana.

looks forward to the "time of the end, *when many shall run to and fro*, and knowledge shall be increased."

But whatever may have been the anticipations of science and prophecy, the true railway may be regarded as the invention of the present century. Railways were indeed constructed and used at some of the Newcastle collieries about the beginning of the seventeenth century. These early lines were constructed wholly of timber; and it was not till 1767 that an experiment was first made, the object of which was to substitute iron for wood. This experiment either seems to have failed, or to have excited no notice, for so late as 1797, Mr. Carr put forward a claim to the invention of cast-iron rails. The lines which were constructed in the last century were merely tracks of wood, stone, or iron, along which waggons were dragged by horses, and they were confined to local establishments, but principally to collieries. The diminution of the number of horses required to perform a given portion of labour upon an iron path amply repaid the interest of capital and the expense of maintenance, and men soon saw that such lines might be advantageously constructed on a larger and more comprehensive scale. An act for the first public railway in England was obtained in 1801, and from that time to 1837 no fewer than 178 of these acts were obtained. From one or two annually they began to increase in 1825, when their number rapidly augmented, as shown in the following table:—

	Acts.		Acts.		Acts.
1824, . .	2	1829, . .	9	1834, . .	14
1825, . .	5	1830, . .	9	1835, . .	18
1826, . .	6	1831, . .	9	1836, . .	35
1827, . .	6	1832, . .	8	1837, . .	14
1828, . .	11	1833, . .	11		

The most important of these railways were those in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, which were used for the conveyance of coals to the shipping wharfs on the Tyne and the Wear; and of these the Stockton and Darlington was the most perfect. An act was obtained for it in 1823, and it was opened on the 27th September 1825. All kinds of locomotive power were employed upon this line—locomotive engines, horses, and fixed engines; but as it consisted only of a single line of rails, with passing places, the engineer experienced serious interruption arising from the horses or other trains of carriages travelling in opposite directions. The ascents and descents on this line were numerous, and it was impossible for any locomotive, and still less for the imperfect engines of that day, to work with any advantage on such an uneven line. These defects consequently became more apparent; and as horses were out of the question, it was on this

line that the advantages and disadvantages of the two species of mechanical power—the fixed and locomotive engine—were first studied, and the problem finally solved. This was effected by the labours of the Directors and the Engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, who sent a deputation of two professional engineers to inspect the working of the Stockton and Darlington line. These engineers gave in their reports on the 9th March 1829. They reported that the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems were pretty equally balanced, but that, upon the whole, looking especially at the expense of each, *the fixed engines were preferable*. Mr. Stephenson, the Company's engineer, was, however, of a different opinion. He considered the locomotive as the most economical, and by far the most convenient moving power. The Directors were therefore induced, and with some difficulty, to look favourably on this engine; and they wisely offered a premium of £500 for the most approved locomotive engine, to be submitted to public trial on the 6th October 1829. Four beautiful engines accordingly appeared at Rainhill, on the Liverpool and Manchester line; the *Novelty*, by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson of London; the *Rocket*, by Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Newcastle, with a new boiler, the invention of Mr. H. Booth; the *Sans Pareil*, by Mr. T. Hackworth of Darlington; and the *Persuerverance*, by Mr. Burstall of Leith. The extraordinary speed of the engines excited among the spectators universal surprise; but in the opinion of the distinguished engineers who were appointed judges, the *Rocket* was found entitled to the premium.

The superiority of the locomotive being thus determined, a new problem of equal importance required to be solved. During the comparative trial of the engines at Rainhill, the *Rocket* frequently ascended the Whiston inclined plane, the inclination being 1 in 96, with a carriage containing twenty or thirty passengers, at the rate of from 15 to 18 miles an hour. The ease and regularity with which the work was performed led the ignorant to believe that it was as easy to travel up an inclined plane as upon a level; and engineers of talent and experience were thus induced to countenance schemes by which steam-carriages should be employed on roads with long and steep hills. In 1825, Mr. Gurney constructed a steam-carriage, which made experimental trips in the neighbourhood of London, and in 1829 he constructed another, in which he travelled from London to Bath and back again. A part of the machinery was broken at the outset; but on his return he performed the last 84 miles, from Melksham to Cranford Bridge, in ten hours, including stoppages. Other steam-carriages, constructed by Messrs. Sum-

mers and Ogle, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Stone,* were in daily use for several months on common roads; and so prevalent had the idea become, that "the perfecting of the means of interior communication would be effected by steam-carriages to the exclusion of railways, that in the year 1831 a Committee of the House of Commons presented to Parliament a very favourable Report on the subject." The attempts which were made, in consequence of this report, to substitute steam-carriages on common roads in place of railways, completely failed; and experience soon established the important truth, that steam travelling could only be advantageously performed on planes nearly level, and on lines nearly straight.

The first of the great lines with which England is now covered was the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which has been justly called *The Grand British Experimental Railway*. The scheme originated in 1824, but the Company was not incorporated till 5th May 1826, when the Act received the Royal assent. It carries on its operations under nine Acts of Parliament, and now belongs to the London and North-Western Company. It was perhaps unfortunate for railway speculation that this Railway should have been, as Mr. Scrivenor calls it, "the first-born of the great family of railways—the pilot—the pioneer—the model, after which all others were to shape their course and fashion their appearance." No works of extreme magnitude were required in its construction. The line of its course was comparatively level, and, uniting the manufacturing metropolis of England with Liverpool—the greatest thoroughfare in the world—its success as a commercial speculation was certain, and hence it gave encouragement to other undertakings, where equal success could scarcely be anticipated, and to some where ultimate loss was unavoidable. It was, on the other hand, fortunate for the Railway system, that its first effort united two such opulent cities. The wealth and public spirit of its directors, and the great objects which they contemplated, enabled them to put down the powerful combinations of interested parties which were marshalled in order to crush the railway system in its infancy, and to solve all those problems, and overcome all those difficulties, which would have perplexed a less powerful proprietary.

In 1833, Acts were obtained for the Grand Junction Railway

* Messrs. Summers and Ogle's steam-carriages ran on the Southampton road, often fifteen and sometimes thirty miles an hour. In 1831, Mr. Hancock's steam-carriage carried passengers from Bow and Stratford to and from Mile-end Road. The carriages of Sir W. Dance, superintended by Mr. Stone, and made by Mr. Gurney, ran between Gloucester and Cheltenham four times a day for four months, from the 21st of February to the 22d of June 1831, having carried nearly 3000 persons, and travelled nearly 4000 miles. The distance, which was nine miles, was travelled on an average in fifty-five minutes, but frequently in forty-five!

from Warrington to Birmingham, and for the London and Birmingham Railway, so as to unite with the Metropolis the three great cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Although these new lines presented greater difficulties of construction, or occasioned a greater outlay of capital, than the parent line, yet the original shareholders realized high profits; and when the public saw that all the practical difficulties of the Railway system were overcome, and that the three first lines that were executed yielded large profits, they rushed headlong into a course of wild speculation, which was attended with the most ruinous consequences. The following account of the panic which ensued is given by Mr. Scrivenor:—

“The early struggles for existence which every new-born system has to endure in this country, have already been brought under notice. These past and overcome, then came the wild burst of popular feeling in its favour, at a season (1845) when many combined causes prevailed to induce an over-estimate of its value. The public had witnessed the success of those who were the first proprietors of shares in the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the Grand Junction Railway, and the London and Birmingham. Dazzled by the profits that had been received from these undertakings, they eagerly grasped at original shares in new lines, deeming the same success awaited them. The results and consequences are well known. Many were ruined! because in those days, when giddy speculation of all sorts abounded, men bought shares at an advanced premium in a line not even commenced. Then succeeded a reaction most lamentable in its effect, prostrating at once those who had been blinded by the illusive prosperity of the period, and retarding the advancement of good *bona fide* projects. The public omitted in their calculations the element of *Time*; and it does not follow, that because a line, without even a rail laid upon it, or a barrowful of earth removed from its surface, was wrongly valued at a premium in 1845; yet that same line, in *due time*, will have struggled through the infancy of its construction, and will yield to its promoters a goodly dividend; *then*, but not till then, can the premium it is worth be truly computed.

“The vicissitudes of the period did not end here. The public became alarmed, and panic after panic followed in quick succession, reducing to a nominal value the better class of shares. Scarcely had these panics commenced their destructive influence in the railway world, when the mercantile world suffered calamitous reverses—so intimate are the relations of property. Commercial men, to meet their engagements, sold the railway stock they possessed, reducing, by their sales, to a lower level, this depressed property. Times did not mend; the pressure upon the money market increased; and convulsion after convulsion rent and struck the delicate fabric of commercial credit. The huge structure at last gave way, and, in its crash, seemed to involve all in one common ruin. The bitter storm blew round the world; for England's stability is the keystone in the arch of commerce,

and that touched and shaken, quickly spread a baneful influence over every colonial market, and, indeed, more or less, over every market in the known world."—*Introduction*, p. 20.

When the country had begun to recover from this railway paralysis, the revolutionary movement, which began to agitate Europe in February 1848, added to the virulence of the original disease. Trade and manufactures everywhere languished. Commerce was consequently paralyzed, and railway property almost threatened with destruction. When Governments were crushed in a day, and kings driven into exile, and ministers compelled to seek for shelter from popular fury, every interest in Europe, personal and national, mercantile and political, could not fail to suffer. When foreign railways were broken up by a lawless rabble; when the lower classes, whom the laws of God and of social life had doomed to labour, sought to divide the property which the industry of honest minds and of skilful hands had accumulated; and when these social evils threatened to extend themselves into our own happy and contented land, it was not to be wondered at that railway enterprise suffered an instantaneous collapse, and that railway property almost lost its value.

Notwithstanding these severe checks, the British capitalist never despaired. He relied on the knowledge and character of his fellow-subjects, and on the power and firmness of the Government; and the Railway system steadily advanced, though with impaired means and clouded hopes. The following details from the Parliamentary Returns will exhibit the successive steps of its progress, and its condition at the commencement of the present year:—

In 1843, the number of miles of railway opened at the middle of the year were—	1857 miles.	Increase.
In 1844, at January 1st,	1952	95 miles.
1845, ...	2148	196
1846, ...	2441	293
1847, ...	3036	595
1848, ...	3870	834
1849, ...	5007	1137

The regular extension of the Railway system, as exhibited in this table, does not shew the influence of the panic of 1845. This, however, will appear from the following statement:—

Previous to December 31, 1843, Parliament had authorized the opening of 2285 miles of railway, and every one of these has been executed.

In 1844, 805 miles were authorized, and of these only 21 miles remain to be executed.

These results shew the healthy state of railway speculation

previous to 1845, and the power of the shareholders to fulfil their obligations.

In 1845, however, no fewer than 2700 miles were authorized by Parliament; and of these, at the present moment, 1298, or nearly *one-half*, are yet unexecuted!

In 1846, the mania was at its height, and 4538 miles were sanctioned by the Legislature. Of these, 4056 miles, or nearly 8-9ths, are yet unexecuted.

In 1847, when the paroxysm of speculation had begun to subside, 1354 miles of railway were authorized by Parliament; and 1300 remain to be executed, the Companies having found the means only to complete 54 miles, or 1-25th of the whole.

In 1848, only 330 miles were authorized, and not a single mile of these has been executed.

According to these Returns we are almost entitled to infer that the Railway system, as carried on in this country by private enterprise, has reached its limits,—that is, that it will not extend beyond the system of authorized lines. How far it may reach that limit the following statement of the Railway Commissioners will enable us to conjecture:—

“There can then be little doubt that a very large proportion of the authorized railways will not be completed, although no estimate can at present be formed of the extent likely to be abandoned. The time for the completion of nearly the whole of the lines authorized in 1845 and 1846, which are not in progress, has been extended by the Commissioners by the Act above referred to, (11 Vict. cap. 3, passed in December 1847,) as applications for such extension are under their consideration. And at present it can only be considered that about 35 miles of the lines authorized in 1845, and about 415 miles of those authorized in 1846, are abandoned; but from the financial statements published by thirteen of the principal Companies, it *appears probable that not less than 1260 miles*, in addition to the above, (1710 in all,) may be abandoned. When it is remembered by how few Companies these statements have been made, it is not perhaps too much to assume that *one-half* of the 4800 miles of authorized railways, of which the works are not in progress, will never be completed under the existing Acts of Parliament.”—*Report of the Railway Commissioners*, 1848. Part II. pp. vi. vii. Dated May 1, 1849.

Our readers will now be anxious to know the nature and extent of the traffic possessed by these railways, and the pecuniary returns which it has yielded.

Years.	Number of Passengers.	Receipts from Passengers.
1843,	23,466,896,	£3,110,257
1844,	27,763,602,	3,439,294
1845,	33,791,258,	3,976,341
1846,	48,796,983,	4,725,216
1847,	51,352,163,	5,149,002
1848,	57,965,070,	5,720,382

It appears from this table, that though the number of miles of railway opened in 1848 was more than double of that opened in 1843, and though the number of passengers had increased in a still greater proportion, yet the receipts were not nearly double, being only as 57 to 31, a result which must have arisen either from the passengers having travelled a shorter distance, or from their having travelled in carriages of a lower class—results arising, doubtless, from the state of the country.

In the table of the Goods Traffic the result is widely different :—

Years.	Receipts from Goods.	Total Receipts from Goods and Passengers.
1843, . . .	£1,424,982, . . .	£4,535,189
1844, . . .	1,635,380, . . .	5,074,674
1845, . . .	2,233,373, . . .	6,209,714
1846, . . .	2,846,353, . . .	7,565,569
1847, . . .	7,362,884, . . .	8,510,886
1848, . . .	4,213,169, . . .	9,933,551

This table is a most important one, as it proves that, while the railway lines have been little more than doubled, or have been increased in the ratio of 18·6 to 38·7, the receipts from goods have been increased *three times*, in the ratio of 14 to 42 ; so that the total receipts have increased at a greater ratio than the number of miles, namely, as 45 to 99.

In order to learn what classes of society contribute to the support of the Railway system, and in what proportion, we shall take the year from 30th June 1847 to 30th June 1848, the number of miles that were open at the beginning of this period being 3507, and the number open at the end of it, 4357 :—

	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class, . . .	7,190,779 .	£1,792,538
Second Class, . . .	21,690,509 .	2,353,153
Third Class, . . .	15,241,529 .	661,038
Parliamentary Class, . . .	13,092,489 .	902,851
Mixed, . . .	749,763 .	11,807
Total, . . .	57,965,069 .	£5,721,382
Receipts from goods, cattle, parcels, &c., . . .		4,213,179
Total Receipts for the year 1847-1848, . . .		£9,934,561

It appears from this table that the middle classes of society are the best contributors to railways. The number of that class who travel in second class carriages being *three times* greater than those who travel in first class carriages, and the receipts from that class being greater in the ratio of 18 to 24.

The same returns for the half-year ending December 31st 1848, give a very favourable view of the progress of the system.

The number of miles open at the beginning of that half-year was 4443, and the number open at the end of it, 5079. These 5079 are distributed as follows:—

Railways in England,	.	.	.	3918
„ in Scotland,	.	.	.	728
„ in Ireland,	.	.	.	261
		Passengers.	Receipts.	
First Class,	.	8,748,802	.	£1,008,516
Second Class,	.	12,191,549	..	1,860,468
Third Class,	.	7,184,032	.	320,862
Parliamentary Class,	.	8,450,623	.	597,071
Mixed,	.	60,485	.	1,382
Total,	.	31,680,291	.	£3,388,299
Receipts from goods, cattle, parcels, &c.,	.		.	2,461,662

Total Receipts for half-year ending Dec. 31st 1848, £5,744,961

It is obvious from this table, compared with the preceding, that the second class passengers have increased in a greater ratio than the others.

Taking the average number of miles open during the half-year at 4756, the receipts for each mile would average £1208. On the following principal lines this average differs greatly:—

On the London and North Western,	it is	£2625
„ Edinburgh and Glasgow,	„	1853
„ Great Western,	„	1795
„ Lancashire and Yorkshire,	„	1681
„ South Eastern,	„	1673
„ London, Brighton, and South Coast,		1657
„ Midland,	„	1385
„ South Western,	„	1341
„ Eastern Counties,	„	1298
„ York, Newcastle, and Berwick,		1170
„ Caledonian,	„	837
„ York and North Midland,	„	728
„ Eastern Union,	„	700
„ Great Southern and Western of		
„ Ireland,	„	592

In their latest Report the Railway Commissioners have endeavoured to estimate the amount of money expended on the construction of railways:—

“ The returns which will enable them to do this accurately are being received by them, and will, on their completion, be laid before Parliament. They believe, however, that the expenditure in 1848 was less than that in 1847, but nearly as large as the expenditure in 1846; that at the end of 1848, rather more than £200,000,000 (*two hundred millions*) had been expended on Railways; that the Companies retained power to expend upon authorized Railways £140,000,000,

(one hundred and forty millions,) and that the extension of time which has been granted to so many Companies, will allow this expenditure to be distributed over five or six years. But it has already been stated, that it appears probable that a large proportion of the lines not now in progress, will never be completed; and if it be assumed that at least one-half of the lines which are not in progress will be entirely abandoned, it may also be assumed that £50,000,000 (fifty millions) of authorized capital will not be required."—Report for 1848, Part ii. p. 7.

Hence it follows, that in four or five years the sum expended on railways will amount to nearly £300,000,000, or three hundred millions of money. This enormous outlay exhibits in a striking view the disposition of capitalists to invest their money in railways; and the Railway Commissioners justly observe, that a number of these capitalists entered into the speculation not for permanent investment, but to increase their capital by an exercise of their judgment;—that it is to their "enterprising spirit that the rapid spread of railways over the country, in spite of the difficulties offered by local oppositions and parliamentary forms, is to be attributed;"—and that it is "to the energy, commercial knowledge, and habits of business of these men that the public are indebted for the prompt development of a system of railway management adapted to the wants of the community."

The conflicting interests of different classes of shareholders, namely, of those who invest their money temporarily and permanently, and also of those who hold privileged descriptions of stock, and those who do not, have for a long time rendered it advisable that the financial supervision of Railway Companies should be entrusted to some department of the Government, such as the *Railway Board*. Mr. Edward Strutt, when at the head of that Board, introduced into his Bill of 1847 a provision that Railway Companies should, when called upon, make returns to the Commissioners of their receipts, expenditure, and accounts, in such a form as should be directed, for the purpose of ascertaining their accuracy. The absolute necessity of establishing some effectual mode of directing the financial accounts of Companies by an independent authority, which should command the confidence of shareholders and the public, has been exhibited in the recent exposure of the disgraceful transactions which have been detected in the management of the affairs of the York and North Midland, of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and of the Eastern Counties' Railways; and a select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to consider and report upon this subject. In order to carry into effect the valuable suggestions of this Committee, a Bill has been introduced into Parliament by Lord Monteagle, under the name of

The Audit of Railway Accounts' Bill, which, we trust, will soon pass into a law. The shareholders of Railway Stock, and the public who may desire to invest their gains in it, have a deep interest in the passing of this Bill, and ought to take the usual steps for securing so great a boon; but it is very probable that the Directors of Railway Companies will not, without a struggle, surrender their power into the hands of Government. A meeting, indeed, was held a few days ago, on the 9th July, for the purpose of organizing an opposition to the Audit Bill; and the Chairmen of several of the principal English Companies, with Lord Lonsdale at their head, passed resolutions condemnatory of the Bill.* Not only was it represented as inquisitorial, vexatious, and oppressive, but it was argued by Lord Lonsdale, that it would be used as an instrument by Government for purchasing Railway property on the most advantageous terms. By the Act of 7th and 8th Victoria, Government have the power of purchasing any Railway, under certain conditions; and Lord Lonsdale conjectures that the power of appointing their own accountants under the Bill, will allow Government to make out the accounts according to their own wishes, so as to enable them to buy up Railway property on terms the most advantageous to themselves! Had such a sentiment emanated from a chartist or a radical shareholder, we could have found an apology for it in ignorance and political malignity; but it does surprise us that a Conservative Peer should suppose it possible that a board of English gentlemen should, either with or without any motive of self-interest, be considered capable of such misconduct. We trust that the Government will avail themselves of the power of purchasing so wisely given them by the Legislature; and we trust we shall live to see the day when the whole railways in the kingdom will be under their disinterested supervision and able management.†

An interesting feature in the Railway system of Britain is the union of a number of Railways by amalgamation, purchase, or lease. Parliament has wisely provided that no powers of purchase, sale, lease, or amalgamation shall be given to any Railway Company, unless, previous to their application to Parliament, they shall have respectively paid up one-half of the capital authorized to be raised by any previous Acts, by means of shares, and shall have applied it to the purposes of their undertaking. A return of such amalgamations was printed by order of the

* A meeting of the London and North-Western, on the 17th, came to a similar resolution.

† Our readers will find some admirable observations relative to this matter, in the *Railway Report of 1848*, Part II., p. vii., viii., and ix., and also in the Introduction to Mr. Scrivenor's *Works*, pages 16, 17, and 18.

House of Commons in July 1848. It exhibits in different columns the length of each individual line, the Company to which it originally belonged, the nature of the transfer to which it has been subject, whether by amalgamation, purchase, or lease, the names of the Companies amalgamated, the date of amalgamation, the name of the Company purchasing, and the date of the purchase, and the name of the Company taking the lease, with the date of its commencement and expiration. This return is illustrated by two beautiful maps, one of Great Britain, and one of Ireland, shewing to the eye the amalgamation of Railways—the existing lines—and those in progress. The map of Great Britain is more than three feet long and two broad, and displays in a very interesting manner the great ganglions, or condensed groups of Railways which cluster round the foci of manufactures and commerce, stretching from York to Liverpool, and surrounding Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Manchester—thickening again between Sheffield and Lincoln, and within the wide space inclosing Mansfield, Derby, Nottingham, Stafford, Birmingham, Rugby, and Leicester. Another ganglion appears to the south and east of Newcastle and Durham; and one still larger to the south south-east and south-west of Glasgow. We regret to see the lines so widely separated even in some parts of England, and such large blank spaces in Scotland and Ireland; but we are sanguine enough to believe that a long time will not elapse till the traffic of these important regions is developed in England by new railways;—in Scotland by a great trunk line from Perth to Inverness and Thurso, and by tributary branches and single lines to the north and west,*—and in Ireland by similar constructions.†

Before concluding our general notice of the physical and commercial character of our Railway system, we must notice the comparative expenses which have been incurred in England, and in foreign countries. In favourable situations, English Railways, with

* Besides those for which Acts have been obtained, the following are some of the most important secondary lines required in Scotland :—1. From Hawick to Langholm and Longtown, to join the Caledonian. 2. From Girvan to Portpatrick. 3. From the Perth and Inverness trunk to Killin, Tyndrum, and Oban. 4. From Dunblane to Callander and Tyndrum. 5. From Castle-Douglas to Dalmellington. 6. From Kirkcudbright to Portpatrick by Newton-Stewart. 7. From Dalwhinnie to Fortwilliam, &c. &c.

† At the time we are writing (July 13th) we observe that Parliament has given a loan of £500,000 to complete the Great Trunk Line across Ireland, from Dublin to Galway, by Mullingar and Athlone; so that when the line at Mullingar by the Midland and Great Western is joined to Lifford and Clones, through Cavan by a new line, and Clones to Lifford by the Dundalk and Enniskillen, and the Enniskillen and Londonderry now in progress, and the line then completed from Lifford to Londonderry—Ireland will be singularly favoured by a Great Trunk Line cutting it in two from West to East by the Dublin and Galway Line, and by the great sinuous line running from south to north, from Waterford to Londonderry, touching Loch Erne on the western coast, and joining by secondary lines Coleraine, Belfast, Downpatrick, Newry, Dundalk, and Drogheda, with Dublin.

double lines of rails, have been constructed for £10,000 per mile. When the localities have been very unfavourable, they have cost as much as £50,000 per mile. Between these two extremes we have all varieties of expenditure per mile. Mr. Lecount* has computed that a Railway 80 miles long which cost £960,000, or £12,000 per mile, which will rarely happen, would require the following traffic per day from each end to pay the annexed dividends:—

Tons of Goods per day.		Passengers per day.	Dividend.
75	or	120	$\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
100	or	160	1 "
125	or	200	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "
200	or	320	$4\frac{1}{2}$ "

Or taking into account a traffic composed of both passengers and goods, the calculation would stand thus:

Tons of Goods per day.		Passengers per day.	Dividend.
35	and	60	$\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.
50	and	80	1 "
62	and	100	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "
100	and	160	$4\frac{1}{2}$ "

It seldom happens that in this country a mile of Railway can be executed at so low a rate as £12,000 per mile.

"The Americans," says M. Lecount, "have such facilities for their constructions, that 1600 miles of Railroad have been made in that country (a good deal of it however being only *single line*) at an annual cost of only £5081 per mile; whereas, in England, the mere permanent way alone would amount to £4400 per mile, if the rails were 45 lbs. to the yard, and laid upon longitudinal timbers; £4900 per mile, if laid with rails 42 lbs. per yard, having chain and cast iron supports between them on longitudinal timbers; £5300 per mile with rails 42 lbs. per yard on blocks three feet apart; £4800 per mile with the same sized rails on wooden sleepers; £5600 per mile with 62 lb. rails on blocks four feet apart, and £5100 for the same rails on wooden sleepers; £6000 per mile for rails of 75 lbs. per yard, on blocks five feet apart; and £5500 per mile for the same on sleepers. These prices do not include laying the way, ballasting, and draining. Thus we see that the mere cost of the permanent way in this country, averaging £5200 per mile, *exceeds that of the whole expense of a complete railway in America; and 75 lbs. rails, on blocks, and sleepers, including laying, ballasting, sidings, turn plates, and every expense, has exceeded £8000 per mile.*"—*Ency. Brit., Art. Railway*, p. 16.

The average expense of £5081 per mile employed by Mr. Lecount, in the preceding extract, agrees very nearly with the following statement mentioned by Mr. Franch, the member for

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. RAILWAY, p. 16.

Roscommon county, in the discussion on Irish Railways in the House of Commons on the 9th of July :—

	Per Mile.
Columbia and Philadelphia, . . .	£10,000
Boston and Worcester, . . .	7,700
Western, . . .	7,300
Camden and Amboy, . . .	4,100
Utica, . . .	3,600
Richmond, . . .	3,600
Florida, . . .	3,200
Auburn, . . .	2,900
South Carolina, . . .	2,600
Average, . . .	£5000

In Prussia, a comprehensive system of railways, to the extent of 3200 miles, was planned by the Government, with its usual wisdom and liberality; but up to 1845, 652 miles only were completed, as shewn in the following table—the political disturbances in 1848 and 1849 having doubtless prevented the execution of the general plan :—

	Length of Line in Miles.	Cost.
Berlin and Anhalt, . . .	93½	£726,873
Berlin and Potsdam, . . .	16	210,000
Berlin and Stettin, . . .	83	783,000
Berlin and Frankfort on Oder, . . .	49½	420,000
Lower Silesian, } . . .	134	1,200,000
Upper Silesian, } * . . .	49½	630,000
Breslau and Schweidnitz, . . .	37	285,000
Magdeburg and Leipsic, . . .	67½	615,000
Magdeburg and Halberstadt, . . .	35½	286,155
Düsseldorf and Elberfeld, . . .	16	304,170
Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, . . .	52	1,425,000
Cologne and Bonn, . . .	18½	181,000
Total, . . .	652	£7,017,198

According to this table, the average cost of the Prussian lines is about £10,000 per mile.

The following table shews the length and cost of each of the lines formed in Austria :—

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
Linz Gmunden Budweis, . . .	119	£742,000
Emperor Ferdinand's line, . . .	179	1,700,000
Vienna to Glognitz, . . .	46	1,050,000

* The Government have guaranteed 3½ per cent, to the Companies.

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
Olmütz and Prague,	151	£1,843,725
Murzuschlag and Gratz,	57½	not given
Total,	495	£4,986,325

These lines show an average of about £11,300 per mile.

The small States of Germany have executed the following lines of railway, 541 miles in length, of which 371 miles belong to the Government :—

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
*Baden,	96	£1,704,086
*Brunswick and Hanover,	38	209,707
*Brunswick and Oscherleben,	43	240,000
*Brunswick and Harzburg,	27½	127,500
Hamburg to Bergstorf,	10½	191,332 7
Altona to Kiel,	64	882,500
Leipsic to Dresden,	71½	975,000
*Saxon Bavarian,	51	900,000
Tannus Railway,	28	291,661
*Munich to Augsburg,	37½	350,000
*Louis, Southern and Northern,	70	4,286,500
Nuremberg and Furth,	4	17,708
Total,	541	£9,676,249

The average cost of these lines will be about £19,000 per mile.

After these details regarding foreign railways, our readers will scarcely give credit to the following statement regarding the expense *per mile* of English railways :—

	Per Mile.
Blackwall Railway,	£289,980
Croydon,	80,400
Manchester and Bury,	70,000
Manchester and Leeds,	64,588
Manchester and Birmingham,	61,624
Brighton,	56,981
Manchester and Sheffield,	56,316
Eastern Counties,	46,355
Great Western,	46,870
South Eastern,	44,412
North Western,	41,612

Leaving out the Blackwall Railway, which would make an average of the expense of the preceding lines ridiculous, the average expense of the remaining ones, per mile, is £56,915!

The lines marked * were executed at the expense of the Government.

Some idea of the cause of apparently such profligate expenditure may be formed from the following facts:—

	Per Mile.
Parliamentary Expenses of the Blackwall Railway, .	£14,414
„ „ „ Eastern Counties, .	886
„ „ „ Manchester and Birmingham, .	5,190
„ „ „ Brighton, .	4,806

The following sums, per mile, were paid for land:—

	Per Mile.
Manchester and Birmingham, .	£16,262
Eastern Counties, ...	15,881
Brighton, ...	10,105
Average per mile, ...	14,089

So little is known in this country concerning foreign railways, that we were anxious to have supplied the defect, by copious details respecting their history and statistics, and by comparing them with our own in reference to the cost of their construction and maintenance—the accommodation of passengers, and their receipts and prospects; but though we have collected much information on the subject, our restricted space will not allow us to give it in detail. We shall therefore content ourselves with such an abstract of the more important particulars as our limits will permit. The following Table contains a general view of the Railway system in Germany:—

Names of the States.	English miles constructed.	English miles in project.	English miles to be constructed.	English miles Total.
Austria, ...	716½	229	158½	1103
Prussia, ...	677½	403	794	1874
Duchy of Anhalt, ...	39½	12½	—	52
Kingdom of Saxony, ...	176	148	7	331
Duchy of Saxe, ...	137½	43½	87	144
Bavaria, ...	149	308½	174½	632
Wurtemberg, ...	24	148	32	204
Grand Duchy of Baden, ...	154½	35½	—	195
Do. of Hesse Darmstadt, ...	34½	43½	40	118
Duchy of Nassau, ...	27	—	—	27
Francfort-on-Main, ...	2	14	—	16
Electorate of Hesse, ...	„	178	4	182
Duchy of Brunswick, ...	73	—	7	80
Hanover, ...	59	154	161	374
Hanseatic Towns, ...	9	—	2½	11½
Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, ...	—	—	94½	140½
Holstein and Lauenburg, ...	96	81	43½	170½
Total, .	2294	1748½	1595½	5637½

The total number of miles thus projected in all Germany is not much greater than the number now executed in England.

We have now before us a very interesting Table of French Railways in 1847, with the minutest details, occupying thirteen separate columns, and showing the expense of all the different varieties of work necessary for their completion. We must confine ourselves, however, to a brief abstract.*

Names of the Lines,	Length in Kilometers actually constructed.	Total Expense.	Expense per English Mile.
† St. Etienne to Anvrezieux,	21.25	£2,996,503	£144,296
Do. to Lyons, .	56.69	21,182,873	373,648
Branch to Montand, . .	"	399,549	"
† Anvrezieux to Roanne, .	67.00	12,500,000	186,587
† The Garde Line, Nismes, &c.,	92.32	18,914,868	204,876
Paris to St. Germain, .	18.47	16,418,139	888,890
Atmospherical Branch, .	2.00	4,689,835	"
† Anzin to Denain and Abbecon,	15.56	2,818,202	181,088
† Montpellier to Cette, .	37.35	4,509,134	164,865
Paris to Versailles, .	19.50	17,055,722	874,652
Do. to do. . .	16.89	16,855,301	998,005
† Bordeaux to La Teste, .	52.31	5,987,773	114,471
† Alsace { Mulhouts to	15.00	2,869,096	191,273
{ Strasburg to Basle,	140.50	44,953,618	319,955
Paris { Orleans }	132.69	59,652,779	449,581
{ Corbeil }			
Paris to Rouen, . . .	131.31	64,589,384	494,169
Rouen to Havre, . .	91.00	56,560,316	621,542
Montpellier to Nismes, .	52.00	16,519,605	317,685
† Paris to Sceaux, . .	10.45	4,740,120	453,764
The Northern Line, . .	334.90	135,476,337	404,028

The following lines have been opened in France between 1847 and August 1849 :—

	Kilom.		Kilom.
Paris to Tronnerre,	185	Amiens to Boulogne, .	124
— to Troyes, .	182	Marseilles to Avignon, .	123
Orleans to Saumur,	171	Rouen to Dieppe, . .	70
— to Bourges,	112	Vierzon to Chateauroux,	63

—making about 1360 English miles in all France.

The lines in Belgium constructed by the State amount to 347 miles, and cost £5,945,148. They unite Brussels with Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Malines, Courtray, Lille, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, Marlenbourg, Liège, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

In Holland, there are railways joining Amsterdam with Rotterdam, 50 miles ; and with Utrecht and Arnheim, 60 miles.

* The lines marked † are only single lines.

In the north of Italy, a line partly finished passes from Venice to Turin and Alessandria, by Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Milan, and Novara; and one from Milan to Monza. There is also a line from Florence to Leghorn through Pisa, and to Pontedera; another from Pisa to Lucca and St. Salvatore, and another from Florence to Prato.

In the south of Italy, there is a railway from Naples to Pompeii and Castellamare, and another from Naples to Caserta and Capua; but no line has been projected in the States of the Church. The Pope, indeed, is said to have objected to their introduction.

There is a railway in Switzerland twenty-five English miles in length from Zurich to Dietiken and Baden; and even in Spain, a railway $17\frac{1}{2}$ English miles in length has been recently opened from Barcelona to Mataro.

The most eastern railways in Europe terminate at Warsaw and Cracow. A line is in progress to Bochnia, east of Cracow, and another from Pesth to Debretzin, still farther east.

The Swedish Government have exhibited great practical wisdom in the encouragement they have given to the formation of railways. The State guarantees to the projectors four per cent. for fifteen years; and the pecuniary loans given by Government are not to be repaid till after ten years, and then they are only to be exacted from one-half of the surplus profits above six per cent. If the State resolves to purchase the lines, they cannot do so till after twenty years, and they must then pay a bonus of 25 per cent. In place of a tax being exacted by the State, as in British railways, and exorbitant local rates, the Government gives for nothing the portions of the crown-lands through which the lines may pass, and also the labour of soldiers, paupers, and convicts, at reduced wages. The Government has also agreed to erect electric telegraphs at their own expense.

The liberal conduct of the Swedish and other Governments to Railway enterprise forms a singular contrast with that of Great Britain. When the early Railway Companies were receiving large dividends, it was not to be wondered at that Government, in its necessities, should impose some tax upon their exorbitant profits, and that the parochial authorities should imitate their example. In the present state of railway property, however, these burthens are intolerable, and cannot with any propriety be much longer imposed. The London and North-Western Company have paid during the last year the sum of £50,505 for government duty, and £58,650 for local rates and taxes. In the half-year just ended, the London and South-Western Company have paid for local rates alone £10,833, which is upwards of 11 per cent. on their balance available for a dividend!

This tax, consisting chiefly of poor's rate, is so unjust and oppressive that Parliament ought instantly to redress the grievance. In this last case every adult employed by the Company is taxed £12, 10s. per annum, while the average impost on the male population of the country is only 30s. per head.

The following table shows the taxes imposed upon railways for the year 1848 :—

	Government Duty.			Rates and Taxes.		
London and North-Western, .	£50,505	8	0	£58,649	15	10
Great Western, ...	29,603	18	8	38,555	5	2
Midland, ...	23,043	10	5	33,125	13	2
Eastern Counties, ...	16,817	5	1	24,754	3	8
London, Brighton, and South Coast,	16,376	5	0	22,834	3	5
London and South-Western, .	15,033	5	0	19,491	9	6
South-Eastern, ...	14,895	9	1	24,367	18	10
York and North Midland, .	7,092	14	1	13,960	18	2
York, Newcastle, and Berwick,	6,571	9	3	14,513	17	1
Lancashire and Yorkshire, .	4,336	10	4	16,793	10	2
London and Blackwall, . . .	2,363	11	6	2,209	13	7
South Devon, ...	2,134	6	5	2,017	1	10
East Lancashire, ...	1,906	18	1	2,695	14	1
Birkenhead, Lancashire, & Cheshire,	1,602	15	3	457	12	10
Manchester, Sheffield & Lincoln- shire, ... }	1,172	19	3	3,423	0	5

Railways have not made much progress in our Colonies and dependencies. They have been checked by the same causes which operated in every part of Europe. The East India Company have guaranteed to the Great Indian Peninsular Company a dividend of 5 per cent. upon £500,000, a sum which is supposed capable of completing the first thirty-five miles of the line, from Bombay to Callian ; and the 11th and 12th Victoria, cap. 13, guarantees 4 per cent. for loans for the construction of railways in the West Indies and Mauritius. A number of railway acts, passed by the legislatures of the Colonies of British Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ceylon, New Brunswick, and Canada, have been reported upon by the Railway Commissioners to the Colonial Office. Colonial acts have also been passed, in 1847 and 1848, for incorporating the Nova Scotia Electrical Telegraph Company and the British North American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Association.

In their latest Report, dated 1st May 1849, the Railway Commissioners have made a special reference to "the great change that has taken place in public opinion with respect to the value of Railway investments." During the year 1848, consols rose about 4 per cent., while the average price of investments in five

of the principal Railway Companies fell about 20 per cent., and hence the Commissioners justly conclude that there may be much difficulty in obtaining capital for many of the proposed lines. This decline is shewn in the following statement :—

London & N. Western.	London & S. Western.	Great Western.	Midland.	Average.	Consols.	
184	134	146	130	148 $\frac{1}{2}$	89	July 3, 1847.
150	102	112	109	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	Jan. 1, 1848.
120	92	95	100	101 $\frac{3}{4}$	84	July 1, 1848.
124	80	91	85	95	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dec. 30, 1848.
133	76	95	76	95	92	April 20, 1849.

After perusing these details, the reader will naturally ask, What are the future prospects of railways as commercial speculations, as these prospects may be gathered from the facts now before us, and without any reference to the development of the whole traffic of the country, or the future measures of Government? Three writers, whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, have taken different views of the future prospects of Railway Companies. After quoting the following passage from Sir Francis Head's interesting pamphlet, Mr. Scrivenor speaks with hope, and even assurance, respecting the probable success of the Railway system :—

"In Herapath's *Railway Journal* of the 30th September last, it appears that the capital expended on railways now open for traffic, amounting to £148,000,000, (one hundred and forty-eight millions,) gives a profit of 1.81 per cent. for the half-year, or £3, 12s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cent. per annum. Deducting the non-paying dividend lines, the dividend on the remainder amounts to 2.09 per cent. for the half-year, or £4, 8s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cent. per annum.

"After ten years' competition with railways, the dividends received by the Canal Companies between London and Manchester were in 1846 as follows :—

Grand Junction Canal,	.	.	.	6 per cent.
Oxford, ...	.	.	.	26 "
Coventry, ...	.	.	.	25 "
Old Birmingham, ...	.	.	.	16 "
Trent and Mersey, ...	.	.	.	30 "
Duke of Bridgewater's (private property), say	.	.	.	30 "

"The dividends received by the Grand Junction Canal for the last forty years have averaged £9, 10s. 9d. per cent. per annum."—*Stokers and Pokers*, pp. 153, 154.

Upon this statement Mr. Scrivenor makes the following observations :—

"I hail these *results* of traffic as proving beyond question the future prosperity of the railways of the United Kingdom. Observe the result of traffic on canals, what rich dividends they have yielded to their proprietors; this, too, without the aid of passenger traffic. Now

that we have evidently entered upon a new epoch in the world's history, when the multitudes require to be provided with swift transit—when those who in no other epoch ever dreamt of travelling, now move about in masses—there is legitimate reason for concluding that that grand system by which the many are enabled to 'run to and fro' with facility and ease, must in the end prosper beyond all former precedent. The railways have infused throughout the dense ranks of our population a quickening impulse for locomotion; they have kindled a taste in the public mind that will increase more and more;—who shall tell its bounds? But this we know, that this disposition to travel about on the part of the public must be productive of excessive prosperity to those who are possessed of railway property; it cannot be indulged without benefiting them; and according to the measure of its increase, so may be measured the railway dividends in years to come."—*The Railways of the United Kingdom, &c.*, Introduction, pp. 22, 23.

These views are doubtless very sanguine. We trust they will be realized, though under existing arrangements we do not perceive that they rest on any solid foundation.

Mr. Alexander Gordon, the author of the pamphlet on the "Past and Present Views of Railways," has taken a very different view of the future prospects of railways. He confesses that he is the only member of the Institution of Civil Engineers who has entertained, and still entertains, opinions adverse to the introduction and progress of the Railway system; but the singularity of his position may perhaps be explained by the fact that he was almost the only engineer who advocated the superiority of steam coaches on common roads to railways, and who continued to plead for them even after experience had refused its concurrence. But, however this may be, Mr. Gordon has been a consistent enemy of railways as now constructed, and has since 1833 continued to predict their failure, and to assert "that a short time will see the general Railway system deprecated as commercially, agriculturally, and politically hurtful." The following are the grounds upon which Mr. Gordon rests this gloomy foreboding of railway adversity:—

"Railway travelling," says he, "has not increased so much since I wrote as to make it more than 30,000,000 of passengers carried thirty miles per annum by railway companies. These companies have expended considerably more than £200,000,000, the annual interest of which, at five per cent., amounts to £10,000,000, just 2½d., or 2½d. nearly for a passenger per mile, and this is part only of the total sum to be debited to the transport account in railway profit and loss. Thus it will be seen that the passengers are carried at a much lower mean price than is required to cover the interest alone.

"The grand profit and loss account of railways in June 1848 may be thus stated:—

swarms of Asia, and the millions of America, will send forth their contingents to see the wonders of mechanism in Britain,—to learn the lessons of civilisation which she teaches, and to imbibe the great political, and moral, and religious truths which irradiate our happy land,—the great sea-light which now shines in bright effulgence amid the moral darkness and the social desolation of Europe.

Nor is it a groundless expectation to anticipate an amelioration of existing railway property from a consolidation, as we may call it, of portions of existing lines, as well as from mechanical improvements in the machinery employed. Owing to the rivalry of different companies, a number of lines, or portions of lines, stand in direct commercial antagonism to one another. In some cases the parties have shaken hands, and work the rival lines for their mutual benefit. Now, in these cases, where a line, or a portion of a line, contributes either very little, or not at all, to the development of local traffic, that line, or portion of a line, should be abandoned, and the traffic, previously carried along the two lines, transferred to one.

There is another and a less problematical way of improving railway property, namely, by the introduction of a rigid economy into its management. This must be done without diminishing the security of property and the safety of passengers, and must be the result of study and experience,—of knowledge invited and collected, and of modes of management gathered from the practice of American and foreign railways. The public travel too fast for the fares which they pay. If they are in a hurry they ought to pay for the quickness of their transit, and if the express trains are continued their fares should be increased.*

In making changes like these, and introducing an uniform and economical management into the British railway system, the chairman and directors of individual companies must abandon that system of rivalry and mutual antagonism by which such an enormous expenditure has been incurred, and combine their knowledge and their influence in advancing the general interests of the Iron Republic, in which all individual interests are necessarily comprehended. An uniform system of fares will then be adopted—an uniform and universal mode of working the lines will be established—an uniform method of keeping and exhibiting the accounts will prevail, and the superintendence of independent auditors will give a new character to railway transactions and a new security to railway property.

2. But we are surely entitled to regard the Railway system in

* It is asserted, and doubtless truly, that if the London and North-Western were to take off their express trains they would save at once £20,000 a-year, "besides severe extra damage to their rails."—*Stokers and Pokers*, p. 155.

machinery at work, we cannot estimate it at much more than £75,000,000. If we suppose that the working expenses can, by economy, be reduced to £3,000,000, or a little more than 30 per cent., we shall have an annual profit of £3,243,000, or nearly a dividend of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This, however, is a very inadequate return. Let us see what are the prospects of its being very considerably increased, under different *possible* conditions of the Railway system.

1. If we suppose, with the Railway Commissioners—and the supposition is a very reasonable one, and probably under the truth—that of the 7005 miles of *authorized* railways that remain to be opened, 2160 miles are in progress, and that out of the remaining 4800 one-half may never be completed under existing acts, we shall have new lines to the extent of $2160 + 2400$, or 4560 miles opened in the course of three or four years; that is, the present railway system will be nearly doubled, being equal to $5005 + 4560$, or 9565 miles. The influence of these new lines upon the prosperity of *existing* railways cannot be questioned. Some of these new lines may indeed be rivals to a certain degree to some of the old ones, and to that extent these old ones must suffer; but, generally speaking, every new mile of railway that is executed must operate to a certain extent as a feeder to all but its immediate rival. The passion for locomotion excited and gratified by a railway passing through an unopened district, and the traffic which it necessarily produces, must, more or less, benefit every railway in the kingdom. When the Irish population are conducted to the east coast of Ireland, they will necessarily pass into Britain, and contribute to the prosperity of the Scotch and English lines. Irish produce, too, in place of being carried by sea round the dangerous headlands of its north and south coasts, will find a quicker and a readier path into the Scotch and English markets. The same observations apply to new and unopened lines in Scotland, Wales, and different parts of England. An increase in the value of existing railway property must necessarily take place from the completion of the 4560 miles to which we have referred.

But while these advantages must certainly accrue to railway investments from the development of passenger and goods traffic in our own country, we may, with equal confidence, anticipate a greater increase in the value of this property, not only from the establishment of peace and good government throughout Europe, but from the vast addition which must speedily be made to the Railway system of the Continent. The population of Spain, of Italy, of Greece, and of vast regions in Europe, who adhere like barnacles to their native rocks, must yet be roused by the shriek of the steam-whistle. When steam navigation is extended, the

swarms of Asia, and the millions of America, will send forth their contingents to see the wonders of mechanism in Britain,—to learn the lessons of civilisation which she teaches, and to imbibe the great political, and moral, and religious truths which irradiate our happy land,—the great sea-light which now shines in bright effulgence amid the moral darkness and the social desolation of Europe.

Nor is it a groundless expectation to anticipate an amelioration of existing railway property from a consolidation, as we may call it, of portions of existing lines, as well as from mechanical improvements in the machinery employed. Owing to the rivalry of different companies, a number of lines, or portions of lines, stand in direct commercial antagonism to one another. In some cases the parties have shaken hands, and work the rival lines for their mutual benefit. Now, in these cases, where a line, or a portion of a line, contributes either very little, or not at all, to the development of local traffic, that line, or portion of a line, should be abandoned, and the traffic, previously carried along the two lines, transferred to one.

There is another and a less problematical way of improving railway property, namely, by the introduction of a rigid economy into its management. This must be done without diminishing the security of property and the safety of passengers, and must be the result of study and experience,—of knowledge invited and collected, and of modes of management gathered from the practice of American and foreign railways. The public travel too fast for the fares which they pay. If they are in a hurry they ought to pay for the quickness of their transit, and if the express trains are continued their fares should be increased.*

In making changes like these, and introducing an uniform and economical management into the British railway system, the chairman and directors of individual companies must abandon that system of rivalry and mutual antagonism by which such an enormous expenditure has been incurred, and combine their knowledge and their influence in advancing the general interests of the Iron Republic, in which all individual interests are necessarily comprehended. An uniform system of fares will then be adopted—an uniform and universal mode of working the lines will be established—an uniform method of keeping and exhibiting the accounts will prevail, and the superintendence of independent auditors will give a new character to railway transactions and a new security to railway property.

2. But we are surely entitled to regard the Railway system in

* It is asserted, and doubtless truly, that if the London and North-Western were to take off their express trains they would save at once £20,000 a-year, "besides severe extra damage to their rails,"—*Stokers and Pokers*, p. 155.

this country as still in its infancy, and not likely to be limited to the 9565 miles which the Railway Commissioners regard as probable "under existing Acts," or even to the 5007+7003, or 12,012 miles, which would be the limit of the system if all the authorized lines were executed. The country cannot go backwards in its present course. The public must obtain means for the quick transit of their persons and properties, and if it is necessary to pay higher for it they will cheerfully do it. The man of business and the man of pleasure will never consent to surrender such a luxury. It would be to shorten the very term of their existence, to die before their time, and to die, too, by their own hands. These liberal contributors to the railway treasury will, on the contrary, make new sacrifices to increase the privileges they possess—to extend the sphere of their speculations, and multiply the sources of their enjoyment. The social mass, too, who have been doomed by poverty and toil to occupy, almost without a change of air, the town or the parish in which they first drew their breath—who have scarcely ever seen any horizon but one, will certainly never renounce the rights of cheap locomotion which the Legislature has so liberally secured to them; and, we are persuaded, that they would pay much more than they do to secure its permanent enjoyment. We feel confident, therefore, that the Railway system in this country will advance steadily, if not quickly, with increasing dividends to the shareholders, and increased comfort and security to the public, till every valley has its single line, of wood if not of iron, and every village or parish a cheap vehicle to carry its population to the nearest station.

With these views, founded on our past experience of the progress of canals and steam navigation, we confidently expect that railway profits and railway extension will, at no distant day, be realized by the unaided enterprise of British capital; but we trust that Government will feel it their duty to expedite this desirable event, and to grant pecuniary aid to complete the system of intercommunication so happily commenced. They have most wisely extended their liberality to Ireland; and if Scotland were to raise its uncomplaining voice, as it ought, Government might either execute, (or aid in its execution,) a great trunk line from Perth to Inverness and from Inverness to Thurso, thus developing the traffic of the country, and uniting the railway communications along its eastern shores with the bays and islands of the west, by the steam navigation of Lochness and the Caledonian Canal. The privileges which the Legislature has demanded for the State in reference to the carrying of the mail and the transport of troops and stores, give the railway companies a peculiar claim to that kind of liberality which in benefiting them would benefit the nation, by extended privileges of transport over the

whole country. This step must be taken in Ireland, and Scotland may well lay claim to a similar boon.

Early in 1839, when the railway mania had no existence, and when railways were scarcely known in Scotland, the writer of this Article, in urging the Government to complete the Caledonian Canal, which was vehemently opposed by a powerful party in England, did not scruple, in the following passage, to predict what is now nearly accomplished—the great extension of the Railway system to this part of the island. That it will be completed by the lines we have mentioned, we cannot doubt, unless the country is under the dominion of a Government incapable of understanding the best interests of the empire:—"Another object not less important, though perhaps more remote in its accomplishment, is the union of the great lines of railway communication which are rapidly extending themselves to Edinburgh on the East, and to Glasgow on the West Coast of Scotland. Glasgow will, no doubt, be the terminus of the Great Western line, but there is every reason to believe that the Eastern line will extend itself to a much higher latitude. When low-water piers at Newhaven, (Granton,) and Burntisland, shall be erected, a railway through Fife will be the next step in the progress of improvement; and in the county of Forfar nearly sixty miles of railway are already completed, one of the lines stretching along the coast from Dundee to Arbroath. That these works will speedily reach Montrose will scarcely be doubted; and though the Eastern Coast to the north of this port presents some embarrassing acclivities, yet we scruple not to predict that a quarter of a century will scarcely elapse before the Great Eastern line shall reach Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. When this grand object is gained, the value of the Caledonian Canal will then be recognised by the blindest and dullest of its detractors. It will stand forth the connecting link between the great lines of traffic which embroider the skirts of our otherwise deserted shores—the grand and vital trunk into which the arteries of the South will pour their exuberant wealth. The remotest Highlands will then become a suburb of the imperial metropolis. The fruits of the South will be gathered in climates where they could not grow; and, while the luxuries of the East are sweetening the coarse fare of the mountaineers, the more intellectual imports of civilisation and knowledge will gradually dispel the ignorance and feudal barbarism which still linger among their fastnesses."

3. There is another view of the railway future to which we look forward with anxiety if not with hope. However desirable it may be to put an end to that rivalry and competition which have been so fatal to railway interests, and however ready the offend-

ing parties are to acknowledge this truth, it is a difficult problem to remedy the evil while opposite interests really exist, and while these interests are under the control of numerous local boards. The only plan which is likely to be effective for this and other purposes, is to place the railway property of the empire under the management of Government. The nation would of course become the purchasers, and an ample and liberal compensation would be given to the shareholders. This step ought to have been taken after the success of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had established, beyond a doubt, the practicability and advantages of railways. Year after year a few far-seeing men pointed out to the Government of the day the advantages of such a measure; but divided Cabinets, and parties struggling for power, refused to listen to the voice of wisdom "crying in the streets." They wanted the practical knowledge that was necessary to understand the question of duty and policy which wise men had solved; and even if the Railway Schoolmaster had been abroad, the Government lacked moral courage to avail itself of the crisis, and the Cabinet a master-mind to assume the responsibility. Even after speculation had run wild, and the walls of Parliament were ringing with the cries of infuriated gamblers, struggling for legislative authority to compass each other's ruin, the Cabinet looked on with sullen indifference, contenting themselves with wresting from the desperate adventurers, temporarily in their power, some privilege or boon for which they should have liberally paid. Nay, when official Returns had exhibited the deplorable truth, that in 1845, 1846, and 1847, UPWARDS OF TEN MILLIONS* of the money of impoverished shareholders had been squandered in Parliamentary contests, where the victors suffered more than the vanquished, the Government remained deaf to the calls of practical wisdom, and blind to the true and most obvious interests of the country. It has indeed been wickedly surmised that the State is lying in wait to buy up the railway property of the kingdom when they have helped, by oppressive taxation, or by an unjust interference with its management, to paralyze its energy and reduce its dividends; but this very charge presupposes a degree of sagacity which they have never yet evinced, united with a degree of injustice of which they are incapable. If the smallest sphere, moulded from the ashes of Lord George Bentinck, could be administered homœopathically to the Premier, and transferred by mesmerism to his Cabinet, the pulse of the Government might yet beat in synchronism with the wishes and wants of the nation.

* "This money," says a distinguished author, "would, at the rate of £20,000 per mile, have constructed a National Railway 500 miles in length—say from London to Aberdeen!"—*Stokers and Pokers*, p. 17.

We feel it to be almost a puerile task to substantiate these views, either by illustration or argument. It has long been the practice of British Rulers to entrust to private enterprise important interests, which, in all other countries, are under the control of the State. Science, whether transcendental or practical, is here doomed to work at its own expense for the benefit of the public ; and inventions, which would add to the glory and to the resources of the empire, are crushed by the very hand that is held out to protect them. It is under the same malign influence that railway enterprise has been first encouraged and then oppressed. The great seal of England may be said to have been suspended to its patent, while an English Court of Law was sanctioning its evasion. If it has been the practice of foreign States, and if it has proved to be their interest, to construct railways at the nation's expense, what reason can be alleged that the same policy would be injurious in England ? It is never too late to retrace steps that have been false. It is a proof of superior wisdom to acknowledge past error, and to shun it in the future. If upwards of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS of the gains of skilful labour and of honest industry have been sunk in fruitless railway expenditure through the rashness of its owners and the supineness of the Legislature, it is the imperative duty of the Government to take into its own hands and complete an enterprise thus rashly begun, thus recklessly pursued, and thus ruinously brought to a close.

Having thus attempted to give our readers some account of the History and Statistics of Railway Enterprise, and of the present and future prospects of Railway Proprietors, we shall now proceed to make them acquainted with the nature and construction of a railway, considered as a grand mechanical invention ; with the public works and machinery which it requires, and with the improvements which are yet necessary to prevent those dangerous collisions which were so frequent in its early history.

A railway is, properly speaking, and in its original and most simple form, a pair of rails or lines made of stone, wood, or iron, lying as level as possible, for the purpose of allowing carriages to convey goods or passengers along it without being retarded by friction. We have seen narrow paths of granite which perform the functions of a railroad ; and wooden rails were very common in America when the invention was first introduced. The rails of railways, however, are now almost universally made of cast-iron, and rest upon what are called wooden sleepers, lying across the line, or sometimes upon long beams of wood, which support the rails in every part of their length. The *gauge* of a railway is the distance between the two rails, or between the rims of the opposite wheels which rest upon it. It is called the *narrow gauge* when the distance of the rails from centre to centre is from 4½ to

5½ feet; and the *broad gauge*, when they are 7 feet 2 inches wide, as in the Great Western.* A railway may be made with only a *single line*, or *one pair of rails*; and many such have been executed. In this case, as in canals, there must be passing places, where one of two trains going in opposite directions may pass the other. On all railways, however, where there is much traffic there are *two lines*. The building at each end of the line for the accommodation of passengers and the reception of goods is called the *terminus*; and at the distance of every 5 or 6 miles there are station-houses, where passengers and goods may be received when the trains stop.

With all the aid that can be derived from deep cuttings and embankments, the engineer can seldom obtain a line as level as he could desire. When the railway, as it often necessarily does, runs from estuary to estuary, or from sea to sea, it must rise over high elevations or mountain ridges, availing itself of gorges or passes in the mountains, so as to have its highest point or summit level as low as possible. In such cases the engineer divides his line into different portions called *gradients*. One gradient may be so inclined to the horizon as to rise one foot in a *hundred*, which is very steep, another, one foot in five hundred, another, one foot in a thousand, while some are nearly level. In the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, for example, there are *ten* gradients, varying from 1 in 880 to 1 in 542½, there being a perfect level at the summit of nearly seven miles, and one gradient of nearly eleven miles rising 1 in 1159. When the gradient is very steep, of which we have examples both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, the train is dragged up by a fixed engine by means of iron ropes or chains, and it descends by gravity re-

* In almost all the railways previous to the Great Western, the breadth of gauge was 4 feet 8½ inches. In several of the Scottish lines the gauge is 5 feet 6 inches. The virtual combination of the two gauges on the same railway, for example, on the Oxford and Rugby line, as proposed by Mr. Brunel, is to be effected by "the introduction of a single additional rail to each line of rails, or separate railway, the outer rail of each railway being common to the two gauges." This arrangement "admits of the running of all the trains of both gauges into the same sidings, and up to the same passenger platforms." Captain Simmons, after a mature consideration of this plan, reports favourably upon it, and concludes with these words:—"By avoiding all meeting points, by a separation of the gauges in the sidings and stations, and by most stringent regulations preventing, under any circumstances, the connecting, in one train, of carriages of different gauges, I think the safety of the public will be guaranteed with ordinary care and supervision, and that the line may, by a strict compliance with these conditions, be rendered, practically, safe." Captain Simmons here admits that the combination of the gauges is *theoretically unsafe*. The elements of danger are already too numerous in the best formed and best managed railways to render advisable any changes of a doubtful character, and not loudly demanded either by the interests of shareholders, or for the accommodation of the public. The cautious and hesitating language used by Captain Simmons will, we trust, prevent that complication of lines which the proposed combination must produce.

gulated by brakes. At Glasgow this gradient, one mile and 15 chains long, is inclined 1 in 43, and at Edinburgh 1 in 27.

When a railway is executed between two towns, the line would be the best possible if it could, as in some highly favoured localities, be perfectly straight and level; but in general this is impossible. If the country should be level, which is seldom the case, the interposition of gentlemen's country-houses and grounds prevents the line of the railway from being straight; and though, in some cases, a certain degree of encroachment is permitted upon this kind of property, the railway proprietors must pay dearly for the privilege. When the surface of the country is undulating, the engineer, keeping as much as he can to a straight line, guides it in such a manner that the cuttings of earth from the elevation may as nearly as possible fill up the adjacent hollows; and when the elevation is lofty, he is obliged to cut a tunnel through the soil or the rock, of which it consists. If there is a hollow occupied by a moss or a morass, he must bring earth from the nearest elevation to form an embankment, along which the rails may be laid. When the line of railway passes over well frequented roads, or over rivers, a bridge must be built, along which the rails are laid; and when a broad valley, either with or without a stream, has to be crossed, a *viaduct* is constructed for the purpose. When a road is not much frequented, the railway passes over it, and it is closed with gates when trains are about to pass, and again opened for the passage of carriages, the gate on each side closing the ends of the railway. This is called a *level crossing*, a contrivance which the public often successfully opposes on account of the obstruction it presents to carriages, and the danger to travellers. The cheapness of it, however, recommends it to the railway company, and many thousand pounds have often been spent in obtaining a decision favourable to one of the contending parties.

The magnificent structures which the railway system has called into existence exhibit, in a striking degree, the wealth and enterprise of the nation, and some of them may even be ranked among the wonders of the world. The splendid edifices which form the termini of railways at populous cities particularly, with the iron roofs which unite them, and protect the trains and the passengers from the weather;—and the refreshment stations, such as those at Wolverton on the London and Birmingham, and Swindon on the Great Western, are too well known to passengers to require any description.* The traveller who enjoys the luxuries they supply has generally time enough to admire and even to

* The Euston Station in London cost £81,562. The great Depot at Camden covering 27 acres, cost £114,385, and the Locomotive Engine Depot at Wolverton, £109,454.

examine them ; while he passes through tunnels and over-bridges and viaducts, without knowing, except in the case of tunnels, that he is travelling over them. We shall, therefore, describe some of the more remarkable of these public works, in the conception and construction of which the genius and the talent of the engineer have been signally displayed.

Some of the most interesting of these works are the tunnels, which it is necessary often to cut through hills or elevations of clay, gravel, or rock. At an early period in railway history the public took alarm at the idea of being carried through long tunnels excluded from the light of heaven, and breathing an atmosphere unventilated and polluted with subterraneous effluvia, and the artificial combinations of smoke and steam. In February 1837, a committee of physicians, surgeons, and chemists, inspected the tunnel at Primrose hill, then in progress, 3750 feet long, 22 feet high, and $23\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, with five shafts, about seven feet in diameter, for ventilation : They reported that the apprehension which had been expressed that tunnels would be detrimental to the health, or inconvenient to the feelings of passengers, "were perfectly futile and groundless," and experience has fully confirmed this decision. The tunnel near Kilsby, on the London and Birmingham railway, though 7270 feet long, is "traversed without the slightest inconvenience or sensation of cold or damp, the change experienced being merely that from sunshine to shade, and from daylight to lamplight."

This tunnel is one of the most remarkable, not merely for its size, but from the singular difficulties which were encountered in its construction. Its depth beneath the surface required to be about 160 feet, and it was to have two shafts or openings to the sky 60 feet in diameter, not merely to ventilate it, but to give sufficient light to allow the rails to be seen along its whole length. The strata beneath were found, by numerous borings, to be the shale of the lower oolite, and the work was contracted for for the sum of £99,000. Owing to its great length, it was necessary to have eighteen working shafts or openings to the surface, through which the earth or rock from the tunnel was to be removed. During the progress of the work it was discovered, to the astonishment both of the engineer and the contractor, that a quicksand beneath a bed of clay penetrated 1200 feet into the tunnel. Appalled by this apparently unsurmountable obstruction, the contractor took to his bed, and though relieved from his engagement by the company, he languished and died. The water rushed into the shafts to such an extent that the work was on the eve of being abandoned, when Mr. Robert Stephenson, relying on the power of science to overcome any physical difficulty, succeeded, in the course of eight months, in carrying off the

water at the rate of 1800 gallons per minute, by the aid of thirteen steam engines, 200 horses, and 1250 men. Two years and a half were required to complete this stupendous work. The number of bricks employed in lining the top and the bottom of the tunnel, was 36,000,000, which, it has been calculated, would nearly make a footpath a yard wide from London to Aberdeen.*

The following is a list of a few of the principal tunnels on English lines :—

	Length in Yards.	Height in Feet.	Width in Feet.
The Box tunnel,†	3123	27	25
Manchester and Leeds tunnel, ...	2860	21½	24
Kilsby tunnel, ...	2423	27	23½
Liverpool and Manchester tunnel, from Wapping to Edgehill, ...	2216	16	22
Abbots' Cliff tunnel, Dover, ...	2208	25	24
Lime Street, ...	2000	19	25
Watford, on the London and Birmingham, 1880			
Leicester and Swannington, ...	1760	18½	10½
Shakespeare tunnels, Dover, double, ...	1430	80	24
Primrose Hill, ...	1250	25	22
Edinburgh and Granton, ...	1001	17	24
Bangor tunnel, ...	924		
Canterbury and Whitstable, ...	880	12	12
Callander, Edinburgh and Glasgow, ...	880	22	26
Leeds and Selby, ...	700	17	22
Penmaenbach, Chester and Holyhead, ...	682	24	

In some instances, such as in that of the Penmaenbach tunnel, 47½ miles from Chester, there is no occasion for any masonry lining. The tunnel is here driven through basaltic rock, which entirely supports itself. It has a semicircular top, with upright sides, and was worked from adits to the beach. It is curved throughout its whole length with a radius of 40 chains. The Penmaenmawr tunnel, 3½ miles from Chester, though driven through 250 yards of greenstone, required to be lined throughout with rubble greenstone masonry; and the Bangor tunnel, though at first considered solid enough to support itself from the hardness of the stone through which it was cut, yet having shown symptoms of not being able to withstand the action of the weather, Mr. Stephenson has ordered it to be lined with brick.

When the railway has to pass at a depth less than 60 feet beneath the surface, the engineer prefers *cutting* through the hill or ridge to tunnelling, unless when the earth obtained from the cut-

* On the Great Western between Bath and Chippenham; the quantity of excavation is 247,000 cubic yards of freestone chiefly, with some marl.

† The expense of this tunnel was upwards of £300,000, or £125 per yard. The cost of tunnelling varies from £20 to £160 per yard. The great Thames tunnel cost about £1200 per yard!

ting is required for an embankment, in which case he would not when the depth is above 60 feet, though in ordinary cases he would have tunnelled. Cuttings through clay or gravel or loose materials, are nearly as expensive as through rock, because in the latter case, much less cutting is requisite. The cuttings and embankments, or *earthworks* as they are called, on the London and Birmingham, were of the most extraordinary kind. "There is scarcely," says Mr. Whishaw, "a portion of this line from one end to the other, which is not either covered by embankments above the general surface of the country, or sunk below it by means of excavation." By the original section, the excavations amounted to 12,081,116, and the embankments to 10,698,815 cubic yards. At the Tring cutting alone, 1,297,763 cubic yards of chalk were excavated. The following abstract of the calculations of Mr. Lecount, respecting the whole work done on the portion of a railway, is given by Sir Francis Head, in his work already referred to:—

"The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand—according to Herodotus, by one hundred thousand men; it required for its execution 20 years, and the labour expended on it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,738,000,000 (fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three millions) of cubic feet of stone, one foot high. Now, if in the same measure the labour expended in constructing the *Southern* division only of the present London and North-Western Railway, be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 (twenty-five thousand millions) of cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height, being 9,267,000,000 (nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions) of cubic feet *more* than was lifted for the pyramid, and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men only, in less than 5 years.

"Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Lecount, that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (112 miles in length) of the railway in question, would be sufficient to make a footpath a foot high and a yard broad, round the whole circumference of the earth! The cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces, being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing, therefore, the same proportionate quantity of earth to be moved in the 7150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848, our engineers, within about 15 years, would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!"—P. 28.

When earth cannot be obtained for embankments, and when good stone can be readily obtained, a *viaduct* is cheaper and better. In America, and sometimes in this country, viaducts have been made of wood. On the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, we have two very magnificent stone viaducts, one over the Almond,

and the other over the Avon. The Almond viaduct is 2160 feet long, its width 28 feet, and its height 50. It consists of *thirty-six* arches, each of 75 feet span, and as seen from Newliston and other points of view, is a most beautiful and magnificent object. The Stockport viaduct, which carries the Manchester and Birmingham railway over the River Mersey at Stockport, designed by George Watson Buck, is one of the most imposing structures in the kingdom. Its whole length is 2179 feet, running at a height of 106 feet above the surface of the river, and consists of 22 semicircular arches, each of which has a span of 63 feet. The average height of the piers is 40 feet. The whole of the London and Greenwich railway may be said to be one viaduct, consisting of *eight hundred and seventy-eight* arches, of 18 feet span! It is 26 feet wide, and 20 high.

One of the finest viaducts in the kingdom is that on the Shrewsbury and Chester Canal, crossing the river Dee, and adding new beauty to the picturesque valley of Llangollen. This valley had previously attained distinction in the history of engineering from the magnificent aqueduct of Pontcysylte, which was designed by Mr. Telford, and completed in 1805, at the expense of £47,018. The object of this noble structure was to carry the Ellesmere Canal across the valley of the Dee, at the height of 127 feet above the river. After the embankments had been executed, 1007 feet remained to be crossed, and this was effected by twenty piers of solid masonry, rising to the height of 75 feet, and united by nineteen arches of 45 feet span. The present viaduct is a still more magnificent structure. It is 1532 feet long. It consists of nineteen semicircular arches of 60 feet span, and the height from the bed of the river to the top of the parapet at the centre piece, is 148 feet. It is founded on the solid rock. The piers, which are 13 feet thick and $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet long at the springing of the arch, are built of a beautiful stone. The first stone of this viaduct, designed by Mr. Henry Robertson, was laid on the 19th April 1846, and the last arch was closed on the 12th August 1848. This viaduct is said to be the largest in the world, and cost upwards of £100,000. It contains above 64,000 cubic yards of masonry, and the cost of the timber for the scaffolding was £15,000.

Besides tunnels, &c., works of a very different kind have been found necessary for preventing obstruction in the line, and danger to the passengers. At the east end, for example, of the Penmaenmawr tunnel, a *Gallery of timber* covering the railway for 390 feet of its length, was found necessary to protect the line from stones which occasionally descend from the hill above, which is covered with loose rocks and exceedingly steep, rising to the height of 1400 feet. The timber employed in the covering is *fourteen inches* thick, and is placed at an angle of 30° ,

resting on one side upon a stone wall washed by the sea; and on the other upon the hill, at an elevation of 40 feet above the level of the rails, having an intermediate timber support and timber struts, at every six feet apart.*

In passing across the ordinary rivers of England, bridges of very considerable magnitude have been rendered necessary, not so much from the breadth of the river, as from the great height of its banks, which compels the engineer to carry the railway at a great elevation above the stream. Two very magnificent bridges of this kind are now in the act of construction over the Tweed at Berwick, and the Tyne at Newcastle. Works still more expensive and magnificent become necessary when railways have to cross arms of the sea, as in the Chester and Holyhead Railway, where the line passes over the Conway river or arm of the sea, and the Menai Straits.

The necessity of facilitating the communication between London and Dublin, had long ago induced the Government to expend large sums of money upon the roads and harbours which intervened; and in 1818, Parliament granted the sum of £20,000 to erect a bridge over the Menai Straits, which was the most embarrassing obstacle in the whole line of communication. Mr. Telford recommended a structure of wrought iron on the suspension principle, which, after a careful investigation of its merits, was adopted. The foundation-stone was laid on the 10th August 1819. In 1821, about 350 men and six vessels were employed upon it: It was completed early in 1826, and on the morning of Monday, the 30th of January, the London mail coach passed across the estuary at the height of 100 feet above the tideway. The total length of this noble bridge is about *one-third* of a mile, or 1710 feet. The total weight of the iron work is 4,373,282 lbs., or upwards of 2186 tons, and a single coat of the paint which defends it from the weather, weighed 2½ tons. The cost of the bridge with the toll-houses, &c., was £120,000.†

A great improvement in the communication between London and Dublin having been effected by the railroad from Chester to Holyhead, it became necessary to erect bridges at Conway and Bangor for carrying it across the two arms of the sea. The genius of Mr. Robert Stephenson, which had been so often displayed in railway enterprise, was summoned to a task of no ordinary difficulty, when he was called upon to give plans for these two public works. He proposed to erect what had never before

* Report of the Railway Commissioners for 1848. Part ii. p. 33.

† The Right of Ferry was purchased from Lady Erskine of Cambo, for £26,984, or thirty years' purchase, so that the whole cost of the bridge was £146,984. The passage across the strait being now effected by a railway, the utility of the bridge, as well as the amount of tolls collected, must be greatly reduced.

been thought of, and still less attempted, a *tubular bridge* over both the arms of the sea which it was necessary to pass.

The Conway tubular bridge, which is now completed, and daily used for the passage of trains, consists of a horizontal square tube of wrought iron, resting on piers of solid masonry, 400 feet distant from each other. The whole length of the tube is 424 feet, its extreme depth 25 feet 6 inches in the centre, 22 feet 6 inches at the ends, and so formed as to leave a clear space within, 21 feet 8 inches in height at the centre, 18 feet 8 inches high at the ends, and 14 feet 3 inches wide. This tube, as it is rather improperly called, is in reality a rectangular tunnel, or hollow square iron box, with top, bottom, and sides, but open at the ends, through which the trains pass upon ordinary rails laid on the bottom. All round the open part for the admission of the trains, there is a great deal of wrought-iron carpentry, or framing, for the purpose of giving strength to the whole structure, the work on the top, at the bottom, and on the sides, having each a separate function to perform; and it is in this part of his work that the science of Mr. Stephenson is pre-eminently evinced. The object of the iron work *above* the top, consisting of eight square cells or tubes, is to resist compression; that of the work *below* the bottom, consisting of six square cells, to resist tension; and that at *the sides*, to secure the combined action of the top and bottom; the arrangement and rivetting of the rolled iron plates, and of the angle iron, being varied to fulfil these different conditions. The Conway end of the tube is immovable, being fixed on the pier, and made to rest on two beds of creosoted timber, with intermediate cast-iron bed-plates; but the Chester end is left *perfectly free*, so that when it expands by heat, or contracts by cold, which it is constantly doing, it meets with no obstruction, the tube resting on cast-iron rollers, between bed-plates of the same metal, with layers of creosoted timber three inches thick. The rollers are six inches in diameter, and have sufficient play to allow 12 inches of motion. The total weight of the wrought iron is 1140 tons, and, including the castings of six feet at each end to give bearing on the abutments, the total weight is 1300 tons. "The tube," says Captain Simmons, "as may be easily conceived, is a *delicate thermometer*, from its great length, and from the nature of the material, which is so peculiarly sensitive to temperature, expanding '0001 of its length, or *half an inch* in this case for each increase of 15° of temperature of Fahrenheit, and contracting in the same ratio." Captain Simmons made a number of interesting experiments, in order to test the safety of this bridge under the various kinds of action to which it may be exposed, and the effects likely to be produced upon it by the slow influence of time, and the elements.

Having placed on the tube a weight of 86 tons (a load probably as great as will come upon it) upon 110 feet of the centre, he found that the deflection was 1·02 inch. With 185 tons covering 185 feet in the centre, the deflection was 1·08 inch; and with 245, the deflection was 1½ inch, the tube remaining 0·18 inch, or a little more than 1·6th of an inch, below its original level.

A heavy loaded train of 250 tons, drawn by two engines, at the rate of 15 miles an hour, produced a deflection of only 1·08 inch, and scarcely any perceptible vibration. Two locomotives, weighing together about 50 tons, when passed through the tube with a velocity of between 20 and 25 miles an hour, occasioned a deflection of 0·6, or little more than half an inch, and a vibration almost imperceptible. Captain Simmons has assigned satisfactory reasons why no evil is to be apprehended from time, by loosening the rivets, or changing the texture of the material. Nor does he apprehend any injurious effects from the oxidation of the iron from steam or damp air, or the vapour of sea-water, or from the continued action of high winds.

Towards the end of 1848, a second tube was erected on the Conway bridge for the purpose of carrying the down line of the Chester and Holyhead Railway. In examining the amount of deflection under different loads, Captain Simmons obtained the following results with this second tube :—

	WEIGHT.			
	52 tons over 62 feet.	112 tons over 133 feet.	173 tons over 211 feet.	235 tons over 299 feet.
6 feet west of centre,	0·48 in.	0·98 in.	1·30 in.	1·47 in.
6 feet east of centre,	0·48	0·98	1·27	1·47

Two locomotives, as in the former case, or with velocities up to 25 miles an hour, produced deflections proportional to their weight, and very little vibration. The two tubes were floated from their birthplace, and raised by hydraulic presses to their bed upon the piers.

The Britannia Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits is a work still more magnificent. This bridge takes its name from the Britannia rock, which stands in the middle of the Straits. The Britannia pier, founded upon this rock, is equally distant from the Anglesey and Caernarvon piers, being 460 feet in the clear from each. The object of these *three* piers is to sustain the four ends of the four long tubes, which are to span the distance from shore to shore. From the Anglesey and Caernarvon piers other four tubes pass to the abutments on the shore. The pile of masonry on the Anglesey side is 163 feet 6 inches high, and 173 feet in length from the front to the end of the wing walls. These wing walls terminate in fine pedestals, upon which are

placed two colossal lions. The Anglesey pier is about 196 feet high, the bottom of the tubes being 124 feet above low-water. It is 55 feet wide and 32 long. The Britannia pier is about 240 feet high; and the Caernarvon one is of the same height and dimensions as the Anglesey pier; and the Caernarvon abutment is of the same size as the one on the Anglesey shore, its wing walls terminating in pedestals for another pair of colossal lions. The two pair of long tubes, each 470 feet long, have been built on platforms, along the Caernarvon shore; and the two short ones on scaffoldings, at the proper height and in the exact position which they are required to occupy when completed. The tubes are constructed in the same manner as those at Conway, the only difference being, that they are 58 feet longer and 3 feet higher. The four colossal lions which ornament the pedestals at each end of the bridge were modelled by Mr. J. Thomas. They are of Egyptian character, and have been executed with admirable taste and skill. They are each $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and 8 feet wide, and weigh about 80 tons. No less than *two thousand* cubic feet of stone were required for each lion.*

The total length of the bridge from lion to lion is, .	1835 feet.
The greatest height of the bridge above low-water mark, 240	„
Height of bottom of tube or rails above high-water, 104	„
Quantity of masonry in the piers and abutments and wing walls, ...	1,400,000 cub. ft.
The timber used in the various scaffoldings, .	450,000 „
The weight of malleable iron in the tubes, .	10,000 tons.
Weight of cast iron, ...	1,400 „
Weight of one of the largest tubes, ...	1,800 „
Value of one of these tubes, ...	£54,000
Cost of the scaffolding, ...	£50,000

When a railway is thus completed by cuttings, embankments, tunnels, bridges, and viaducts, so as to form a road of iron as nearly straight and horizontal as circumstances will permit, it becomes a matter of some consideration to determine the power by which it shall be worked, and the manner in which that power is to be applied. Horses, which were the power first adopted, have now been abandoned; but it is not improbable that they may again be put in requisition, when, in the further development of the railway system, single lines of wood or of iron may be erected at a moderate expense as tributaries to the great lines, or for the purpose of connecting farming and manufacturing establishments with existing railways. May not a cheap railway of a *single rail* be constructed and wrought with horses? The loaded waggons

* See Timbs' Year-Book of Facts for 1849, pp. 5, 6, where there is given a drawing of the bridge by Mr. Stephenson.

placed between two horses, and resting on one or more wheels in the direction of the line, might be strapped to the horses so as to prevent them falling to one side; or the same effect might be produced with one horse or more placed in the direction of the line, by a contrivance to keep the load in a vertical position, in which case, a very narrow path, not wider than the towing-path of a canal,* would be sufficient. The power of steam was of course immediately adopted, as we have seen when the first great line of railway was completed; but it became a question whether a fixed engine or a locomotive would be the most effectual one. The Blackwall Railway is, we believe, the only one upon which fixed engines are employed, but their adoption is owing to the character of the line, and not to any idea of fixed engines being superior to locomotive ones.

Attempts have been successfully made to apply the pressure of the atmosphere as the moving power on railways. This ingenious and beautiful thought we owe to Mr. Samuda, who actually had it carried into effect on the Railway from Dalkey to Kingston, where it has been successfully used without any accident, since the 31st October 1843. It was used, too, for a very long time, and afterwards abandoned, on the London and Croydon Railway. The atmospheric principle is still in use on the South Devon Railway, but a new portion of this line from Totness to Laira, a distance of twenty-one miles, though intended to be worked like the rest of the line, is to be worked by locomotives. A wide tube of iron was laid between the lines of rails, which had an elastic valve or slit in it throughout the whole length of the line. A piston moved in this tube, the handle or arm of which was vertical, and connected with a carriage. When the piston moved in the tube, this arm opened the valve or slit, which closed behind it—the slit being always kept closed and air-tight by grease or fusible metal, or some suitable composition. Large fixed engines were employed to pump out the air from the tube, and when a vacuum was nearly produced, the pressure of the external air behind the piston pushed it on, carrying forward the carriage to which it was attached, followed by the train. This species of railway had many advantages. The conducting carriage could not be carried off the rails, in consequence of its being connected with the tube; and there was no danger from fire or explosion of boilers. The expense, however, of the fixed engines which were necessary to exhaust the tube was very great, and the atmospheric principle has been abandoned on the Croydon line. Proposals have been made to construct atmospheric railways on other principles, and Mr. W. P. Struve has lately pro-

* The late Lord Napier actually constructed and used a carriage with one wheel for the purpose of being driven along a footpath.

posed to carry the train through a covered viaduct nine feet square. The piston was to be a shield fixed on wheels, and made to fit the covered way, but allowing a sufficient space beyond its outer edge so that it may not touch the inner surface of the viaduct. The only result of this idea has been a working model, which was exhibited to the British Association.

The locomotive steam-engine having been found the cheapest and most effective method of applying the force of steam,—a living agent in short which we can send where and when we please, it may now be said to be the power which is universally used on railways. Some of the early locomotive engines moved upon only four wheels, but they are now generally made with *six* wheels, the two middle wheels being called the *driving* wheels, as the power of the engine is directly applied to them, and the other *four* the carrying wheels. The driving wheels vary from three and a half to eight or even ten feet, and the carrying wheels from three and a half to six feet. The *Hurricane*, constructed by R. and W. Hawthorn for the Great Western, had its driving wheels ten feet high, and its carrying wheels four and a half feet; its weight, when in working trim, being eleven tons, ten cwt. Ordinary locomotives are from eighteen to twenty feet long, fourteen feet high to the top of the chimney, and twelve to the top of the dome, their width depending on the gauge of the railway. Along with the locomotive, and behind it, is the *tender*, a vehicle on four wheels, about fourteen or fifteen feet long, and six high, which carries water in a tank at its front, and a supply of coke behind.* After the locomotive has received from the water crane a thousand gallons of cold water, and from the coke shed one ton of fuel, it advances to the front of the train ready for its work. The train, consisting of many first, second, and third class carriages, luggage vans, horse boxes, carriage trucks, and perhaps a travelling post-office, all united by chains, and prevented from striking against each other by what are called *buffers*,† is then dragged along with a velocity varying from twenty to sixty miles an hour. On the 13th November 1839, the *Camilla*, and on the 16th November the *Sunbeam*, went on one part of their journey on the Grand Junction Railway at the rate of $68\frac{1}{2}$ miles! The greatest railway speed, however, that has yet been accomplished was displayed by the *Courier* in travelling from Didcot to Paddington, on the 26th August 1848, with the twelve o'clock express train from Exeter. This engine is one of the eight wheel class, with eight feet driving wheels, a cylinder of

* A locomotive with a cylinder fifteen inches in diameter, costs £1950; sixteen inches, £2113; and eighteen inches, £2500, the tenders costing £500 each.

† The *buffers* are leather cushions stuffed with horse hair, which strike one another, and break the shock when one carriage is pushed against another.

eighteen inches, and a stroke of twenty-four feet. From a state of rest at Didcot to the time when the train entered the station at Paddington, only 49' 13" elapsed; that is, at the average rate of *sixty-seven miles* an hour, including the time lost in getting up speed when leaving Didcot, and in reducing speed when approaching Paddington. Exclusive, however, of these losses, exactly in travelling from the forty-seventh mile-post, which the train passed at 3^h 46' 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ " to the fourth mile-post, which it reached at 4^h 23' 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", *forty-three miles were performed in thirty-six minutes and forty seconds*, or an average speed accomplished of *seventy miles per hour*. While the train is thus almost on the wing, beating the eagle in its flight, the passengers are reclining in their easy chairs, thinking or sleeping, reading or writing, as if they were in their own happy homes—safer, indeed, than there, for thieves cannot rob them by day, nor burglars alarm them by night. The steam horse starts neither at the roar of the thunderstorm, nor the flash of its fire. Draughts of a purer air expel the malarious poison from its seat before it has begun its work of death; and surrounded by conductors, the delicate and timid traveller looks without dismay on the forked messengers of destruction, twisting the spire, or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man.

Although in wet weather the wheels of the locomotive sometimes slip upon the rails, and thus retard slightly the progress of the train, yet the delay is speedily compensated, and we may safely assert, that in all states of the weather, and in all seasons, railway travelling is equally safe and equally comfortable and expeditious. Serious and well-founded doubts were at one time entertained respecting the performance of locomotives, when such a quantity of snow lay on the rails as interrupted all the ordinary communications throughout the country; but these fears were dispelled so early as the 20th of December 1838, when snow to the depth of four or five feet had accumulated in the deep cutting through the Cowran Hill upon the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. On the morning of that day, the Hercules engine, built in that year by R. Stephenson and Co., approached the cutting, where crowds of the people had assembled to assist in the emergency. When it reached the spot, it dashed right into the drift, clearing its way through the obstructing mass, and driving the snow over the top of the engine chimney, like foam from the surf of a violently agitated sea. In spite of this and similar obstructions, the train came down from Greenhead, *twenty miles*, in an hour and quarter, and kept its time, while all the ordinary roads were either greatly obstructed, or entirely blocked up.

It is not to be wondered at that persons of a nervous temperament, and incapable of estimating the small and calculable

amount of danger to which they are exposed on railways, should have their fears strengthened by the sight of a train of enormous length, weighing sometimes 153,300 lbs. avoirdupois, rushing at the rate of 56 miles an hour, along embankments and viaducts, and on the edge of precipices with the ocean raging at their base; and that they should absolutely prefer the stage-coach or the steam-boat, with all their discomforts and real dangers, to the luxury and repose of a first-class carriage; and still less is it to be wondered at, when they read the details of a railway accident,—or of locomotives taking to their heels and running through brick walls, like a musket ball through a paper target,—or of a collision with a luggage train, where the waggon overrode each other till the uppermost one was found piled forty feet above the rails! We admit the tendency of this knowledge to create alarm, and we sympathize with the sensitive nature which it misleads; but while we would call to the remembrance of such persons some of the frightful disasters on the ocean, in which hundreds have perished in a moment; the deadly explosion of high-pressure boilers, by which crowds of passengers have been destroyed, on board the American steamers; or the constant occurrence of stage coach and carriage accidents, when travellers were not numerous—we are anxious to prove to them that there is and can be no travelling with anything like the safety of railway conveyance. No account of the present Railway system can be correct, or even honest, without some notice of the nature and character of railway accidents; and we scruple the less to refer to some of the most frightful, because it is necessary that measures be taken, at whatever cost, to prevent their recurrence, and because we think it very probable that, if these means are taken, we may never hear again of such disasters. When we speak of railway accidents, we refer only to those which happen to passengers without any negligence on their part, and in consequence only of their travelling on a railway.

In a former Article we had occasion to mention the *increasing* safety of steam navigation as exhibited in the voyages of steamers connected with the State of New York. In the five years ending with 1824, *one* life was lost out of every 126,211 passengers; in the same period ending with 1833, *one* life was lost in every 151,931 passengers; and in the same period ending with 1838, only *one* life was lost out of 1,985,787, the safety of the passengers having increased $16\frac{1}{2}$ times.* The same result has been obtained in railway travelling. According to the calculations of Baron von Reden, the following were the casualties which took place on the railways of England, France, Belgium, and Germany, between the 1st of August 1840, and July 1845:—

* See this *Journal*, vol. ix. p. 363.

England, 1 passenger out of	869,000 passengers, killed by his own negligence.		
France, 1	2,157,000	do.	do.
Belgium, 1	670,000	do.	do.
Germany, 1	25,000,000	do.	do.
England, 1 official out of	300,000 officials, killed and wounded from misconduct.		
France, 1	5,000,000	do.	do.
Belgium, 1	280,000	do.	do.
Germany, 1	9,000,000	do.	do.
England, 1 person out of	852,000 killed from defective management.		
France, 1	3,465,996	do.	do.
Belgium, 1	1,690,764	do.	do.
Germany, 1	12,254,858	do.	do.

The safety of railway travelling in Germany, as shewn in the above table, is very remarkable, and to us inexplicable; nor is the great loss of life on English railways less unaccountable, for it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than in France, 2 times greater than in Belgium, for passengers, and nearly 15 times greater than in Germany. If these results are correct, they inspire us at least with the hope, that all nations may now rival the Germans in the safety with which they conduct their railway operations. That railway travelling in England is approaching rapidly to that in Germany, in respect to the safety of travellers, we shall be able to show from documents that cannot be questioned. We have now before us the returns to Parliament of all the accidents which have taken place on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland for the years 1847 and 1848, and from them we obtain the following important results:—

IN 1847.

19 passengers killed, and	87 injured, from causes beyond their control.
8 do. do.	3 injured, owing to their own misconduct or inattention.
17 servants killed,	25 servants injured, from causes beyond their control.
107 do. do.	43 injured, owing to want of caution.
55 trespassers killed,	12 injured.
1 person killed,	1 injured, by crossing or standing on the line.
1 suicide.	
211 killed.	174 injured.

The number of passengers during 1847, was 54,854,019.

IN 1848.

9 passengers killed, and	128 injured, from causes beyond their own control.
12 do. do.	7 injured, owing to their own misconduct or inattention.
13 servants killed,	32 injured, from causes beyond their own control.
125 do. do.	42 injured, from misconduct or inattention.
41 trespassers killed,	10 injured, from crossing or standing on line.
202 killed.	219 injured.

The number of passengers during 1848, was 57,855,133.

If we now take the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control, we shall obtain the following results:—

Passengers killed.		
1847,	19	or 1 out of 2,887,053 passengers.
1848,	9	or 1 out of 6,428,348 passengers.

Hence the risk of being killed was nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ times less in 1848 than in 1847, and nearly 8 times less than it was in the years 1846 and 1845, according to Baron von Reden's calculations. The comparatively great loss of life to passengers in 1847, was occasioned by the accident at Wolverton, on the 5th of November, when *seven* passengers were killed by the passenger trains running into a siding, and coming into collision with a coal train, in consequence of the negligence of the policeman; and also to the death of three passengers on the 24th of May, by the fall of part of the Railway bridge over the river Dee, when part of the train was precipitated into the water. Such disasters will, in all probability, never again occur. They have, at least, not occurred in 1848 and 1849; and we can therefore say to our timid and over-sensitive friends who refuse to travel on railways, that in the year 1848, only one passenger was killed out of *six and a half million* of passengers who travelled by Railway; and that no safer travelling than this is to be found, or can be conceived.

But while the above returns place beyond a doubt the comparative safety of passengers, they present a fearful picture of the casualties sustained by the servants of the Company and by the public. *Four hundred and thirteen* deaths, and *three hundred and ninety-three* cases of injury, in the space of *two* years, affecting, it may be, ultimately, the life or happiness of the surviving sufferers, cannot be viewed without alarm, and call loudly upon the Government and the Companies to inquire into and remove the causes by which they have been occasioned. Circumstances have led us to look at this subject with some care and anxiety. The causes which led to these disasters have been honestly inquired into by the Railway Commissioners, and are clearly set forth in their Reports; but they have not yet been viewed in their generality, and therefore no determined plan has been adopted for preventing their future operation. The evils to be remedied, are obviously such as admit of a remedy; and we are surprised that science and ingenuity and legislation have not been more earnestly required to provide a cure.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into details; but we may say in general, that Railway accidents may be arranged in two groups, namely, those which occur from imperfect mechanism, concealed from observation, and those which arise from carelessness, and from causes which either are or may be visible, and, if seen, may be prevented. If the iron girder of a bridge snaps,—if its masonry gives way,—if the tire of a wheel is thrown off,—if the bar of a rail springs,—if an axle breaks, and a boiler bursts, all these accidents are the result of imperfect mechanism. We believe that the strength of the axle and the girder, that the swelling of the boiler, had never been sufficiently tested, and

that the tire of the wheel had never been sufficiently secured; and we hold that in all these cases the mechanist and the engineer should be held liable for the accidents which are thus occasioned, in the same manner as a lawyer and a medical man are liable for the consequences, the one of a mismanagement of his client's business, and the other of the ignorant practice of his art. At all events, axles and girders should be made doubly strong, and tires doubly secured, and boilers doubly rivetted, before they are placed in contact with human life. The experience which we are daily acquiring of the strength of materials, and of its modification by time and pressure and vibratory action, will, we are persuaded, gradually diminish the number of accidents arising from imperfect mechanism.

It is therefore against the other class of accidents,—those that produce collision, or deviation from the rails, that we require to be guarded. These collisions may arise from the trains moving in opposite or in the same direction, and from a train meeting one at rest at the station, or, as in the Wolverton accident, from the points being opened so as to conduct the train into a siding occupied by another train, or by carriages. In all these cases, the accident arises from the hostile trains not seeing each other, and not being able to stop when they do see each other. When deviations from the line of rails are occasioned by physical obstructions, by sleeping drunkards, or cattle, or trespassers, a piece of rock, or slips of earth, the accident arises from the obstructions not being seen at all, or not in time to allow the train to be stopped. In many of these cases, the collisions have taken place at stations where they are approached in a curve line, so that the engineer or the guard cannot possibly see the obstruction, and therefore cannot stop the train. The cure for this class of accidents is a legislative enactment to prevent any station from being placed, unless where it can be seen on both sides, and at such a distance as to allow the train to be stopped, and to alter the line of Railway, where it is not rectilinear, or nearly so at existing stations. But the great and crying evil is, that trains rush like infuriated bulls to their object, blind, or blindfolded, or unwilling to look for the obstruction which would destroy them. Trains have met in open day without seeing each other; and one train has overtaken another, under the same ignorance of each other's existence. If ships at sea require telescopes and officers always on the watch, Railway trains doubly demand them. The engineers and guards should be provided with telescopes with a large field of view and great distinctness, and it should be their special duty to look along the line both in their front and rear, in order to observe approaching trains, or sprung rail bars, or any other obstacles in the way. When they are

seen, powerful breaks will enable them to pause in their dangerous career. The openings into sidings, the opening and closing of points, should all be indicated by visible discs, which can be seen at a distance, so that even if an official shall neglect his duty, that duty shall be indicated to the party most deeply concerned, in place of being punished after the mischief has been done. At night, the signals at these sidings and points should be illuminated, and light beacons erected at level crossings and other places, where cattle and trespassers are likely to invade the line.* It is essentially necessary, too, that when any accident happens in the train, such as a carriage taking fire; or when any obstruction or cause of alarm, such as a bridge on fire,† and a train rapidly advancing behind, is seen by the passengers, means should be provided of communicating with the engineer. We have used such telescopes as we have recommended; and it is surprising how distinctly even a passenger can see the line when its curvature permits it, and recognise even small stones at a distance, at which it would be easy to stop the train if a serious obstruction stood in the way. If any person would take the trouble of going over the whole class of accidents for the years 1847 and 1848, when much experimental knowledge of their cause had been acquired, he will perceive at once that the most fatal and alarming accidents would have been prevented by adopting the suggestion we have made, but especially by making it the duty of the engineer and guards to observe the line before and behind them with proper telescopes.

In concluding these observations, we must address a few words of encouragement and advice to the shareholders of Railway property. Sanguine as we are in our expectations that this property will ultimately, if not speedily, be remunerative, we are persuaded that it requires both energy and perseverance to bring about so desirable a result. We have already alluded to the necessity of economy in every department of the system—of the abandonment of all rivalry and competition between different Companies—and of an earnest and united effort to develop and turn into the railway current all the inland traffic of the Empire. This can be done only by the aid of Government, and there can be no reason why this aid should be withheld. We have seen, in the preceding pages, how noble have been the efforts of foreign

* On 10th May 1848, six passengers were killed and thirteen injured by a passenger train coming into collision with a horse-box at the Shrivenham Station. The horse-box must have been invisible, or the guards blind. On the 11th June, a train, conveying troops, standing at the Crewe Station, was run into by another train, causing injury to twelve commissioned and non-commissioned officers. These are specimens of accidents from the want of watchmen with telescopes.

† This actually happened a few days ago, when the Peakirk bridge, near Boston, was completely consumed by fire.

Governments, and even of Governments with restricted means, to give facilities and security to Railway enterprise, and how, under great difficulties, they have completed many of the more important lines at their own expense. In a country like our own, whose very existence depends on the development and stability of its agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing interests, there is an imperative obligation on the State to uphold and complete the Railway system of the Empire. The Minister who is blind to this duty, or who shrinks from performing it, is unfit to be the Mentor of an intellectual and enterprising people. The Minister whose high destiny it is to be the Colbert of modern times will achieve to himself an immortal name, which party spirit will not dare to sully, and which every civilized people will pronounce with admiration.

Let the holders of Railway property then appeal, without delay, to a Government that has begun to open its heart and its purse to Railway enterprise, and by the wedge of the Irish half million, let them legally wrest, if they cannot obtain, from the State the means which every other Government has freely given for the completion of their lines of intercommunication. The representatives of TWO OR THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS of property have doubtless the power to command, as well as the right to claim, that which is opposed to no other interest in the Empire, but which, on the contrary, is beneficial to all;—and that spirit of enterprise which has, in many cases, adventured its all for a grand national object, will not quail before difficulties which ignorance or timidity may throw in its way.

The instalment of *ten millions*, which Lord George Bentinck so wisely asked for Irish railways, must have been advanced ere this, had he lived to persist in the demand. Ireland would then have made a successful start in the race of civilisation. English capital, attracted by the liberality of the Legislature, would have flowed more readily into her industrial channels; her indigenous fountains would have sent forth in sympathy a fuller and a warmer stream; and thus would a more copious irrigation have thrown a brighter verdure over her emerald plains. Through these arteries of iron, currents of a new and more genial blood would have rushed to her sinking heart, and the prodigal child, thus snatched from poverty and crime, would have returned regenerate and loyal into the Imperial household.

ART. XI.—1. *Papers relating to the Articles of Agreement concluded between the British Government and the Lahore Durbar, on 16th December 1846, for the Administration of the Lahore State during the Minority of the Maharajah Dhulleep Singh. 1847.*

2. *Papers relating to the Punjab. 1847-1849.*

ON the 14th of February 1846, four days after the crowning victory of Sobraon had broken the strength of the Khalsa army, and placed the Punjab at his feet, the Governor-General of India issued a proclamation, announcing that the future government of the country he had conquered would be confided to the Sikhs. In "a moment of most complete and decisive victory," he declared that he had no desire to subvert the Sikh Government—that it was his wish to see a strong native administration established at Lahore, capable of controlling its army, protecting its subjects, and securing the British frontier against those unprovoked acts of aggression which had involved the two nations in a great and sanguinary war. "If this opportunity," he added, "of rescuing the Sikh nation from military anarchy and misrule be neglected, and hostile opposition to the British army be renewed, the Government of India will make such other arrangements for the future government of the Punjab as the interests and security of the British power may render just and expedient."

On the 29th of March 1849, another Governor-General of India issued another proclamation. It announced that the Punjab had ceased to be an independent state;—that the "other arrangements" threatened by Lord Hardinge were about to be consummated by Lord Dalhousie;—that the kingdom of the Punjab was at an end;—that all the territories of Dhulleep Singh were thenceforth to be "a portion of the British empire in India;"—that the defences of every fortified place in the country, not occupied by British troops, should be totally destroyed, and "effectual means taken to deprive the people of the means of renewing either tumult or war."

How it came to pass that, after three years of mingled peace and war, the Sikhs forfeited their empire, and the British Government acquired an indisputable right to annex the Punjab to their own dominions, is a long and complicated story, as told in Blue Books and files of papers. If we can render any intelligible account of the matter within the brief space at our disposal, thrice happy shall we esteem ourselves. Within the whole circle of our Indian history, there is no more interesting—

no more pregnant chapter than this; and there is no chapter which future generations will peruse with purer pleasure or more elevated pride.

Lord Hardinge restored the Punjab to the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. He entered Lahore not as an enemy, but as a friend and an adviser. The noble moderation which, under such trying circumstances, he evinced, has been extolled, and not grudgingly, in these pages. We have now the light of three years' experience whereby to scan the policy of 1846. We know that it has not been successful in the issue; but we know, too, that what was right in 1846 is no less right in the retrospect of 1849. We know that Lord Hardinge's benevolent desires have not been fulfilled;—we know that the Sikhs have not proved themselves worthy of the forbearance which was exercised towards them;—we know that there has been another sanguinary war, and that the British ensign now floats over the Sikh capital;—but we were never more assured than at the present moment of the wisdom and the nobility of the course pursued by Lord Hardinge, and never less inclined to regret it.

It is not to be supposed that the Governor-General regarded the re-establishment of a Sikh Government at Lahore in any other light than that of an experiment. It was an experiment which it became him to make; but no man was more conscious than Lord Hardinge that there were the seeds of failure in it, which might, under certain favourable circumstances, perish in the soil, but which, under other influences, might be rapidly developed, and fructify in due season. The proclamation, which he issued as he entered the Punjab, expressed the doubt and foreshadowed the consequences. But the probable failure of an experiment is no argument against the propriety of attempting it. Lord Hardinge left the solution of the problem, under Providence, in the hands of the Sikhs. He left it to them, to decide for themselves, whether they would retain the sovereignty of the Punjab, or suffer it to pass into the hands of the British. He told them that, so long as they consented to govern the country for themselves, without endangering the security of the British frontier, they would be left in peaceable possession of it. The fate of the Punjab was in the hands of its own rulers; and its independence was only to be forfeited by their misdeeds.

On the 11th of March 1846, an agreement was concluded between the British Government and the Lahore Durbar, by which the former pledged themselves to occupy Lahore with a body of British troops; expressly limiting the term of occupation to the "current year." This was simply a measure of clemency and protection, extended to the infant Maharajah, and his responsible

guardians, for the maintenance of their authority under circumstances which would otherwise have ended in their destruction. It was a measure which rendered safe the reorganization of that mutinous army, which had so long overawed the State. The government was ostensibly in the hands of the Maharanee Junda Kowr—the mother of Dhulleep Singh, and Lal Singh, who on the departure of Golab Singh to his new kingdom of Cashmere, had been appointed to the wuzeerat. Had Lord Hardinge merely followed out, at this time, his own wishes and convictions, he would have withdrawn the British Army, and left the Sikh Government to stand or fall by itself. That it would have fallen prostrate in a month is certain. Such was the opinion of the Regent—such the opinion of the Wuzeer—such the opinion of the Durbar. Lord Hardinge consented to hold over it, until the expiration of the year, the ægis of British protection. But before the year had expired, the regent and the wuzeer were both politically dead ; and a new form of government had been substituted for that under which their own vices had destroyed them.

Lal Singh was unpopular with the Durbar—unpopular with the people. He was utterly wanting in administrative talent—he was utterly wanting in integrity of character. Vicious among the vicious, he lived but for the indulgence of his own appetites, and ruled but for his own aggrandizement. He was not merely unequal to the occasion,—he might have been an able and an honest man, and yet have been found wanting in such a conjuncture,—but he was probably the worst man in the Punjab on whom the duty of reconstructing a strong Sikh government could have devolved. To do him justice, there were great difficulties in his way. He had to replenish an exhausted treasury, by a course of unpopular retrenchments. Troops were to be disbanded and jagheers resumed. Lal Singh was not the man to do this, as one bowing to a painful necessity, and sacrificing himself to the exigencies of the State. Even in a country where political virtue is but little understood, a course of duty consistently pursued for the benefit of his country, might have insured for him some sort of respect. But whilst he was impoverishing others, he was enriching himself. He was as sordid as he was profligate. The favourite of the Queen, he was the oppressor of the people. It was impossible to respect him. He was vicious to the very core. The regent chose him ; and bound by treaty not to exercise any interference in the internal administration of the Lahore States, the British Government had only passively to ratify the choice. He was not raised to the Wuzeerat by Lord Hardinge, but by the Queen-mother of the Punjab, on

the part of her infant son. A strong Sikh government might have been established under another chief; it could never, without the aid of British bayonets, have been kept together by him.

The treachery of the wuzeer undid him. It had been the policy of Lord Hardinge, whilst restoring the reputed son of Runjeet Singh to the sovereignty of Lahore, to weaken the Sikh power, and to increase the security of the British Indian empire, by amputating certain limbs of the Sikh State—that is, by annexing to the British dominions the tract of country lying between the Sutlej and the Beas, known as the “Jullunder Dooab;” and by erecting the hill countries of Jummoo and Cashmere into an independent principality under the government of Golab Singh. By the treaty of Lahore, of the 9th of March 1846, the Maharajah, as an equivalent for certain sums to be paid to the British Government, in defrayment of the expenses of the war, ceded to the Company in perpetual sovereignty, “all the forts, territories, rights and interests in the hill countries, which are situate between the rivers Beas and the Indus, including the provinces of Cashmere and Huzareh.” A week afterwards a treaty was entered into with Golab Singh at Umritsur, transferring the greater part of the country so purchased to that chief—the Lahore treaty having granted on the part of the Maharajah authority to the British, to enter into such an arrangement, and recognised the future independence of the new sovereign. The British Government, in a word, bought the estate from Dhulleep Singh, and sold it to Golab Singh, with the consent of the former. Thus was Golab Singh removed from Lahore. His removal was advantageous to the Punjab as it was advantageous to the British. To the people of Cashmere it was no injury. His character was not distinguished it is true by humanity of the purest kind; he had done many barbarous things in his time, and was doubtless a fierce and unscrupulous chief, not unlikely, if left to himself, to rule with a rod of iron. But whilst he was by no means more cruel and ferocious than those by whom he was surrounded, he was unquestionably an abler man and more powerful ruler. In the Punjab, ferocity of character does not always indicate strength. Golab Singh, if he was cruel, was not weak. If he had something of the tyrant about him, he had little of the sensualist. Beside the ruler of Cashmere, whom it was his to supersede, the darker shadows of his portrait lose much of their force and prominence. Sheikh Imaum-ood-deen though a courtier and a dandy, was not a mild and merciful man; but a strange mixture of the voluptuary and the ruffian, who had varied the excitements of sensuality and relieved the monotony of Zenana-dalliance by doing deeds of horror not to be paralleled in the catalogue of the crimes of

Golab Singh. Cashmere, therefore, lost nothing by the change; and the Punjab gained much. On the plains of Lahore, the last of the Jummoo brothers had the blood of kindred to avenge. It was a measure of humanity to remove him to the hills far from the reach of such temptations.

But his new sovereignty was not to be gained without a struggle. The opposition surprised and stupified him. There had always been such an understanding between Golab Singh and Sheikh Imaum-ood-deen, that the former felt well assured that the country would be handed over to him or his delegates without hesitation. But when he sent his Wuzeer, Luckput Rae, with a few regiments, to take formal possession of the country, the Sheikh delayed from week to week his departure from Cashmere, and at length assumed an attitude of overt resistance. The orders of the Lahore Durbar were disregarded; Golab Singh's troops were attacked and dispersed, and the Wuzeer was killed in the affray. When intelligence of this event reached Lahore, a Sikh army, under some of the very chiefs who had fought at Sobraon, was despatched to Cashmere; a British force, under an approved officer, Brigadier Wheeler, was ordered to march towards the disturbed districts, to protect the rear of the native army, and a reserved force to hold itself in readiness to move upon Sealkote. The British agent, Colonel Lawrence, proceeded to Cashmere, and affairs were soon brought to a crisis. His assistant, Lieutenant Edwardes, a young officer of high character and distinguished talent, who soon afterwards acquired, by a series of lustrous achievements in the field, a world-wide reputation, had some time before been despatched to Jummoo, for the purpose of instigating Golab Singh, whose energies were for a time paralyzed by this unexpected outbreak, to more vigorous measures than he had previously put forth against the recusant Sheikh. On the road to Jummoo, the Sheikh's vakeel, seeing that the tide was turning against his master, revealed to Lieutenant Edwardes what had indeed before been suspected, that the resistance of Sheikh Imaum-ood-deen was fomented by orders from Lal Singh, the Wuzeer of Lahore. The Sheikh, having heavy accounts to render, was alarmed at the prospect before him of being called to a speedy settlement; but he would not have ventured openly to resist the new Maharajah, the Lahore Durbar, and the British Government, if he had not received written instructions from Lal Singh to oppose the accession of the Jummoo chief to the sovereignty of Cashmere. The Lahore Wuzeer had not only written to the Sheikh instigating a course of conduct, which was to be accepted as an acquittance in full for all arrears due to Lahore; but ordering the chiefs and soldiery of Cashmere to be faithful to the Sheikh, and to obey

his orders. Hence the insurrection in Cashmere, which has been represented as a great national movement. The Sheikh himself was a mere tool—a ready one, for he had ends of his own to answer; and not a single native of Cashmere took up arms in the cause.

The true character of the movement was now known. Lieutenant Edwardes joined the troops of Golab Singh, and soon received intelligence that the Sheikh, perceiving the hopelessness of further resistance, and sheltered beneath the demonstrable wickedness of the Lahore Wuzer, had determined to throw himself upon the mercy of the British Government. The Lahore troops were advancing, and before the beginning of November the two forces had formed a junction, and the British agent was at Thannah prepared to receive the submission of the repentant Sheikh. The British forces were encamped below, on the banks of the Chenab, ready to move forward to the assistance of the Sikh troops; but they were not called upon to ascend the hills. On the 1st of November Sheikh Imaum-ood-deen presented himself in the camp of the British agent at Thannah. There was no longer any doubt of the treachery of Lal Singh. Imaum-ood-deen placed in Colonel Lawrence's hands the damning epistles. The Sheikh was saved, and the Wuzer was ruined.

It was at once determined to put Lal Singh upon his trial; and Mr. Currie, the Political Secretary, was ordered to Lahore to conduct the proceedings. It is true that the Sheikh was the ostensible prisoner, summoned before a tribunal of British officers to answer for his armed resistance to the execution of the treaties of Lahore and Umritsur. But it was plain that the line of defence adopted by the nominal culprit would "indirectly but substantially place the Wuzer, Rajah Lal Singh, upon his trial." The mode of procedure, in such a case, it was difficult to determine. Palpable objections presented themselves to every course that was suggested; but it was at last determined that the least objectionable course would be the trial of Sheikh Imaum-ood-deen, in the presence of all the leading Sikh Sardars, by a Court composed entirely of British officers.

On the 3d of December the Court assembled. It consisted of Mr. Currie, who presided; of Sir John Littler, who commanded the troops at Lahore; Colonel Lawrence, the political agent; Mr. John Lawrence, his brother, to whom had been entrusted the charge of the Jullunder Doab; and Colonel Goldie, an intelligent officer, who commanded one of the regiments stationed in the Punjab. "The inquiry was conducted in the most open and public manner. All the leading chiefs of the most influential families, sixty-five in number, attended to witness their proceedings." They had assented to the justice of the

measure, and approved the mode of investigation. Soon after eight o'clock in the morning, the well-dressed, courteous, euphemistic Sheikh arrived from his camp at Shah-darrah. The proceedings commenced; the Sheikh adduced the evidence in his favour. There was little or nothing of the formality of a criminal trial. The Court sat there to arbitrate between two parties—to hear their several statements—and to decide upon the weight to be attached to the evidence adducible by either. The first day was given up to the witnesses on the side of Sheikh Imaumood-deen. On the second day the Durbar entered on its defence. When the evidence had been given on both sides, the Court adjourned to the President's tent for the delivery of the verdict. All the Durbar chiefs, with the exception of Lal Singh, were invited to attend, with some other leading Sirdars. The President then carefully and deliberately went through the whole of the evidence, and announced the decision of the Court, as based on the instructions of the Governor-General. The Sirdars were informed that the evidence against Lal Singh was conclusive; but that, if the other chiefs disclaimed all participation in the act of treachery, it was not the intention of the British Government to visit the offence upon the Lahore State, but personally upon the Wuzeer, whose deposition would be demanded. One and all the Sikh chiefs bore witness to the justice of the decision, and determined upon the removal of the treacherous Rajah from the Wuzeerat. No time was lost. Lal Singh was at once declared a prisoner, and escorted from the Durbar tent to his own house by a guard of Sikh soldiers. The charge of the fort and palace of Lahore was made over to Tej Singh, Shere Singh, and the Dewan Deena Nath; and the seal of the Maharajah, at the request of these officers, was deposited in the hands of Colonel Lawrence.

So fell Rajah Lal Singh; but not without an effort on the part of the Maharanee to save her paramour. He had, for some time, been the favourite of this unprincipled woman, and was never, perhaps, more securely seated in her affections than at the hour of his downfall. With his commanding stature, his athletic frame, his handsome countenance, instinct with that voluptuous expression which pleases women of a certain class, with his bold, dashing, abandoned manner, and all the unscrupulousness of a practised intriguer, he had attracted, during the wuzeerat of Heera Singh, the attention of the Maharanee Junda Kowr, and weaned her from her former attachments. She was in want of a new lover—in want of one equally inclined to amorous and to political intrigue, and she found in Lal Singh a man after her own heart, both for purposes of business and of pleasure. If it was ever in the nature of this bold bad woman to be true to any

one she was true to Lal Singh. His disgrace exasperated and alarmed her; for she felt that she must fall with him. His removal to the British provinces, which had been determined upon as a measure of security, cut her to the heart. She remonstrated—she implored; she appealed to the Sikh and to the British authorities in behalf of the fallen Rajah; but the fiat had gone forth for his expulsion, and not hers the voice that could obtain a revocation of the sentence. The political existence of Lal Singh was at an end; and with it perished all the power of his leman.

And now what was to become of the Sikh Government? The day was fast approaching for the fulfilment of the terms of the supplementary treaty of Lahore. The Governor-General had declared, and still adhered to, his determination, to withdraw the British army from the Punjab at the end of the current year; and now December had arrived. The Durbar could not but perceive that the retirement of the British was an event only too surely calculated to be the precursor of new troubles. The strong Sikh government, which it was so desirable to establish, seemed farther off than ever. In this strait, the Maharajah, in reply to a letter from the Governor-General, was made to importune the British Government, after the end of the year, just to leave, for his protection, a small brigade—two battalions of infantry, a cavalry regiment, and a few guns. A single company would have been something. It would have given to the Sikh Government the prestige of British support; but it was precisely that which the Governor-General was least of all inclined to give. It was his wise resolve to support the Maharajah effectually or not at all. To leave at Lahore a small force, any accident to which would have compromised our reputation—would have been, in the eyes of all the States of Asia, a disaster and a disgrace—was a course to which nothing short of the most overwhelming madness could have impelled the British viceroy. The Sikh Durbar, with utter ruin staring it in the face, as “the current year, A.D. 1846,” wore to a close, continued to importune the British Government for aid, and was willing to pay any price for its protection. By the treaties of March the Governor-General had pledged himself not to interfere in the internal administration of the State, whilst he was supporting the Sikh Government at the point of our British bayonets; but no man was, on principle, ever more averse to the system itself, which he had yielded to as a temporary expedient. To continue any longer to put forth the military strength of the British empire in support of measures for which he was in no wise responsible, and for the protection of men whose conduct he could not control, and in whose characters he had not confidence, would have been an

act of injustice and inhumanity altogether abhorrent to the benevolent nature of Lord Hardinge. He determined, therefore, that if the people of the Punjab were to be controlled by a British army they should have the benefit of British counsels. The only terms, it was stated to the Sikh chiefs, on which British protection could be afforded to the Maharajah and the Durbar, were that a British officer, "with an efficient establishment of subordinates," should be appointed by the Governor-General in council, "to direct and control every department of the State." A Council of Regency, consisting of eight Sirdars, was to be nominated to act under the instructions of the British resident; and no changes in the Regency were to be effected without the sanction of that functionary. By this arrangement, which was to have effect during the minority of the Maharajah, "unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relations" was given to the British Resident. But the offer was willingly embraced by the Sikh chiefs; and Colonel Lawrence became the virtual ruler of the Punjab.

The terms stated—with the further agreement that a pension of a lakh and a half of rupees should be conferred on the Maharanee, who was excluded from all share in the Government, and that twenty-two lakhs per annum should be paid by the Sikhs for the hire of the British troops—were formally embodied into a treaty, which, having been executed on the 16th of December, by Mr. Currie and Colonel Lawrence, on the part of the British, and by Tej Singh, Shere Singh, and others, on the part of the Sikhs, was ratified at Bhyrowal on the 26th of the same month, by the Maharajah and the Governor-General, in the camp of the latter. The Governor-General was attended by Lord Gough and his staff; the Maharajah by Tej Singh, Shere Singh, and other Sirdars, with their respective retinues. There appeared to have been no hesitation, no unwillingness on the part of the Sikh chiefs to enter into this new compact. They voluntarily and cheerfully confided the administration of their affairs to the British Resident, whilst they trusted in the presence of the British army to preserve their country in peace and their government from destruction. They flung themselves, indeed, at our feet, and sued for protection. They acknowledged both our justice and our power, and virtually declared that nothing else could save the Punjab from anarchy and confusion. People of all classes appeared to be well pleased with these arrangements; and it is probable that the only persons in the State who viewed them with feelings of resentment were the Queen and her degraded paramour; and for a time, at least, they appeared to be thoroughly successful, and to fill all men with hope and confidence.

In the spring of 1847, the political horizon was almost unclouded. The Governor-General, in his letters to the Secret Committee of the East India Company, continued to report that the Sikh authorities composing the Durbar appeared to be carrying on the government of the country with a sincere desire to secure a successful result; that everything was perfectly quiet, and that nothing had occurred worthy of remark. The Sikh soldiery appeared to be contented, and were gradually acquiring habits of order and obedience, under a system which rendered them dependent on the British officers for whatever most promoted their happiness and comfort. But it did not escape the sagacious understanding of the Resident, that serene as was the present aspect of affairs, and promising as were the appearances of continued tranquillity, there were beneath all this surface-calm dangerous elements at work waiting only for time to call them into full activity. The memory of frequent and disastrous defeat was then too fresh upon the humbled Khalsa to suffer them to indulge in visions of reacquiring their lost supremacy; but as the impression waxed dim and more dim, the danger would become more imminent, and outbursts of desperate Asiatic zeal might be looked for in quarters where such paroxysms had long seemed to be almost necessary to the very social existence of a lawless and tumultuous class. "In the course of time," wrote Colonel Lawrence, "if opportunity be given, the national independence of the Sikh character may dictate the attempt to escape from under a foreign yoke; for, however benevolent be our motives, and conciliatory our demeanour, a British army cannot garrison Lahore, and the fiat of a British functionary cannot supersede that of the Durbar throughout the land, without our presence being considered a burden and a yoke, not only by those who have nothing to lose, and all to gain by revolution, but by many of the bolder spirits among the better classes, who are ready to venture their lives and their property in the cause of the Khalsa, and in the chances of a revolution which may make Generals, Sirdars, and even a Maharajah." And then he said that he saw around him, struggling for existence, so many high officers of the old Sikh armies; so many favourites of the old line of Wuzeers—from Dhyan Singh to Lal Singh—now cast adrift in the world, without resources and without hope under the existing system, that, when he remembered their lawless habits, their headstrong folly, their desperate suicidal zeal, he only wondered at the perfect peace which then pervaded the land.

It was a season of prosperity—a time of promise; and the best uses were made by the British functionaries of this continued calm. Their interference in the civil administration of

the country was only exercised when it could be turned to the unquestionable advantage of the people. British authority and British integrity were then employed in the settlement of long unsettled districts, and in the development of the resources of long-neglected tracts of country. The subordinate officers, who were deputed for such special purposes, were instructed to lose no opportunity of acquiring any description of information, and to report freely, not only upon the agricultural and commercial capabilities of the districts they visited, but anything that was worthy of record in connexion with science or art. The Governor-General, among other benevolent efforts, directed that an engineer officer should be deputed to report upon the practicability of opening the canal between Lahore and Umritsur; and whilst everything was being done to advance the general prosperity of the people, and to ensure the popularity of British occupation among the industrial classes, the army was propitiated by the introduction of new and improved systems of pay and pension, and taught to believe, that what they had lost in opportunities of plunder, and in irregular largesses, had been more than made up to them by certainty and punctuality of payment, and the interest taken by the British officers in the general welfare of the soldier. And all this seemed to have its effect. Lieutenant Edwardes reported, to the honour of the Sikh army that accompanied him to Bunnoo, that the best-disciplined soldiers of the most civilized nation of Europe never marched through so rich a country with so little license; and Major George Lawrence wrote from Peshawur, as a proof of the confidence reposed in British superintendence, that the soldiery were bringing in their money to be remitted through his treasury, in preference to their own pay-office; and were anxious to remain at Peshawur, a post which had always been regarded by the Sikhs as little better than a place of banishment.

As the year advanced, these favourable appearances rather improved than deteriorated. In June, the Resident reported that a large majority of the disbanded soldiers had returned to the plough or to trade; and that the advantages of British influence to the cultivating classes were every day becoming more apparent. Still he did not close his eyes to the fact, that although the spirit of insurrection was at rest in the Punjab, it was not yet dead. There were sparks flying about here and there, which alighting on combustible materials, might speedily excite a blaze. It was not to be expected by the most sanguine, that after so many years of unrest and anarchy, the Sikhs should at once subside into a state of apathetic repose. "If every Sirdar and Sikh in the Punjab," wrote Colonel Lawrence, with the candour and good sense which are so conspicuous in his communications,

“were to avow himself satisfied with the humbled position of his country, it would be the extreme of infatuation to believe him; or to doubt for a moment, that among the crowd who are loudest in our praise, there are many who cannot forgive our victory, or even our forbearance, and who chafe at their own loss of power in exact proportion as they submit to ours.” People were not wanting even then, in our camp, to talk with ominous head-shakings of the “Cabul catastrophe,” and to predict all sorts of massacres and misfortunes. But there was no parallel to be drawn between the two cases; and an overweening sense of security had not taken possession of the British functionaries at Lahore. The Governor-General continued to report, from fortnight to fortnight, to the home authorities, that affairs continued in a most satisfactory state, and that there was a progressive improvement in the civil and military administration of the country. And no men ever deserved success better than Colonel Lawrence and his assistants; for whilst the British officers employed in the provinces of the Punjab were zealous in well-doing, conciliating all classes by measures of justice and humanity, and a general regard for the interests and the happiness of men accustomed, under the old system of Sikh administration, to oppression of the worst kind, at the capital the leading Sirdars were propitiated by that “cheap defence of nations,” the bestowal of honorary rewards and distinctions; and if any expectation of continued tranquillity could be based upon the fact, that it was undeniably the interest of the people to maintain it, we might reasonably have looked for a protracted season of peace. But the Resident knew well that little was to be expected from Sikh gratitude; and much from the irrepressible turbulence of the Sikh character. It was not in the nature of things that, under the operation of any humanizing measures, the Sikhs should cease to be Sikhs in a year. It would require many years of incessant vigilance, of continued perseverance in well-doing, and of the most delicate diplomatic tact, to inspire confidence and awaken a reciprocity of kindly feeling in the breasts of a people who naturally regarded us with suspicion and mistrust. And, at the best, we were interlopers in the Punjab; however easy might be the yoke, it would be a yoke still; and the spirit of independence is not extinguished by a sense of benefits received.

We shall be pardoned if we dwell yet a little longer, before we pass on to the narration of more exciting historical events, upon the many gratifying circumstances which distinguished this year of tranquillity in the country of the Five Rivers. These circumstances are of peculiar interest at the present time. They foreshadow the future administrative history of the

Punjab. They are an earnest of the good that will be done, now that the country is subject to our rule. In 1847, Colonel Lawrence was the virtual ruler of Lahore. The Durbar officers, though nominally members of the Government, were in reality little more than cyphers. The British officers employed under the Resident were few; but they were men of no common ability and energy of character. They had great confidence in their chief, and their chief had great confidence in them. Acting, with one or two exceptions, for the majority were soldiers, in a mixed civil and military character, they managed to confer benefits on all classes; and alike by their courage and their integrity to elevate the national character. One common spirit of humanity seemed to animate the Governor-General, the Resident, and his assistants. Infanticide, suttee, and the odious traffic for the vilest purposes in female slaves, were suppressed. In the agricultural districts, a system of enforced labour, which had pressed heavily on the Ryots, was also in course of abolition. The weak were everywhere protected against the strong. An entire revision of the judicial and revenue systems of the country—if systems they can be called, where system there was none—was attempted, and with good success. New customs' rules were prepared, by which the people were greatly gainers. Every legitimate means of increasing the revenue, and of controlling unnecessary expenditure, were resorted to, and large savings were effected at no cost of efficiency in any department of the State. The cultivators were encouraged to sink wells, to irrigate their lands, and otherwise to increase the productiveness of the soil, alike to their own advantage and the profit of the State. The Sikhs were unaccustomed to be governed after this fashion, and, doubtless, the good intentions of the British functionaries were but imperfectly understood. Still these measures had the effect of restoring confidence in many quarters, and in bringing back refugees to their native homes. "The country," wrote Major George Lawrence from Peshawur to the Resident, "is wonderfully quiet. Many Zemindars and Ryots, who had fled from the oppression of years, have returned, and others are daily returning. One old lady has written me from Kooner, that, in consequence of what she hears, she intends returning, to lay her bones with her ancestors at Chump Kumry, the village of the infamous Kumroodeen Khan."

But whilst the country remained tranquil, and the Durbar officers submissive, there was one person in the Punjab to whose nature tranquillity and submissiveness were alike foreign. There was one person whose movements the Resident watched with suspicion, and with whom he found it somewhat difficult to deal. This was the Ranee Junda Kowr. We have shewn that this un-

principled and intriguing woman had been removed from all participation, direct or indirect, in the affairs of government, and that a lakh and a half of rupees (£15,000) per annum had been settled upon her, that she might pass her days in honourable retirement. But the Ranee was by no means disposed to retire into private life. She gave interviews to the Sirdars, without the modesty of the *Purdah*, and held vast levees of Brahmins, feeding them, and washing their feet. So unbecoming the mother of the Maharajah was the woman's conduct, that the Resident thought it right to interfere. He wrote to her, pointing out the impropriety of receiving strangers within her private apartments, and suggesting the expediency of following a more feminine and more decorous line of conduct. It would be difficult to conceive a more characteristic effusion than her answer to the Resident's letter. Very saucy and very clever, it was ironically polite; bristling with sarcasms, like a masked battery, pointed at the British Government, the Resident, and the Regency Sirdars. "It is a subject of deep congratulation to me," she wrote in conclusion, "that both the Maharajah and myself are now reaping the benefits of the friendship which Maharajah Runjeet Singh sowed with the Company. Continue, if you please, to give me your advice." The letter amused the British Resident; it offended the Sirdars. But the royal lady was not one to rest satisfied with such opportunities as this of displaying her wit. She had more important work in hand. She had opened communications with the Dewan of Mooltan, under the pretext of sending an emissary—a confidential slave-girl—to that place, for the ostensible purpose of procuring a white "ak" tree, (swallow-wort), "said to be of great virtue in incantations;" and she was more than suspected of having hatched a conspiracy for the murder of Tej Singh and Colonel Lawrence. Every effort was made to sift this latter business to the bottom. It was proved that there had been a design to murder the Sirdar and the Resident; and that the Maharanee's confidential secretary had been in communication with the chief conspirator. The Governor-General did not think the evidence against the Maharanee conclusive; but agreed with the Resident in opinion that her evil intentions were sufficiently apparent to render her removal from Lahore a justifiable and an expedient measure. He decreed, therefore, that an asylum should be found for her on the Punjaabee side of the Sutlej, until such time as further revolutionary intrigues should render necessary her removal to Hindostan. The regency Sirdars, who had been unwilling to incur the responsibility of such a measure, were assured by the decided tone of the Governor-General, and gave their consent to the woman's removal to Sheikoopoor, a fort "situated in a quiet part of the

country, away from the high road, and in the midst of a Mussulman population." The brother of the Maharanee, Sirdar Heera Singh, was deputed to convey the tidings of her banishment to the royal lady. She said that she was ready for anything; and preparations were at once made for her journey. The young Maharajah received the tidings of his mother's removal with indifference. When the news was broken to him he went on playing, and sent the Resident his salaam.

On the 20th of August a proclamation was issued, announcing the removal of the Maharanee, for the better preservation both of the peace of the country and the morals of the Maharajah. On the following day Colonel Lawrence, whose health had been for some time declining, left Lahore to seek renewed strength in the cool mountain air of Simlah. His brother, Mr. John Lawrence, a distinguished member of the Company's civil service—a service never wanting in officers of first-rate administrative talent—was appointed to perform the duties of the Residency during his temporary absence.

Lahore continued tranquil. The departure of the Maharanee created no sort of excitement. She was conveyed to Sheikoo-poor, chafing under the indignity that had been put upon her, but openly professing herself well pleased with the change. The custody of her Highness was proposed, at the instance of the Durbar, to Sirdar Shere Singh; but that chief declined to take upon himself so responsible and delicate an office. He soon had reason to congratulate himself on his determination. The Maharanee speedily began to tamper with her guards, and to endeavour, unsuccessfully, to intrigue with Golab Singh in Cashmere. That prince continued to give satisfaction to the British Government. The measures of reform suggested by Colonel Lawrence had been carried out with obvious good faith; and the Maharajah continued to assure the Resident of his desire to govern his new possessions in a spirit of humanity hitherto unknown to that romantic land. The inhuman rites of suttee and infanticide were abolished by proclamation; some oppressive monopolies were abandoned; and the rights of the people acknowledged as they had never been acknowledged before.

On the 17th of October Colonel Lawrence returned to Lahore. The Dusserah festival fell on the 19th, and was celebrated with great pomp by the Maharajah and the Durbar. Everything passed off most happily. "The little Maharajah did the honours of his situation most gracefully, and was in particularly good spirits." The Resident, Sir John Littler, and many of the officers of the garrison, attended the Durbar; their scarlet uniforms contrasting with the brilliant yellow dresses of the Sikh courtiers, and making a splendid and imposing spectacle. "

was a great change from last year," remarked the Resident, in a letter to Government, "when Rajah Lal Singh, apparently afraid to make his appearance in public, had all the pageantry and pomp of the Dusserah confined to the inner court of the palace, to which the multitude had no access." Now the Maharajah went out attended by the British Resident and a numerous *cortège* of English and Sikh officers, to meet his people at a distance from the city.

The months of October and November passed quietly away; but a great and important change was impending. Lord Hardinge was about to lay down the reins of Government; and Colonel Lawrence, urged by his medical attendants no longer to delay resorting to the only remedy which was calculated to arrest the progress of disease in his failing constitution, was about to visit his native country for a season. It was with extreme reluctance that he consented to quit his post and to accompany Lord Hardinge to England. He went; and Sir Frederick Currie, who, in the capacity of political secretary, had accompanied, in 1845, Lord Hardinge to the banks of the Sutlej—who had presided, as we have seen, at the trial of Lal Singh—and who had been subsequently created a baronet and appointed a member of the Supreme Council of India, was nominated to act as Resident at Lahore. He was a public servant of approved talent and integrity; but there were not wanting those who thought that, during the year of Colonel Lawrence's absence, the management of affairs might more advantageously have been entrusted to Mr. John Lawrence, who had already had charge of the Residency, who was thoroughly acquainted with his brother's views, and who had unmistakably evinced the possession of a high order of administrative talent.

Meeting the stream of European revolution as they journeyed homewards, Lord Hardinge and Colonel Lawrence came overland to England in the early spring of 1848. Brief space is allowed to us for comment; but before we cease to write Lord Hardinge's name in connexion with Sikh politics and history, we must give expression, if only in a single sentence, to the admiration with which we regard his entire policy towards the Punjab. It was worthy of a Christian warrior; it was worthy of a Christian statesman. It is in nowise to be judged by results—still less by accidents which were not the results of the original policy, but of subsequent errors. What Lord Hardinge did, he did because it was right to do it. Our sense of his forbearance under provocation, of his moderation in the hour of victory, has already been recorded in this Journal. His subsequent measures were in harmony with the temper of this majestic mildness. It was his one desire to render British connexion with the Punjab

a blessing to the people. The spirit of Christian philanthropy moved over the face of the country. The evidences of this truth are strewn thickly over the opening pages of the last Parliamentary Blue Book. The reader will do well to turn to them.

The new year seemed to commence auspiciously in the Punjab. The attention of the British functionaries was principally directed to the settlement of the land-revenue and the improvement of the judicial system of the country. They had begun codifying in good earnest; and laws, civil and criminal, grew apace under their hands. Everything appeared to be tranquil, and to promise continued tranquillity. There was little in the state of things to call for especial remark from the Governor-General, who, in his letters to the Secret Committee, contented himself with the observation, that he "forwarded papers relating to the Punjab." But early in May intelligence had reached Calcutta which impelled him to indite a more stirring epistle. We are now approaching eventful times.

In September 1844, Sawun Mull, the able and energetic Dewan of Mooltan, was shot to death by an assassin. He was succeeded in the Dewannee by his son Moolraj, who had also earned for himself the reputation of a chief, with more just and enlightened views of government, and greater administrative talent, than distinguish the majority of his countrymen. But it so happened that he had another sort of reputation: he was reputed to be very rich. Sawun Mull, it was said, had amassed immense treasures in Mooltan; and on the instalment of his son in the Dewannee, the Lahore Durbar demanded "Nuzzurana," or tributary gifts, to the extent of no less than a million of money. The exorbitant claim was rejected; but a compromise was entered into with the Imperial Government, by which Moolraj became bound to pay to Lahore less than a fifth of the sum named. And this sum would have been paid, but for the convulsions which soon began to rend the country, and the disasters which befell the Durbar.

On the re-establishment of the Sikh Government, the claim was renewed. It was intimated to the Dewan that if the stipulated eighteen lakhs, with certain amounts due for arrears, were paid into the Lahore Treasury, he should be allowed to continue in charge of Mooltan; but that if he demurred, troops should be sent to coerce him. He refused payment of the money, and troops were accordingly sent against him. Thus threatened, he besought the British Government to interfere in his favour, and consented to adjust the matter through the arbitration of the Resident. The result was, that he came to Lahore in the autumn of 1846; promised to pay by instalments the money claimed; and was mulcted in a portion of the territories from

which he had drawn his revenue ; and the remainder farmed out to him for a term of three years. He appeared, however, to be satisfied with the arrangement—was anxious to obtain the guarantee of the British authorities, but was obliged to return to Mooltan without it. Mr. Lawrence, who was then officiating for his brother, refused to do more than witness the agreement.

For the space of more than a year, Moolraj remained in peaceful occupation of the country which had been leased out to him. There was no attempt, on the part of the British functionaries, to interfere with the affairs of Mooltan. That territory was especially exempted from the operation of the revenue settlement, which had taken effect elsewhere ; and the new customs' regulations which had been established in the Punjab were not extended to Mooltan. But the compact which had been entered into with the Lahore Durbar did not sit easily upon him. He thought, or affected to think, that its terms were too rigorous ; and accordingly, about the close of 1847, he repaired to the capital to seek some remission of them. He soon began intriguing with the Durbar for the reduction of the stipulated rents ; and not coming to any satisfactory arrangement, intimated to Mr. Lawrence his wish to resign a charge which he had found so little profitable. Mr. Lawrence told him that he would accept his resignation when formally tendered ; but recommended him to reflect upon the subject before finally coming to a determination, which could not be subsequently revoked. Some further negotiations took place ; but as the arrival of Sir Frederick Currie was daily expected, Mr. Lawrence was instructed by the Governor-General to leave the final settlement of the question to that officer. Upon this, a letter was addressed to Moolraj, who had previously quitted Lahore, asking whether he desired any communication to be made to Sir Frederick Currie. On the day that the new Resident reached Lahore the answer of the Dewan was received. It embodied, in no very intelligible manner, a resignation of the Nizamut of Mooltan on certain conditions, said to have been acceded to by Mr. Lawrence. But these conditions had not been acceded to, and the intentions of Moolraj were not very apparent ; so a letter was despatched to him, in which he was required to state, in distinct terms, the resolution at which he had arrived. The answer was a definitive resignation ; and the Durbar at once appointed a successor. Sirdar Khan Singh, who was described as " a brave soldier and intelligent man," was nominated to the Governorship of Mooltan on a fixed annual salary. At the same time, Mr. Agnew, a civil servant of the Company, was appointed political agent at Mooltan, and Lieutenant Anderson of the Bom-

bay army, nominated his assistant. "Mr. Agnew," wrote the Governor-General to the Secret Committee of the India Company, "a most zealous and intelligent servant of the Government, had acquired a considerable reputation for his tact in the management of the natives of the country, and for a thorough acquaintance with their character and habits. Lieutenant Anderson was known as an excellent Oriental scholar, and had been employed with credit under Sir Charles Napier in Scinde."

"The unhappy fate," adds the Governor-General, "of these promising officers must ever be deplored." They were despatched to Mooltan with Khan Singh, the new Governor, and an escort of five hundred men, to receive charge of the place. On their arrival before the city there were no symptoms of any hostile intentions on the part of its occupants. Moolraj himself waited on the British officers on the 18th of April, and promised to conduct them over the Fort on the following day. "Everything," wrote Mr. Agnew, "seems to bear out the character Mooltan has ever borne for peace and quietness." On the morning of the 19th, accompanied by Moolraj, the British officers inspected the Fort. Two companies of Goorkhas and some horsemen, belonging to the escort, attended them from their camp, and were placed in possession of one of the Fort-gates. The crisis was now at hand. Moolraj formally gave over charge of the Fort; and as the party retired through the gate the British officers were suddenly attacked and wounded. Moolraj, who was riding with them at the time, offered no assistance, but, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off in the direction of his garden-house, whilst the wounded officers were carried to their own camp by Khan Singh and a party of the Goorkhas.

In the course of the following day all the Mooltanee troops were in a state of open insurrection. Moolraj himself, who may not have been guilty in the first instance of an act of premeditated treachery, and who subsequently pleaded that he was coerced by his troops, sent excuses to Mr. Agnew, who, with the generous confidence of youth, acquitted him of all participation in the outrage. But he was soon heart and soul in the work. The wounded officers occupied a mosque, in an eedga or cantonment not far from the Fort, and there the enemy's guns soon began to play upon them. The firing was answered from the guns of the Sikh escort, under Esra Singh; but the fidelity of this officer was not proof against the temptation to which it was exposed. The emissaries of Moolraj did their work of corruption with unerring effect. Before nightfall Esra Singh, with all his men, went over to the enemy. The mosque was surrounded. A motley crew of ruffians—soldiers and citizens—men of all classes,

young and old, moved by one common impulse, one great thirst of blood, came yelling and shouting around the abode of those doomed Englishmen. In they rushed, with a savage cry, and surrounded their victims. The wounded officers lay armed on their beds, and, helpless as they were in this extremity, put on the bold front of intrepid Englishmen, and were heroes to the very last. Having shaken hands, and bade each other a last farewell, they turned upon their assailants as best they could; but were overpowered, and barbarously murdered. One Goodhur Singh, a deformed wretch, with a crippled hand, described as "an object disgusting to behold," struck thrice at Agnew's neck with a sword, and at the third blow cut off his head. Anderson was hacked to death by a number of savage wretches, who flung themselves upon him with their swords; and, the slaughter thoroughly accomplished, the two bodies were dragged out of the mosque, and savagely mutilated by the murderers. Goodhur Singh carried Agnew's head in triumph to Moolraj, who, in grateful acknowledgment of the act, presented the assassin with the horse and pistol of the murdered man, and ordered the head to be thrown into the lap of Khan Singh,* who had been taken prisoner and carried to the Dewan. Nor was that all. It is added, that the nostrils and mouth of what was once young Agnew were filled with gunpowder, and then ignited; and that Moolraj enjoyed and applauded the hellish joke.

Whatever may have been the designs of Moolraj—whatever may have been his conduct previous to the murder of the British officers, he was now, willingly or unwillingly, in a position from which there was no retreating. Whether he had in any way instigated the foul act, or was, as there is reason to believe, innocent of the murderous intention, he approved of it when done, and stood irretrievably committed in the eyes both of our countrymen and his own. He seems at once to have seen that there was no going back, that one only course was open to him—a hazardous one, which he would not himself have chosen, but which, once entered on, admitted of no pause and left no time for reflection. All the dormant energies of his nature were now

* There is something inexplicable in the relations subsisting between these two worthies. When many months afterwards Mooltan was besieged, Khan Singh was still in confinement. Yet both, it is said, were engaged in a plot for the subversion of British supremacy in the Punjab. Khan Singh is supposed to have been a tool of the Maharanee. It had been concerted, before he accepted the governorship of Mooltan, that he should create a disturbance there after the departure of Moolraj, in such a manner, and at such a time, as to withdraw the British troops from Lahore, and so lay bare the capital to the insurgents. But he is said to have endeavoured to save Anderson and Agnew, who generously told him to make terms for himself; and to have been deeply affected by their death.

called into full activity. They who knew him best had never previously regarded him as a man of very high courage—bold, resolute, equal to the accomplishment of great deeds and the defiance of great dangers. And it is probable that the notorious part which he was called upon to act at no time sat easily upon him. Had retreat become possible he would have retreated. But he was, from the first, the victim of circumstances—a hero in spite of himself; and in the energy of desperation he reached a height of daring which none had before thought himself capable of attaining. Once committed to the conflict with the British, he threw himself cordially into the work which he had been singled out by Providence to accomplish. He took command of the insurgents—identified himself with their cause—bestowed largesses upon the men who had been most active in the assault upon the British officers, retained all who would take service with him, laid in stores, collected money, and addressed letters to other chiefs urging them to resistance. He had never been looked upon by others—never regarded himself, as a man to become the leader of a great national movement; but now circumstances had done for him what he would never willingly have shaped out for himself; he bowed to fate, and became a hero.

In the meanwhile, intelligence of the attack upon the British officers reached Lahore; and the Resident at once determined to despatch a British force to Mooltan, to support the authority of the Durbar, and to chastise the insurgents. A requisition for troops was sent to the officer commanding the division; but on the following day, further advices were received from Mooltan which caused Sir Frederick Currie to abandon the design which he had formed in the first instance, and to countermand the march of the British force. It was too clear, from the information he received, that Agnew and Anderson had been murdered, and that the Durbar troops had gone over in a body to the insurgents. The Sikh battalions which were proceeding to Mooltan would, in all probability, follow the example of Khan Singh's escort, and the British brigade would be surrounded by false friends, only waiting a fitting opportunity to declare themselves open enemies. To send a small body of British troops on so hazardous an expedition, appeared to the Resident a measure which he would not be justified in adopting. He intimated, therefore, to the chiefs of the Durbar regiments, that they must march unsupported to Mooltan; but they were fain to decline the honour. They could not rely on their troops. To send them to act against Moolraj would only be to swell the number of his adherents. The Resident seems to have acknowledged the force of this; but it was obviously necessary that something should be done to vindicate the authority of the Sikh Durbar, and to punish

the gross outrage committed upon the British Government. In this emergency the Resident addressed himself to the Commander-in-Chief, stating the political urgency of the case, and leaving it to him to determine, at that advanced season of the year—it was the end of April—the possibility of commencing operations for the reduction of Mooltan. The Commander-in-Chief determined that it was impossible; and the spirit of insurrection was suffered to diffuse itself over the whole length and breadth of the land.

There is much, doubtless, to be said upon this subject; but after the case has been justly stated on both sides, and all the official evidence fairly weighed, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that a great mistake was committed. The Commander-in-Chief was at Simlah; the Governor-General at Calcutta. A reference to the latter would have occasioned a month's delay; an answer from the former could be received in less than a week. The Resident, therefore, who shrunk from the possible risk of ordering a body of British troops to commence extensive military operations at the most hostile season of the year, with a prospect of failure staring them in the face, transferred the responsibility to the Commander-in-Chief, who distinctly pronounced operations to be impossible. The Governor-General in Council confirmed this resolution. "We are far," he wrote to the Secret Committee, "from wishing to throw on the Resident or the Commander-in-Chief the responsibility of having decided this important question. We desire, therefore, to express our entire concurrence in the views expressed by his Excellency and by the Resident at Lahore." The weight of official authority was all against an immediate movement; but public opinion was decidedly in its favour. It was alleged in defence of the authorities, that a movement in the hot weather would have been fatal to the troops—that, partly on that account, and partly because the force then sent must necessarily have been comparatively weak, the risk of failure was great—and that, as risings were anticipated in the neighbourhood of Lahore, as the outbreak in Mooltan was only part of an extensively ramified conspiracy, it would have been an act of extreme folly to denude that part of the country of the troops which were so much needed. Now, as regards the last of these apologetic statements, to which we should have attached the greatest weight, it might have been taken on credit before the revelations of the Parliamentary Blue Book were before the world; but now we are bound to say, that this consideration of a storm about to burst over the capital formed no distinct part of the reasons alleged for the delay of active operations. The Resident at Lahore said nothing about it—the Commander-in-Chief said nothing about it—the Governor-General said no-

thing about it.* It was discovered afterwards that a conspiracy, to which we have alluded in a note to a former page, had been hatched by the Maharanee and others, the design of which was to strip Lahore of troops, by means of disturbances at Mooltan; but even this story, which did not transpire till long after the question of commencing military operations had been settled, was never divested entirely of the apocryphal character which it first assumed. The Resident, whose own judgment evidently inclined towards the immediate commencement of hostilities, though averse from incurring the responsibility of moving the troops, spoke mainly of the possible evils of sufferings from the climate and a suspension of operations once commenced, whilst in much stronger language he set forth the certain evils of delay. The Commander-in-Chief spoke of little but the advanced season of the year; and the Governor-General in Council remarked that, "however imminent may be the risk that, if the British troops do not now move, insurrection, apparently successful for a time at Mooltan, may extend its influence over the Punjab, and may cause disturbance and revolt throughout its bounds, we yet think that the dangers which would thence arise to British interests in India are far less than those which would be created by our being compelled to discontinue operations once begun before they had been brought to a satisfactory termination; and by the fearful loss among the troops which is anticipated as the consequence of entering on military operations, on the scale required in such a district as Mooltan, in such a season of the year." Such are the grounds upon which the commencement of active operations was delayed until a local outbreak had become a great national insurrection—until the original offender, who might easily have been crushed in May, had become a formidable opponent in December—until, warmed by our inactivity, the great serpent egg had been hatched, and the oft-defeated Khalsa had gained new courage, and begun to despise an enemy which had rested many months under an unresented outrage, the most

* The Resident, it is true, wrote, "It would not be expedient at the present moment to take from the force at Lahore any troops, without supplying their place from other quarters; except perhaps one of the Royal regiments. The 53d is so strong that a wing would be sufficient for the Anarkullee cantonment, whilst the other wing might occupy the quarters in the city;" and the Commander-in-Chief said that he concurred in the inexpediency of weakening Lahore, "under the very uncertain disposition of the Sikh army described" by the Resident. But all the Resident said about the Sikh army was, that it could not be entrusted to carry Mooltan without the support of the British; and it by no means appears to have been the opinion of the authorities that there were any good grounds for expecting an outbreak at that particular time. Indeed, in a subsequent paper, it is distinctly stated by the Governor-General, that "the resolution which was adopted of postponing the movement of British troops was mainly owing to the advanced season of the year."

flagrant and the most humiliating. *Possunt qui posse videntur.* Nothing, on the other hand, could have been more damaging to our chances of future success, than the apparent paralysis which had descended upon our arms. Confidence—and *apparent* confidence—at such a time was “half the battle.” They fail who talk of failure. Our own opinion is, that if Colonel Lawrence had been at Lahore, and Lord Hardinge at Simlah, a body of British troops would have been marched on Mooltan in the hot weather of 1848, and the empire of the Punjab would not now be a British province. It is well, at all events, that they who speak with contemptuous triumph of the failure of the Hardinge-and-Lawrence policy, should remember, that if their measures miscarried, it might have been because they were not there to work them out.

But whilst the Commander-in-Chief, in the cool mountain air of Simlah, was deciding on the impossibility of commencing military operations, a young lieutenant of the Bengal army, who had been engaged in the Revenue settlement of the country about Bunnoo, was marching down upon Mooltan with a small body of troops, to render assistance to his brother officers in their perilous position, and to support the authority of the Lahore Durbar. A letter from Mr. Agnew, addressed to Colonel Cortlandt—an European officer in the Sikh service—and intended also for his perusal, had providentially fallen into his hands. He saw at once the emergency of the case; he never hesitated; but abandoning all other considerations, got together the best force at his disposal, and, with fifteen hundred men and two pieces of artillery, marched out to create a diversion; which he hoped might rescue his countrymen from the danger that beset them.

The name of this young officer was HERBERT EDWARDES. A native of Frodley in Shropshire; the son of a country clergyman; and educated at King's College, London, he had entered the Company's service as a cadet of infantry, at an age somewhat more advanced than that which sees the initiation into military life of the majority of young officers. But at an age much earlier than that which places the majority of those officers in possession of the most superficial knowledge of the history and politics of the East, young Edwardes had acquired a stock of information, and a capacity for judging rightly of passing events, which would have done no discredit to a veteran soldier and politician. He had been very few years in the service, when his name became familiar to the reading public throughout the Presidency to which he belonged, as one of the ablest anonymous writers in the country. We might have hesitated to have spoken of this but for the public mention of the fact by one of the Go-

vernor-Generals under whom he has served, on an occasion, which, in a graceful and befitting manner, called forth an acknowledgment of Edwardes' literary talents.* Those talents, like his military qualities, were of a bold, earnest, impulsive character. Whatever he did, he did rapidly and well. He was precisely the kind of man to attract the attention and retain the favour of such an officer as Colonel Lawrence, who, with far higher and purer principles of justice and humanity, has more, perhaps, of the energy and activity, of the promptitude and readiness of Sir John Malcolm, than any officer now serving in India. Accordingly, we find in one of the earliest and most striking scenes of the Punjaabee drama, Edwardes acted a distinguished part. He was despatched to Jummo, when the insurrection broke out in Cashmere, to awaken Golab Singh to a sense of his duty in that conjuncture; and there are few more noticeable and impressive incidents in the Sikh history of the last five eventful years, than that which exhibited a handful of scarce half a dozen British officers controlling the movements of large bodies of native troops,—the very men, and under the very leaders, who, so short a time before, had contested with us on the banks of the Sutlej the sovereignty of Hindostan.

On the reconstruction of the Sikh Government, after the deposition of Lal Singh, Lieutenant Edwardes was employed in an administrative capacity; and he had just completed the revenue-settlement of Bunnoo, when, as we have shewn, the startling intelligence of the Mooltanee outbreak reached his camp. He marched at once to succour his brother officers; crossed the Indus, and took possession of Leia, the chief city in the Sindh Sangor Doab. But tidings by this time had reached him of the melancholy fate of Agnew and Anderson. "Agnew and Anderson," he wrote to the Resident, "dead; and the Sirdar's force either traitors or prisoners in Mooltan! I have no object in advancing further. Neither could I cross the Chenab, if I wished. Neither would it be prudent to wish it, if I could. If Mooltan is to be reduced, it must be from Lahore, and by our own British troops; and I hope to God they are already on their way, or the whole of Dera Gazee Khan will be in insurrection, with hill tribes summoned by Moolraj. . . . If Moolraj has the spirit and skill to throw a force with guns over the Chenab at once, he might crush us, and return in a canter to Mooltan.

* Lord Hardinge at the last anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, announcing a donation from Lieutenant Edwardes, spoke of him as one who wielded the pen as ably as the sword, and gracefully acknowledged the debt of gratitude owed by military commanders to the literature of their country.

Already he is said to have done so. My mind is made up. I shall throw up entrenchments here, and stand. Great ends will be secured by my success; immense confusion follow a retreat. I am entertaining men for the double purpose of securing them from joining Moolraj and holding this Doab against the rebels. . . . At present I am very much like a Scotch terrier barking at a tiger. If a week only passes, I shall have got together enough men to hold on. *If not, we are in God's hands, and could not be better placed.*"

To estimate his position aright, it must be remembered that he was 200 miles from Lahore, and some 40 from Mooltan. The fidelity of the Sikh troops under him was more than suspected. A direct appeal to them had been made in the name of the Gooroo, by the Sikhs who had deserted at Mooltan; and the emissaries of Moolraj were everywhere exerting themselves to raise the hopes of the Khalsa, and to gather all classes around the banners of the rebellious Dewan. "If I had not a Sikh soldier in my camp," he wrote, "my mind would be at ease." There was more to be dreaded from false friends than from open enemies—though a considerable force, with eight guns, was advancing to overwhelm him. Time was all that he wanted; for he was recruiting in every direction, and General Cortlandt was pushing on to reinforce him. So he wisely determined to abandon Leia,* to recross the Indus, and to avoid collision with the enemy until there were better prospects of success. The two first weeks of May were weeks of painful doubt and constant anxiety. The enemy's force had been strengthened, and was now 6000 strong, with ten pieces of artillery. Edwardes and Cortlandt together might muster about 3000 men, without the Khalsa regiment, which it was their policy to detach. Reports from time to time reached them that the enemy had crossed the river; but the insurgents seemed to waver. Their defeat at Leia had somewhat checked them; and then Dera Gaze Khan, an important post which had been held by the insurgents, fell into the hands of the Royalists after an obstinate contest. The junction of General Cortlandt's force with the troops under Lieutenant Edwardes was finally effected on the 26th May; and, now with the prestige of these successes in their favour, and with the prospect of being aided by our staunch ally, the Khan of Bahwulpore, their "ikbal" seemed on the ascendant.

Bahwulpore lies less than fifty miles to the south of Mooltan;

* A small force was left in the Fort, which conducted itself with great gallantry, beating, on the 16th of May, a detachment of rebel troops sent for its capture. The leader of the force, whom Moolraj had appointed Governor, only saved himself by hiding in a tobacco field.

and Edwardes had from the first estimated aright the advantage of a movement from that direction, and had written both to the Resident, and to the Khan himself, to urge such a demonstration. The requisition was promptly answered; and on the 30th and 31st of May, the Bahwulpore column crossed the Sutlej with more than 10,000 fighting men, principally Patans. It was intended that this force should march upon Mooltan, with the purpose of investing the place; and a British officer, Lieutenant Lake of the Engineers—a young man of good parts and considerable energy of character—was deputed to direct its movements. It was then determined by Edwardes, that as soon as he could open communications with the Bahwulpore force, he would recross the Indus, and move from the opposite direction upon Mooltan, so as to drive back the foraging armies of Moolraj, and hem in his position. “We can then,” he wrote, “close the campaign for the hot weather, in an attitude of dignity, which will make it impossible for the most disaffected to misrepresent the delay which will ensue before the siege.”

The relative positions of the two parties were now changed. The junction having been effected between Edwardes and Cortlandt, and these officers having greatly strengthened themselves, by raising, in a short time, a considerable number of rough-and-ready hard-fighting Patans, it was their turn to talk of crossing the river, and assuming the offensive. “We are encamped here,” wrote Edwardes from Dera Gazee Khan, on the 30th of May, “threatening to cross, and the enemy opposite us looking out to prevent us.” On the 10th of June, Edwardes and his levies crossed the river. The enemy, under instructions from Mooltan, consequent upon the advance of the Bahwulpore force, had quitted their position on the opposite bank of the river, and made for Soojabad, a place to the south of Mooltan, between the Chenab and the Sutlej—an admirable move, intended to interpose a powerful body of troops in a strong position between Bahwulpore and Mooltan, and to force the Khan’s army into action before joined by Edwardes and Cortlandt. But Edwardes was too well aware of this to suffer it to take effect. He redoubled his energies, moved down in the direction of the spot where it was supposed the collision would take place, arrested the movements of the enemy, crossed the Chenab, and formed a junction with the Bahwulpore column. The enemy’s force had been greatly strengthened. Moolraj seems to have concentrated all his resources in an effort to destroy, “successively and separately,” the armies of Edwardes and of Bahawul Khan. But the officer in command of the rebel army, staggered, it would seem, by the rapid movements of Edwardes, let slip the opportunity of attacking singly the Bahwulpore column,

and on the 18th of June found himself opposed to the two forces which it was his game to have attacked separately. The junction had been accomplished during the preceding night ; and on that 18th of June,—“ a day on which,” said young Edwardes, the glories of Waterloo flashing across his memory, “ no Englishman could think of yielding,”—an obstinate battle was fought, and a great victory gained, of which, though but one British officer was present, the nation may well be proud.

Early morning saw the commencement of the action. Edwardes himself had scarcely crossed the river, and Cortlandt, with the guns, was still on the other side, when the enemy began their attack upon the right, where the Bahwulpore troops were posted. Directed by the smoke and firing, the young English officer, not without some hazard of finding himself in the enemy's lines, rode up to the ground—a jungly plain, which the combined forces occupied—and, passing along the entire line, exhorted them to be steady and patient under fire, and not to be drawn into a precipitate attack. He then joined his own young levies on the left of the line. All the guns were with the Bahwulpore troops ; and for some time the firing on both sides was heavy and effective. It was not until three o'clock that Edwardes was able to bring his force into action. He was without cavalry and without guns ; and the enemy, having discovered these fatal wants, turned, as the day advanced, their fire upon the Patan levies, whom with difficulty their young English commander could restrain from rushing to the attack. It was an anxious moment ; but, at the very crisis of his fate, when the enemy were within a few hundred yards of him, and he was contemplating the necessity of an unsupported attack, up came the expected and most welcome guns, with two of Cortlandt's regiments ; and Edwardes, taking command of the whole, “ gave the long-wished for word to emerge from the jungle, and fall upon the rebels.”

The men whom he commanded were worthy of their leader. Young and inexperienced as they were—soldiers of a month—they “ shook their swords with a will, and rushed upon the rebel cavalry with the most desperate and irresistible valour.” Edwardes himself was always in advance—always in the thick of the battle. “ It was,” in his own words, “ a hand-to-hand fight, and the opposing guns were pouring grape into each other almost within speaking distance. For half an hour fighting could not have been harder, and we were left entirely to ourselves.” At the end of that half-hour, a little before four o'clock, a Mussulman regiment of Cortlandt's division, headed by a Mussulman commandant, charged one of the enemy's guns in the most dashing style, and carried it at the point of the bayonet. The effect was

almost instantaneous. "Confusion fell among the artillery; ours advanced, and cruelly harassed them with grape; the infantry followed up; a momentary struggle ensued for the mastery, and the next minute the rebels were in full flight." Six of their guns fell into the hands of the victors—spirited as was the attempt to save them—with all their stores and camp equipage, and the rout was complete.

On the 22d, the united forces, mustering some 18,000 men and thirty guns, were encamped at Shoojabad. From this place Edwardes wrote to the Resident, asking for a few heavy guns; that he might reduce Mooltan; but he soon discovered that Moolraj was determined to risk one more engagement in the open plain, and to take command of the rebel force in person. On the 29th, Lieutenant Lake joined the Bahwulpore force; and for the first time since Edwardes had taken the field, he enjoyed the comfort and support of the counsels of a brother officer. On the 30th—the eve of another engagement—the allied army was strengthened by a division of Sikh troops under that very Sheikh Imatum-ood-deen who had been coerced in Cashmere. On the following morning the force marched upon Mooltan, and about mid-day the enemy advanced to give them battle. The action soon became general. On the right, Lake led the Bahwulpore troops; on the left was Edwardes, with his Patan levies, infantry and cavalry; and in the centre was Cortlandt, with two good regiments and ten guns. The enemy fought with great gallantry and determination; but, strongly posted as they were, and protected by the nature of the ground they had chosen with their usual "defensive cunning," they could not withstand the impetuous courage of the troops with their European leaders. Moolraj, who had watched the progress of the action from the back of an elephant, was fast losing confidence in the power of his soldiery, when a round shot struck the howdah in which he was seated, and threw him to the ground. It needed only such an accident as this thoroughly to dishearten the Dewan. He mounted a horse, ordered the artillery to accompany him, and fled precipitately from the field of battle. At this critical time, a gallant charge, made by one of Cortlandt's regiments, commanded by Mr. Quinn, Lieutenant Edwardes' "writer," or clerk—"a young man, but an old soldier"—put a finishing-stroke to the victory already commenced. The Mooltanee horse and foot, broken and dismayed, "fled from the hard-fought field in irrecoverable confusion." Though himself the first to retreat, Moolraj, either indignant at the flight of his infantry and cavalry, or hoping to stay their course, is said to have turned his own guns against his flying battalions. Many were shot down, many were drowned whilst attempting to cross

the nullah, which ran between the city and the field of battle; and hundreds never returned to Mooltan, "but struck but into the open country, and returned to their homes."

On the following day, the 2d of July, weakened as he was by this defeat, Moolraj again mustered his troops, and talked of another action. The Gooroos, or Priests, consulted the stars, and declared the 3d to be an auspicious day; but when it arrived, the Mooltanee soldiery were in no mood for more fighting on the plain. They spent the day burying their dead; whilst Edwardes, encamped with his own and the Bahwulpore troops at Tibbee, a few miles from Mooltan, wrote again to the Resident, urging him to take immediate measures to bring the campaign to a conclusion, by following up the advantages that had already been gained. "Heavy guns and mortars," he wrote, "sappers and miners, two European and two native regiments, a young Brigadier, and a smart engineer staff, supported by three good native regiments, and a General Cortlandt,* and my irregular hordes to scour the country round, would close Moolraj's accounts within a fortnight, and obviate the necessity of assembling 50,000 men in October."

Leaving the allied forces encamped at Tibbee, and waiting instructions from Lahore, we may now return for a brief space to the capital. Early in May, discovery was made of an attempt to corrupt the fidelity of our British sepoys. The first intimation of the plot was received from some troopers of the 7th irregular cavalry, who communicated the circumstance to their commanding officer. The principal conspirators were one Khan Singh, an unemployed General of the Sikh army, and Gunga Ram, the confidential vakeel of the Maharanee. These men, and two others, were seized, tried, and convicted. Khan Singh and Gunga Ram were publicly hanged, and their less guilty associates transported. That they were instruments of the Maharanee was sufficiently proved. The conspirators acknowledged that she was the prime instigator of the treacherous attempt, and her letters were found in their possession. With this knowledge, it could no longer be a question with the Resident as to what course it behoved him to adopt. The mother of the Maharajah and the widow of Runjeet Singh could no longer be suffered to dwell among the Sikhs. She had already been removed from Lahore to Sheikopoor. It now became necessary to remove her from the Punjab. Accordingly, certain accredited agents of the Lahore Durbar, accompanied by two British officers, Captain Lumsden and Lieutenant Hodson, were despatched

* Thus printed in the Blue Book, page 243. It should in all probability have stood, "three good native (i.e., Sikh) regiments under General Cortlandt."

to Sheikoopoor, with a *purwannah* under the seal of the Maharajah, directing her removal from that place. Without offering any resistance, or expressing any dissatisfaction, she placed herself under the charge of the deputation; and, when it became clear to her that she was on her way to the British frontier, she desired—not improbably with that blended irony and bravado which, as we have already seen, she so well knew how to employ in her communications with the representatives of the dominant State—that her thanks might be conveyed to the Resident for removing her to the Company's dominions, out of the reach of the enemies who would destroy her. With a considerable retinue of female attendants, she was conveyed to Ferozpoore, and eventually to Benares, where she was placed under the charge of Major Macgregor, an officer of high personal character and great diplomatic experience, who had well sustained in the Punjab the brilliant reputation which he had earned at Jellalabad.

It was soon after the detection of the conspiracies that ended in the deportation of the Maharanee that some excitement was occasioned at Lahore by the proceedings in the Manjha country of a Sikh Gooroo, one Bhaee Maharaj Singh, who raised the standard of revolt, and gathered around him a crowd of adherents. A regiment of irregular cavalry, with a couple of guns, was sent out against him; and the officers commanding in the neighbourhood of the scene of insurrection were directed (if occasion offered) to co-operate with the Lahore detachment. The Gooroo declared himself to be in the interest of Moolraj; and it was ascertained that an emissary of the Dewan was in his camp, supplying him with money wherewith to recruit his force. The movement was a most successful one. The Bhaee crossed the Ravee, and as he went, the tide of insurrection grew stronger and stronger. Whole villages came out to greet him, recruited his ranks, and laid their supplies at his feet. By the end of May, he was little more than thirty miles from the capital, with five thousand followers. A vigorous effort was then made to destroy him. Another and stronger detachment, of all arms, including a squadron of dragoons, was sent out against him; and the Mahomedan population of the country which he was traversing successfully incited to oppose him. The British force, impeded by a severe thunderstorm, failed in their efforts to come up with the insurgents. But the rumour of their approach struck terror into the Gooroo's ranks. He beat a precipitate retreat; and ever as he went, his force melted away, until from five thousand men it had dwindled down to twelve hundred. With that diminished band of adherents, hungry and weary, the Bhaee reached Jung. He could not have come upon a less

hospitable place. The chief officer of Jung was one of the few trustworthy functionaries in the service of the Sikh Government. He had promised to exert himself to destroy the insurgents, and faithfully did he fulfil his promise. He and his people fell upon the rebel force, and drove them into the Chenab, "swollen by the rains and the melted snow." Some six hundred men, horse and foot, perished in the flood. The Bhace himself made a desperate effort to save himself, by clinging to the tail of his horse—a celebrated black mare. The brute reached the opposite bank alone. The Gooroo had found his grave in the waters.

Returning now to Mooltan, we find Edwardes encamped at Tibbee, a few miles from the city, writing again and again to the Resident for reinforcements. Before the battle of Soodoosain, he suggested that the siege of Mooltan should be commenced at once. "We are enough of us, in all conscience," he wrote, with that exhilarating confidence and naïveté so conspicuous in all his letters, "and desire nothing better than to be honoured with the commission you designed for a British army. All we require are a few heavy guns, a mortar battery, as many sappers and miners as you can spare, and Major Napier to plan our operations. That brave and able officer is, I believe, at Lahore; and the guns and mortars are doubtless, ere this, at Ferozpore, and only require to be put into boats, and floated down to Bahwulpore. Lieutenant Lake, for whose arrival I am daily looking, is also an engineer, so we should not want science; and every other material is at hand for bringing to a rapid and honourable conclusion the rebellion of Mooltan." But this appeal was of no avail. The Resident wrote, that he could not send guns without sending artillerymen, and that such an intermixture of British soldiers would compromise the British Government. The battle of Soodoosain was fought; and Edwardes wrote, as we have seen, to the Resident for a British brigade. And this time he did not write in vain. Sir F. Currie took upon himself the responsibility of ordering a strong body of British troops, under General Whish, commandant of the Lahore division, and an old and experienced artillery officer, to hold itself in readiness to march with a powerful siege-train upon Mooltan. The Commander-in-Chief shook his head—the Governor-General shook his head. Neither authority favoured the movement. But the Resident had ordered it on his own responsibility, and the work commenced must therefore proceed. It would not do to encourage a belief that there was any want of unanimity in British counsels.

So the British force was duly equipped—the siege-train prepared—and before the end of July everything was in readiness for the commencement of the march. In the meanwhile, Moolraj

was recovering from the effects of the disasters which had befallen him in his engagements with Edwardes, recruiting his shattered force, talking of action, but suffering it to evaporate in talk. "Moolraj himself," wrote Lieutenant Edwardes, in his most animated style, "is at his wit's end; sometimes he talks of a night attack, and sits up all night in a Hindu temple near the bridge, cased in chain armour from head to foot, like Don Quixote watching for his knighthood in the cathedral aisle. But nothing comes of it. Another time, he talks of cutting the canal, but is restrained from doing so by fear of destroying the fort-ditch. One day he fortifies the city, and the next day he fortifies the fort. To-day he tells all his soldiers to leave him because he has got no money to pay them; and to-morrow keeps up their spirits by assuring them that when iron shot fails he will fire silver upon the besiegers." The Durbar force, under Rajah Shere Singh, had joined Lieutenant Edwardes before Mooltan; and it was then the opinion of that officer, as of the Resident, that the Sirdars were heart and soul on our side; that is, as the former significantly explained himself, "on the side of Jagheers, titles, employments, and whole throats," but that the soldiery were to a man against us. The intelligence of the intended despatch of the British force to Mooltan arrived most opportunely. It came upon Shere Singh's camp, in the language of another chief, "like water upon fire."* The Rajah himself had some inducements to loyalty. His sister was betrothed to the Marajah; and both he and his father Chuttur Singh, who governed in the Hazareh country, an infirm old man, who talked of ending his days with a pilgrimage, were eager to press on the marriage. But they, who knew best the state of feeling throughout the country, felt that there was great danger in the proximity of Shere Singh's regiments to Edwardes' loyal battalions, and dreaded lest any collision should take place with the insurgents, to call into active force the slumbering treachery of the Khalsa army.

In truth, there was much cause for anxiety. It was evident that the entire country was in a most unsettled and feverish condition. That there was a net-work of rebellious intrigue stretched over the entire surface of the Punjab, we never believed; and now that ample official revelations have been made, we can find no evidence of it. Under the fostering influence of continued immunity, rebellion became contagious. The success of Moolraj had emboldened others; and the memory of Sobraon was waxing dim in the minds of the Khalsa. In whatsoever

* "The expression," wrote Edwardes, "is so good, that as you read you will, I am sure, fancy that you hear mutiny hissing at being extinguished, and dying away into smoke with sputtering curses at the ever-victorious Feringhee."

direction the Resident turned his eyes, there were signs of unrest and disaffection. From the Hazareh Captain Abbott sent gloomy accounts. It was the belief of this officer that Chuttur Singh was at the head of a deeply-laid conspiracy for the expulsion of the British from the Punjab. This was discredited at Lahore, and Captain Abbott's convictions attributed to the imaginative cast of his mind; but it was obvious that the Sikh soldiery in the Hazareh were ripe for any sort of mischief—only waiting the opportunity to break out into open revolt. The emissaries of Moolraj had been actively employed in all directions, intriguing, indeed, up to the very gates of Cabool; and it could not be doubted, for a moment, that wherever any large body of Sikh troops were posted, there it became necessary that the extreme vigilance should be exercised by the British officers in political charge of the neighbouring country. The Hazareh field-force had become an especial object of apprehension. It had come into collision with the Mahomedan population of the place; it had been suspected of a design to march upon Lahore; it had subsequently risen against an American officer, Colonel Canora,* who had refused to obey certain orders which he believed would be disapproved by Captain Abbott, and before the end of August, was in open rebellion under Chuttur Singh, and in full march upon Attock.

A detailed account of all the transactions in the Hazareh country would be a history in itself, and one full of romantic interest. The political officers wrote for a British brigade to coerce the mutinous Sikh troops; but this was determinedly denied them. Captain Abbott had begun to raise levies of his own; but sceptical of the emergency said to have arisen, the Resident censured the proceeding. But it was not long before the conduct of Chuttur Singh stood forth in so unquestionable a light as to be clearly intelligible at Lahore and Calcutta. Sir Frederick Currie believed that the Sirdar would be willing to make terms, and to come in to Lahore. He gave him every opportunity of submitting gracefully; but the chief had made

* The conduct of this man deserves something more than such an incidental notice as this. "He stood alone," wrote Captain Abbott, "against the whole Sikh army; and when his dastardly golundauze (artillerymen) refused to fire, he took the match into his own hand. After his fall, and before he expired, he is said to have killed two Sikh officers with his double-barrelled pistol." In another letter, Captain Abbott says, "Canora loaded his two guns with grape, and ordered the golundauze to fire; but they replied that they were the Sirdar's servants. On his havildar also refusing, he cut him down, and, seizing the match, applied it to the next. The gun burnt priming; and at that instant two men, one a Sepoy of Ruh-paul Singh's corps, shot him through the thorax. Before he died, he attempted to cut down another man, but was himself cut down by a third Sepoy who was behind him, dying as gallant a death as I have ever heard recorded."

his election, and was by no means disposed to recede. "The reports current," wrote Major Lawrence, the political agent at Peshawur—a brother of Colonel (Sir Henry) Lawrence, and an officer whose name and adventures are familiar to all who have perused the stirring annals of the war and captivity in Afghanistan—"are, that Chuttur Singh has given out that he has devoted his head to his God, and will stand or fall in the cause he has espoused." The Hazareh force was at this time close upon Attock, into which place Captain Nicholson had thrown himself with such troops as he could muster, with some Afghan reinforcements from Peshawur, and two or three months' provisions, "burning and ravaging all the villages known to have rendered Captain Nicholson assistance, and with shouts proclaiming the return of their Gooroojee's rule." Lieutenant Herbert joined the garrison on the 1st of September, and Captain Nicholson moved out to watch the movements of the insurgents.

In the meanwhile, the force under General Whish had reached Mooltan in high health and spirits, and was about to commence operations for the reduction of the place. On the 4th of September the siege-train arrived. On the 5th, in the name of the Maharajah and Queen Victoria, the British General summoned the town and garrison to surrender. No answer to this appeal having been returned, a counsel of war was held on the following day, and the engineer-officers submitted their plans of attack. After some discussion, a proposal offered by Lieutenant Lake was finally accepted. The basis of operations was laid down, and on the morning of the 7th, the first parallel was commenced. There had been some talk of carrying the city by a coup-de-main; but the plan was abandoned as hazardous, and regular siege operations were entered upon—Europeans and natives working vigorously in the trenches. We cannot attempt to record all the minor incidents of the siege. On the 9th, the chief engineer intimated to the General his opinion, that the force was unequal to the reduction of Mooltan; but General Whish, who with the true *esprit* of an old artillery officer, had great confidence in his guns, dissented from Major Napier, and proceeded with the work more hopefully than those by whom he was surrounded. On the 12th, it became necessary to carry by assault an outwork of considerable strength, which was obstinately defended by the enemy; and in this affair fell Colonel Pattoun of Her Majesty's 32d, Major Montizambert of Her Majesty's 10th, with three other officers killed, and twelve wounded. After a hard hand-to-hand conflict, the enemy were beaten back with considerable loss. The casualties on our side were numerous—but the advantage gained was worth the sacrifice. "It placed all the defensible points on this side the city

in our hands, and enabled the battering guns to be advanced to within six hundred yards of the wall—a position they could not have attained by regular approaches in less than a week.”* On the 14th another outwork was carried; but on that day, when our guns were within breaching distance of the walls of the town, General Whish, to his extreme mortification, was compelled to abandon the siege. The Sikh force under Shere Singh had gone over to the enemy.

This event had long been matter of anxious speculation in the British camp, and took no one by surprise. It was known that the hearts of the soldiery were with Moolraj; but there was something of a more doubtful character in the conduct of the Rajah himself, who had on more than one occasion testified his zeal and loyalty by voluntary acts of service in our cause. On the 1st of September, he had assisted Lieutenant Edwardes, who had been attacked when changing his ground by a party of light troops from Mooltan, by getting his guns into position, and enfilading the enemy; and on the 3d, he had again cannonaded the troops of the Dewan—thinking, as he said, it would be “a good thing to get a few men killed on both sides, so as to destroy the good understanding between his own Sikhs and those in the garrison.” In his own camp, the Khalsa troops said contemptuously, that he was a Mussulman, and in Mooltan, they had given him the nick-name of “Rajah *Sheikh* Singh.” With Lieutenant Edwardes he was on the best possible terms; spoke freely of the conduct of his father, Chuttur Singh, declared that he washed his hands of all the old man’s rebellious projects; and candidly avowed his mistrust of the Sikh troops. At last, after contemplating with his wonted intrepidity, a movement to surprise, surround and disarm the suspected regiments, the idea of which he only abandoned when he considered that, posted as they were, it would be impossible to turn their flank—Edwardes summoned the Sirdars to his tent, and exhorted them to withdraw their divisions from the proximity of the British camp, and eventually to return to Lahore. After much discussion, it was agreed that two of the divisions should be withdrawn, on different pretexts, and that the third, which consisted principally of Mussulmans, should “take up a position to cover and protect the ferry.”

* “Annals of India for the year 1848,” by George Buist, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.—a work which reached us from India, after the greater part of this Article was in type, or it would have been more frequently referred to, and more prominently quoted. It is a very valuable and able compilation, from the Indian journals—highly creditable not only to the compiler, but to the Indian press, the copiousness and accuracy of whose intelligence it fairly reflects. Written before the appearance of the Parliamentary Blue Book now before us, there is yet very little which that bulky volume of State Papers enables us to correct.

The morning of the 14th was fixed for the march—but on that morning, the whole Sikh force moved bodily off to Mooltan. Doubtful of the real nature of the movement, the Dewan at first refused them admittance; but satisfied of their intentions, he soon opened his gates; the long dreaded and fatal junction was effected; and the British General was under the mortifying necessity of raising the siege of Mooltan.*

We now come upon a new act of this eventful drama. Up to this time, we have seen the Lahore Government, assisted by British troops, endeavouring to coerce a refractory subject. We must now cease to regard the matter in that light. It would be the veriest sham—a culpable falsification of history, to adhere any longer to such a nomenclature. The Durbar chiefs were in open hostility to the British—raising the standard of nationality in the name of the Maharajah. Chuttur Singh was the father-in-law—Shere Singh the brother-in-law—of the young sovereign. It was obvious that the war now about to be waged, was between the British and the Sikhs. Every week seemed to demonstrate more incontestably than the last, that nothing was left for the British Government but to fight it out single-handed. Some hope was at one time derivable from the fact of long-standing feuds among the different Sikh families. Then there was the not unreasonable conviction, that the Mahomedan population of the Punjab might easily be kept in a state of enmity with the Sikhs. But these assurances soon melted away. Hostile families and hostile religions were content to unite for the nonce against the Feringhees; and the Commander-in-Chief, as the cold weather approached, was gratified by finding that there had been no premature birth of victory—that the work was yet to be done—and that an army of 20,000 men, under his personal command, was required to take the field.

Matters were growing worse in the Hazareh country; and in

* The conduct of Shere Singh was long an enigma to the political officers, and is still somewhat inexplicable. It was surmised that he, as some other Sirdars unquestionably were, was forcibly carried off by the troops. But this was sufficiently disproved by the discovery of a letter from Shere Singh to his brother, Goolab Singh at Lahore, (the reader inexperienced in Sikh individualities must not confound this person with the Maharajah of Cashmere,) stating his deliberate intention of going over to the insurgents on the 14th of September, and recommending his brother to join their father's party in the Hazareh. The fact appears to be, that the Rajah was for some time undecided; and that when he had made up his mind to revolt, it was his wish to join, with all his followers, the Hazareh movement; but that, knowing where there was most treasure, the soldiery demurred to this proposal, and set their faces towards Mooltan. It appears certain that Moolraj did not anticipate the movement; and we greatly doubt whether all the evidences of his fidelity, which were put forth at an earlier period, were speciously contrived to throw dust into the eyes of the British Officers, who were anxiously watching his proceedings.

Bunnoo the Sikh troops had murdered their officers, and were aiding the Hazareh movement. The thoughts of Shere Singh soon began to turn again towards that quarter, and before the second week of October had passed away he had marched out of Mooltan. Reinforcements were ordered up from Bombay to assist General Whish; but the army of the Commander-in-Chief was now fast collecting, and the main action of the drama was for a time diverted from Mooltan, where for a long and wearisome season, the army continued in a state of enforced inactivity. "The Sikhs generally," wrote the Resident to Lord Gough on the 18th of October, "have ceased to consider Mooltan as the place where the battle for their faith is to be fought; and with the fickleness and faithlessness peculiar to their character, are now apparently abandoning Dewan Moolraj without scruple to his own resources. * * * Unless the accounts received by the last four dawks are much exaggerated, the greater part of his Sikh followers had left him to join, as they say, the national standard, under which a vital struggle is to be made for the restoration of Khalsa supremacy in the Punjab."

The month of October was one of busy preparation upon all sides. The Governor-General was moving up to the north-western frontier.* On that frontier an overwhelming army was assembling for the conquest of the Punjab. There were three Sikh forces in arms against us, headed by men in whom the especial trust of the British had once been fondly reposed; and there was scarcely, throughout the country, a single chief upon whose aid, in an hour of danger and temptation, the Resident could venture to rely. The Maharajah was at the capital—a child and a puppet—whose name was used alike in the manifestos of the British Government and the Sikh leaders. Virtually a prisoner in the hands of the former, the latter were eager to possess themselves of his person; and but for the vigilance of Sir Frederick Currie, would have achieved an object which would have added a new element of strength to their cause. In whichever direction the Resident turned his eyes, there was open hostility to be encountered, or secret treachery to be thwarted and crushed. Shere Singh was moving about the plains, ravaging the country as he went. Chuttur Singh, now an open undisguised foe, was in the hill-districts of Hazareh, about to form a junction with his son; and Moolraj was still snort-

* He left Calcutta on the 11th, leaving the Government of Bengal in the hands of Sir Herbert Maddock. On the 5th he is reported to have said, in a speech delivered at an entertainment at Barrackpore,—“I have wished for peace; I have longed for it; I have striven for it: but if the enemies of India determine to have war, war they shall have—and on my word, Sirs, they shall have it with a vengeance.”

ing defiance at the British from behind the walls of Mooltan. Attock was invested by Sikh troops; but with a strong Afghan garrison, Herbert gallantly held his own. Abbott, too, held out at Dhara; but Peshawur had revolted: first the Sikhs, and then the Mussulmans, had mutinied and attacked the Residency; and Chuttur Singh, joined by the Barukzye Sirdars, became masters of the place.*

The British army, destined for the re-conquest of the Punjab, assembled at Ferozpoore, and crossed the river in different detachments at different times. The head-quarters marched into Lahore on the 13th of November, and on the 16th crossed the river in advance. On the 21st, Lord Gough joined the army on the banks of the Chenab. The force then under his immediate command consisted of upwards of 20,000 men, with nearly 100 pieces of artillery. On the 22d was fought the battle of Ramnuggur, the first of those disastrous successes which have given so gloomy a character to the campaign. The enemy had a strong masked battery on the other side of the river, and very cleverly contrived to draw the British troops into an ambuscade. The operations of the Commander-in-Chief, commenced with the object of driving a party of the rebels, who were on his side of the Chenab, across the river, had the effect of bringing his cavalry and artillery within reach of these concealed guns; and twenty-eight pieces of ordnance opened upon our advancing columns. The brilliant charges of the cavalry were attended with the result which, under such circumstances, might be expected. They were ordered to advance to the attack as soon as an opportunity presented itself. They found an opportunity, and charged a large body of the enemy—the Sikh batteries pouring in their deadly showers all the while. Many fell under the fire of the guns, many under the sabre cuts of the Sikh swordsmen, many under the withering fire of a body of matchlockmen, who, taking advantage of the nature of the ground, harassed our horsemen sorely. Nothing was gained by our “victory;” but we lost many brave soldiers—among them two of the finest cavalry officers in India, Colonel Cureton and Colonel Havelock; and our troops returned to camp weary and dispirited, asking what end they had accomplished, and sighing over the cost.

Some days afterwards a force under General Thackwell was sent out to cross the river, but being scantily supplied with information, and grievously hampered by instructions, it succeeded

* Major Lawrence, compelled to retreat, threw himself upon the hospitality of Sultan Mahomed Khan, who treacherously gave him up, with Lieutenant Bowie, to Chuttur Singh, into whose hands also Mrs. Lawrence had fallen. They appear to have been well treated by that Sirdar.

only in losing a few men and killing several of the enemy. No great object was gained, but great opportunities were sacrificed. The Commander-in-Chief pompously declared that "it had pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe to the British arms the most successful issue to the extensive combinations rendered necessary for the purpose of effecting the passage of the Chenab, the defeat and dispersion of the Sikh force under the insurgent Rajah Shere Singh and the numerous Sikh Sirdars who had the temerity to set at defiance the British power." These "events, so fraught with importance," were to "tend to most momentous results." The results were, that the field of battle was shifted from the banks of the Chenab to the banks of the Jhelum. The enemy, who might have been taken in rear, and whose guns might have been seized, if Thackwell had been free to carry out the most obvious tactics, escaped with all their guns; and on the 13th of January bore bloody witness to the little they had suffered, by fighting one of the greatest and most sanguinary battles in which either the Sikh or the British power in India had ever been engaged.

We can give but a scanty outline of these events; and the details are perhaps too fresh in the memory of our readers to render it necessary that we should do more. On the 13th of January, an hour or two after noon, Lord Gough found himself within a few miles of the enemy's position, near the village of Chillianwallah, with one of the finest forces under his command that had ever been assembled in India. Colonel Lawrence, who during his brief sojourn in England, had been created a Knight Commander of the Bath, had arrived a day or two before in camp;* and Major Mackeson was there also, in the official position of political agent with the grand army. The time had now obviously arrived for Lord Gough to strike a blow at the enemy. It was his game to ascertain correctly the position of the Sikh hosts; and then with the whole day before him, to attack them deliberately and strategically on the following morning. This, the Commander-in-Chief, to whom in such conjunc-

* He was then in no recognised official position, the term of Sir F. Currie's tenure of office not expiring before the beginning of February. Sir Henry Lawrence left England at the end of October, and reached Bombay on the 8th of December. "Pushing up the Indus with his accustomed celerity of movement," says Dr. Buist, "he joined General Whish on the 27th, and remained at Mooltan till the capture of the city on the 2d January. He then hastened upwards to Ferozpoor, which he reached on the 6th, and was the first to convey to the Governor-General at Mulkoo on the same evening the tidings of our first success. After a few hours' stay with Lord Dalhousie, he, arranging the measures to be next pursued, pushed on to Lahore, where he arrived on the morning of the 9th, and attended the Durbar. From this he the same evening started for the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, which he reached the next night."

tures as this, the delay of a few hours was always irksome, had consented to do; but it was decreed otherwise. Some shot from the enemy's advanced guns having fallen near his camp, all his good resolves were shaken. His Irish blood could "stand it no longer;" and with characteristic impetuosity he flung himself upon the enemy's position. We shrink from the description of what followed. "The action," said the Commander-in-Chief, "was characterized by peculiar features." These peculiar features we have no desire to pourtray. Night closed upon the fearful carnage of that terrible engagement, and both armies claimed the victory. What it cost us the Gazette has informed the country. Never was Gazette received in England with such a storm of indignation. The past services—the intrepid personal courage—the open, honest character—the many noble qualities of the veteran commander, were forgotten in that burst of popular indignation; and hundreds of English families turned from the angry past to the fearful future, and trembled as they thought that the crowning action with the formidable enemy had yet to be fought by a General so rash, so headstrong, and so incompetent.

But we had seen the worst of that sanguinary campaign. Already was the tide beginning to turn in favour of the Feringhees. On the 2d of January, the city of Mooltán was carried by General Whish. Long and obstinate had been the defence; gallant the resistance of the besieged; and now that our storming columns entered the breach, the garrison still, at the bayonet's point, showed the stuff of which they were made. Frightful had been the carnage during the siege. Heaps of mangled bodies about the battered town bore ghastly witness to the terrible effects of the British ordnance. But many yet stood to be shot down or bayoneted in the streets; and the work of the besieging force was yet far from its close. Moolraj was in the citadel with some thousands of his best fighting-men; and the fort guns were plied as vigorously as before the capture of the town. The strength of this formidable fortress seemed to laugh our breaching batteries to scorn. Mining operations were, therefore, commenced; but carried on, as they were, beneath a constant discharge from our mortar batteries, it seemed little likely that the enemy would wait to test the skill of the engineers. The terrible shelling to which the fortress was exposed dismayed the pent-up garrison. By the 21st of January they were reduced to the last extremity. Moolraj vainly endeavoured to rally his followers. Their spirit was broken. There was nothing left for them but to make a desperate sally and cut their way through the besiegers, or to surrender at once. The latter course was determined upon. Asking only for his own life and

the honour of his women, Moolraj tendered on that day his submission to General Whish. The General refused to guarantee the first, but promised to protect the women; and on the following morning the garrison marched out of Mooltan, and Dewan Moolraj threw himself upon the mercy of the British Government.

Anxiously was intelligence of the surrender of Moolraj looked for in the camp of the Commander-in-Chief. Since that disastrous action at Chillianwallah, Lord Gough had been entrenching his position, and waiting re-enforcements from Mooltan. The surrender of that fortress set free some 12,000 men; and General Whish, with unlooked for rapidity, marched to the banks of the Jhelum to swell the ranks of the grand army. A great crisis was now approaching. Twice had the British and Sikh forces met each other on the banks of those classical rivers which had seen the triumphs of the Macedonian—twice had they met each other only to leave the issue of the contest yet undecided. A great battle was now about to be fought—one different from all that had yet been fought since the Sikhs first crossed the Sutlej; for a strange and unlooked for spectacle was about to present itself—Sikhs and Afghans, those old hereditary enemies, fighting side by side against a common foe. The Sikh Sirdars had long been intriguing to secure the assistance of the Ameer of Cabool. For some time there appeared little likelihood of the old Dost, whose experience ought to have brought wisdom with it, lending himself to a cause which, in spite of temporary successes, was so sure to prove hopeless in the end. But neither years, nor experience, nor adversity, had taught him to profit by the lessons he had learned. The desire of repossessing himself of Peshawur was the madness of a life. The bait was thrown out to him, and he could not resist it. He came through the Khybur with an Afghan force; marched upon the Indus, and threatened Attock, which fell at his approach;* despatched one of his sons to the camp of Shere Singh; and sent a body of Douranee troops to fight against his old Feringhee enemy, who for years had been the arbiter of his fate. How deplorable an act of senile fatuity it was, the events of the 21st of February must have deeply impressed upon his mind. On that day was fought an action—was gained a victory, “memorable alike from the greatness of the occasion,” to use the emphatic words of the Governor-General, “and from the brilliant and decisive issue of the encounter. For the first time, Sikh and Afghan were banded together

* On the 3d of January, up to which time it had been gallantly defended by Lieutenant Herbert. The infidelity of the garrison alone compelled him to desert his post.

against the British power. It was an occasion which demanded the putting forth of all the means at our disposal, and so conspicuous a manifestation of the superiority of our arms as should appal each enemy, and dissolve at once their compact by fatal proof of its futility. The completeness of the victory which has been won, equals the highest hopes entertained." And there was no diplomatic exaggeration in this—none of the vain boasting of the interested despatch-writer. At Goojrat, to which place the enemy had unexpectedly moved their camp, Lord Gough fought a great battle as a great battle ought to be fought, coolly and deliberately, by a British Commander. Every arm of his fine force was brought effectively into play—each in its proper place, each supporting and assisting the others, and each covering itself with glory. At early morning the cannonade commenced. By noon the enemy were retreating in terrible disorder—"their position carried—their guns, ammunition, camp equipage, and baggage captured—their flying masses driven before their victorious pursuers, from mid-day receiving most severe punishment in their flight." And all this was accomplished with but little loss of life on the side of the victorious army. It pleased the Almighty that the bloody lessons of the Chenab and the Jhelum should not be thrown away.

A division under Sir Walter Gilbert—an officer of great personal activity and energy of character—was ordered to follow up the success of Goojrat, and to drive the Afghans from the Punjab. And well did he justify the choice of his chief. By a series of rapid marches, scarcely excelled by any recorded in history, he convinced the enemy of the hopelessness of all further resistance; and Shere Singh and his associates determined on trusting themselves to the clemency of the British Government. On the 5th of March, the Rajah sent the British prisoners safely into Gilbert's camp. On the 8th, he appeared himself, to make arrangements for the surrender of his followers; and on the 14th, the remnant of the Sikh army, some sixteen thousand men, including thirteen Sirdars of note, laid down their arms at the feet of the British General.

The Barukzye force fled before our advancing columns, and secured the passage of the Khybur before British influence could avail to close it against the Afghans. Attock and Peshawur were reoccupied by our troops, and the second Sikh war was at an end. On the 29th of March, the Governor-General of India issued a proclamation, annexing the territories of the Maharajah of Lahore to the British empire in India. So fell the sovereignty of the Sikhs in the country of the five rivers. Justly forfeited by the treachery of its own chiefs, the Punjab became a province under the rule of that Government by whose cle-

mency and moderation the Khalsa had been left in a position to defy again its old opponents, and again to abide the issue of the conflict. Conquered a second time—they were not spared a second time—they were not left again to renew the struggle, and to provoke a third sanguinary war. In a masterly State Paper, Lord Dalhousie has placed on record the grounds on which he based his determination to annex the Punjab to the British dominions. No acquisition of territory has ever been more honourably gained. We set no store by the acquisition ;—we believe that, having gained the Punjab, the Government of India is poorer than before. But, contemplating the events which we have narrated, we are profoundly convinced that there was no other course left to the Governor-General—that the annexation of the Punjab was a *necessary* measure ;—and, with abundant faith in the divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may, our vision of the future is not darkened by the shadow of a fear that it will prove to be a calamitous one.

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